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ADMIRAL DEWEY.

By Governor Theodore Roosevelt.

Editor's Note.—This appreciation of Admiral Dewey and his service at Manila derives a special interest and value from the fact that Governor Roosevelt was himself Assistant Secretary of the Navy at the time Admiral Dewey was chosen for command of the Asiatic Squadron and during the period of preparation for the movement against Manila.

ADMIRAL DEWEY has done more than add a glorious page to our history; more even than do a deed the memory of which will always be an inspiration to his countrymen, and especially his countrymen of his own profession. He has also taught us a lesson which should have profound practical effects, if only we are willing to learn it aright.

In the first place, he partly grasped and partly made his opportunity. Of course, in a certain sense, no man can absolutely make an opportunity. There were a number of admirals who during the dozen years preceding the Spanish war were retired without the opportunity of ever coming where it was possible to distinguish themselves; and it may be that some of these lacked nothing but the chance. Nevertheless, when the chance does come, only the great man can see it instantly and use it aright. In the second place, it must always be remembered that the power of using the chance aright comes only to the man who has faithfully and for long years made ready himself and his weapons for the possible need. Finally, and most important of all, it should ever be kept in mind that the man who does a great work must almost invariably owe the possibility of doing it to the faithful work of other men, either at the time or long before. Without his brilliancy their labor might be wasted, but without their labor his brilliancy would be of no avail.

It has been said that it was a mere accident that Dewey happened to be in command of the Asiatic Squadron when the war with Spain broke out. This is not the fact. He was sent to command it in the fall of 1897, because, to use the very language employed at the time, it was deemed wise to have there a man "who could go into Manila if necessary." He owed the appointment to the high professional reputation he enjoyed, and to the character he had established for willingness to accept responsibility, for sound judgment, and for entire fearlessness.

Probably the best way (although no way is infallible) to tell the worth of a naval commander as yet untried in war is to get at the estimate in which he is held by the best fighting men who would have to serve under him. In the summer of 1897, there were in Washington captains and commanders who later won honor for themselves and their country in the war with Spain, and who were already known for the dash and skill with which they handled their ships, the excellence of their gun practice, the good discipline of their crews, and their eager desire to win honorable renown. All these men were a unit in their faith in the then Commodore Dewey; in their desire to serve under him, should the chance arise, and in their unquestioning belief that he was the man to meet an emergency in a way that would do credit to the flag.

An excellent test is afforded by the readiness which the man has shown to take responsibility in any emergency in the past. One factor in Admiral Dewey's appointment

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ADMIRAL DEWEY STANDING BY THE FIVE-INCH GUN WHICH IS OPERATED FROM HIS OWN CABIN ON THE "OLYMPIA."

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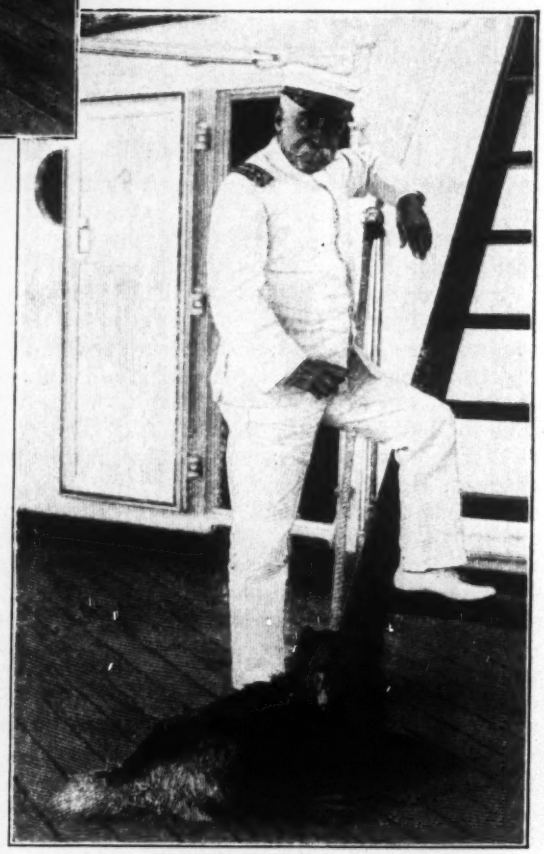
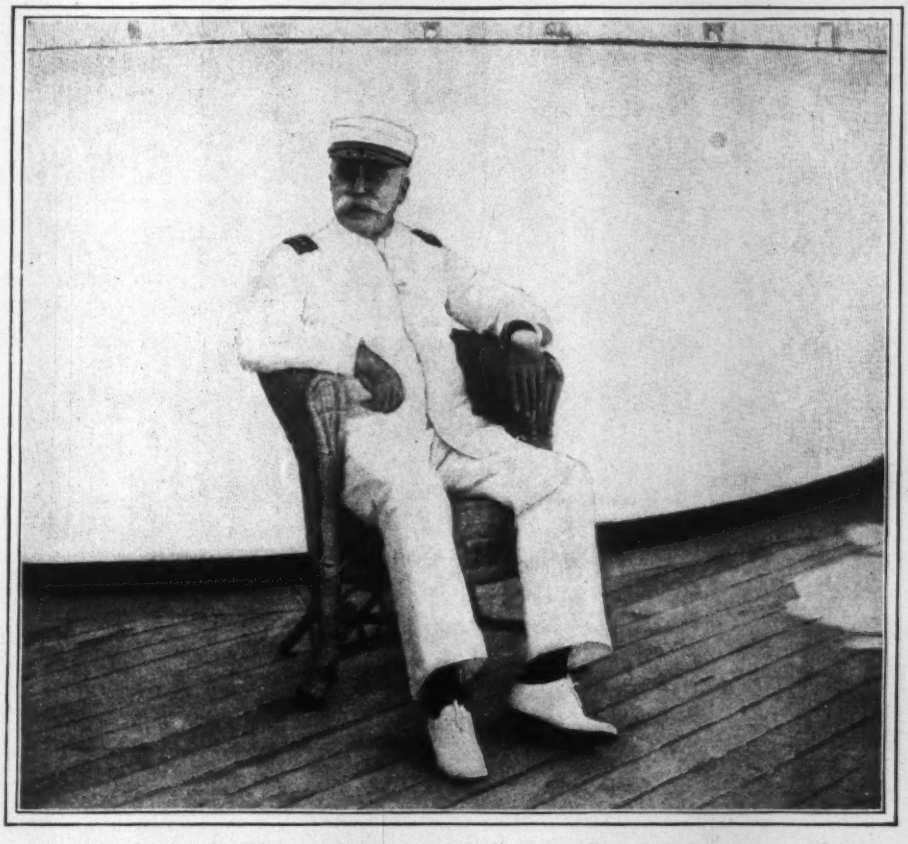
(of which he is very possibly ignorant) was the way in which he had taken responsibility in purchasing coal for the squadron that was to have been used against Chili, if war with Chili had broken out, at the time General Harrison was President. A service will do well or ill at the outbreak of war very much in proportion to the way it has been prepared to meet the outbreak during the preceding months. Now, it is often impossible to say whether the symptoms that seem to forebode war will or will not be followed by war. At one time, under President Harrison, we seemed as near war with Chili as ever we seemed to war with Spain under President McKinley. Therefore, when war threatens, preparations must be made in any event; for the evil of what proves to be the needless expenditure of money in one instance is not to be weighed for a moment against the failure to prepare in the other. But only a limited number of men have the moral courage to make these preparations, because there is always risk to the individual making them. Laws and regulations must be stretched when an emergency arises, and yet there is always some danger to the person who stretches them; and, moreover, in time of sudden need, some indispensable article can very possibly only be obtained at an altogether exorbitant price. If war comes, and the article, whether it be a cargo of coal, or a collier, or an auxiliary naval vessel, proves its usefulness, no complaint is ever made. But if the war does not come, then some small demagogue, some cheap economist, or some undersized superior who is afraid of taking the responsibility himself, may blame the man who bought the article and say that he exceeded his authority; that he showed more zeal than discretion in not waiting for a few days, etc. These are the risks which



ADMIRAL DEWEY AND HIS DOG BOB.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

must be taken, and the men who take them should be singled out for reward and for duty. Admiral Dewey's whole action in connection with the question of coal supply for our fleet during the Chilian scare marked him as one of these men.



ADMIRAL DEWEY ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE "OLYMPIA" IN THE HARBOR OF NAPLES.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

No one who has not some knowledge of the army and navy will appreciate how much this means. It is necessary to have a complete system of checks upon the actions, and especially upon the expenditures, of the army and navy; but the present system is at times altogether too complete, especially in war. The efficiency of the quartermasters and commissary officers of the army in the war with Spain was very seriously marred by their perfectly justifiable fear that the slightest departure from the requirements of the red-tape regulations of peace would result in the docking of their own pay by men more concerned in enforcing the letter of the law than in seeing the army clothed and fed. In the navy, before the passage of the Personnel Bill, a positive premium was put on a man's doing nothing but keep out of trouble; for, if only he could avoid a court-martial, his promotions would take care of themselves, so that from the selfish standpoint no possible good could come to him from taking risks, while they might cause him very great harm. The best officers in the service recognized the menace that this state of affairs meant to the service, and strove to counterbalance it in every way. No small part of the good done by the admirable War College under Captains Mahan, Taylor, and Goodrich lay in their insistence upon the need of the naval officer in any crisis instantly accepting responsibility and doing what was best for the flag, even though it was probable the action might be disavowed by his immediate superiors, and though it might result to his own personal inconvenience and detriment. This was taught not merely as an abstract theory, but with direct reference to concrete cases; for instance, with reference to taking possession of Hawaii, if a revolution should by chance break out there during the presence

CHIEF QUARTERMASTER MEHRTENS, WHO STEERED THE "OLYMPIA" DURING THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

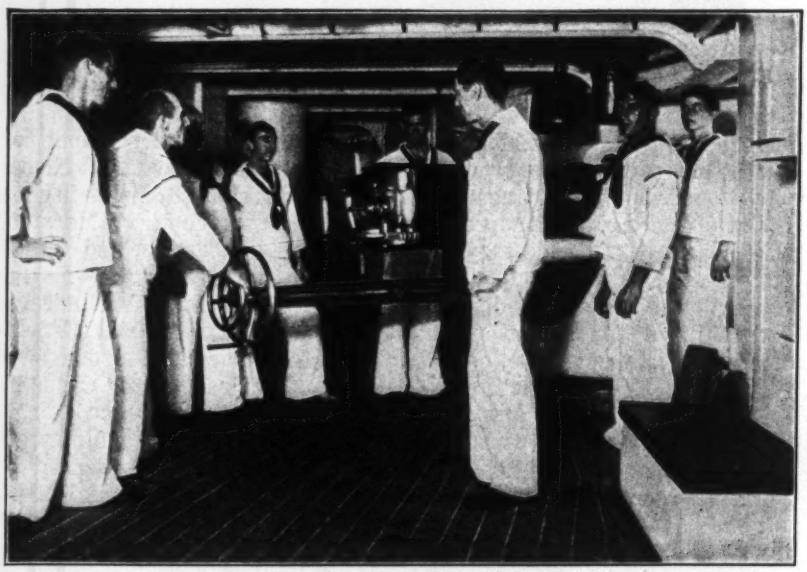
From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

MITCHELL, BUGLER OF THE "OLYMPIA," BLOWING A HORN THAT WAS CAPTURED IN THE TRENCHES AT MALOLOS.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

of an American warship, or if the warship of a foreign power attempted to interfere with the affairs of the island.

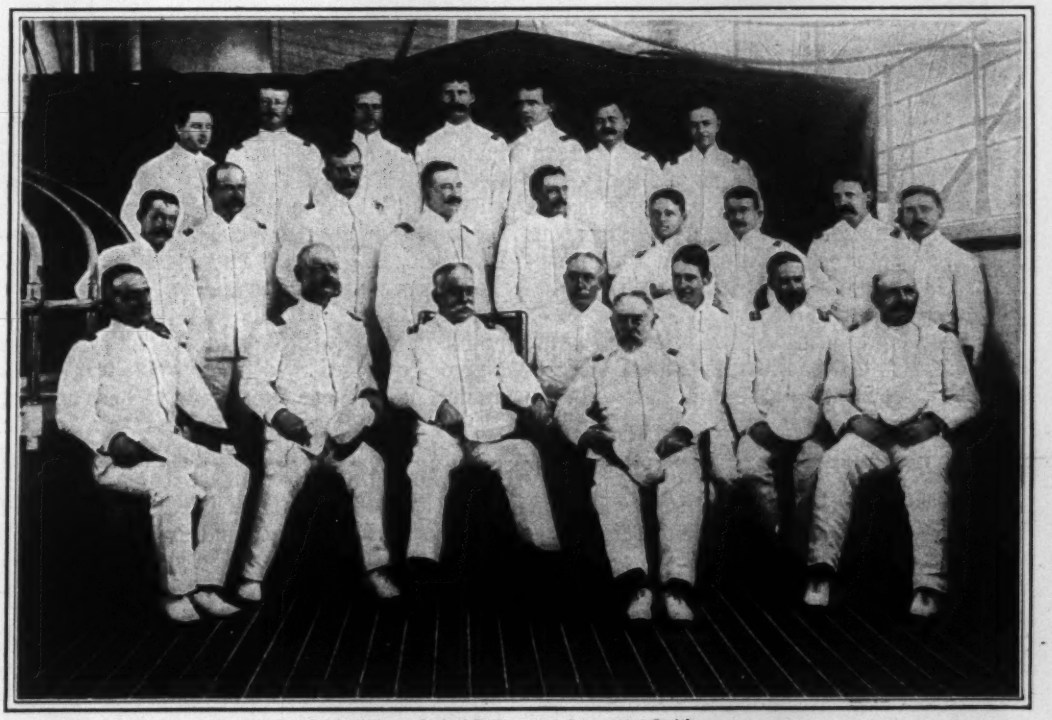
For the work which Dewey had to do willingness to accept responsibility was a prime requisite. A man afraid to vary in times of emergency from the regulations laid down in time of peace would never even have got the coal with which to steam to Manila from Hong Kong the instant the crisis came. We were peculiarly fortunate in our Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Long; but the best Secretary that ever held the navy portfolio could not successfully direct operations on the other side of the world. All that he could do was to choose a good man, give him the largest possible liberty of action, and back him up in every way; and this Secretary Long did. But if the man chosen had been timid about taking risks, nothing that could be done for him would have availed. Such a man would not have disobeyed orders. The danger would have been of precisely the contrary character. He would scrupulously have done just whatever he was told to do, and then would have sat down and waited for further instructions, so as to protect himself if something happened to go wrong. An infinity of excuses can always be found for non-action.



THE GUN CREW THAT FIRED THE FIRST SHOT IN THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY. THE SHOT WAS FIRED FROM THE "OLYMPIA."

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

Admiral Dewey was sent to command the fleet on the Asiatic Station primarily because he had such a record in the past that the best officers in the navy believed him to be peculiarly a man of the fighting temperament and fit to meet emergencies, and because he had shown his willingness to assume heavy responsibilities. How amply he justified his choice it is not necessary to say. On our roll of naval heroes his name will stand second to that of Farragut alone, and no man since the Civil War, whether soldier or civilian, has added so much to the honorable renown of the nation or has deserved so well of it. For our own sakes, and in particular for the sake of any naval officer who in the future may be called upon to do such a piece of work as Dewey did, let us keep in mind the further fact that he could not have accomplished his feat if he had not had first-class vessels and excellently trained men; if his warships had not been so good, and his captains and crews such thorough masters of their art. A man of less daring courage than Dewey would never have done what he did; but the courage itself was not enough. The Spaniards, too, had courage. What they lacked were energy, training, forethought. They fought their vessels until they burned or sank; but their gunnery was so poor that they did not kill a man in the American fleet. Even Dewey's splendid capacity would not have enabled him to win the battle of Manila Bay had it not been for the traditional energy and seamanship of our naval service, so well illustrated in his captains, and the excellent gun practice of the crews, the result of years of steady training. Furthermore, even this excellence in the personnel would not have availed if under a succession of secretaries of the navy, and through the wisdom of a succession of Congresses, the material of the navy had not been built up as it actually was.



Mr. Colvocoresses, Executive Officer. Capt. Lamberton. Admiral Dewey. Paymaster Smith.

ADMIRAL DEWEY AND THE OFFICERS OF THE "OLYMPIA" ON THE DECK OF THE "OLYMPIA."

From a recent photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

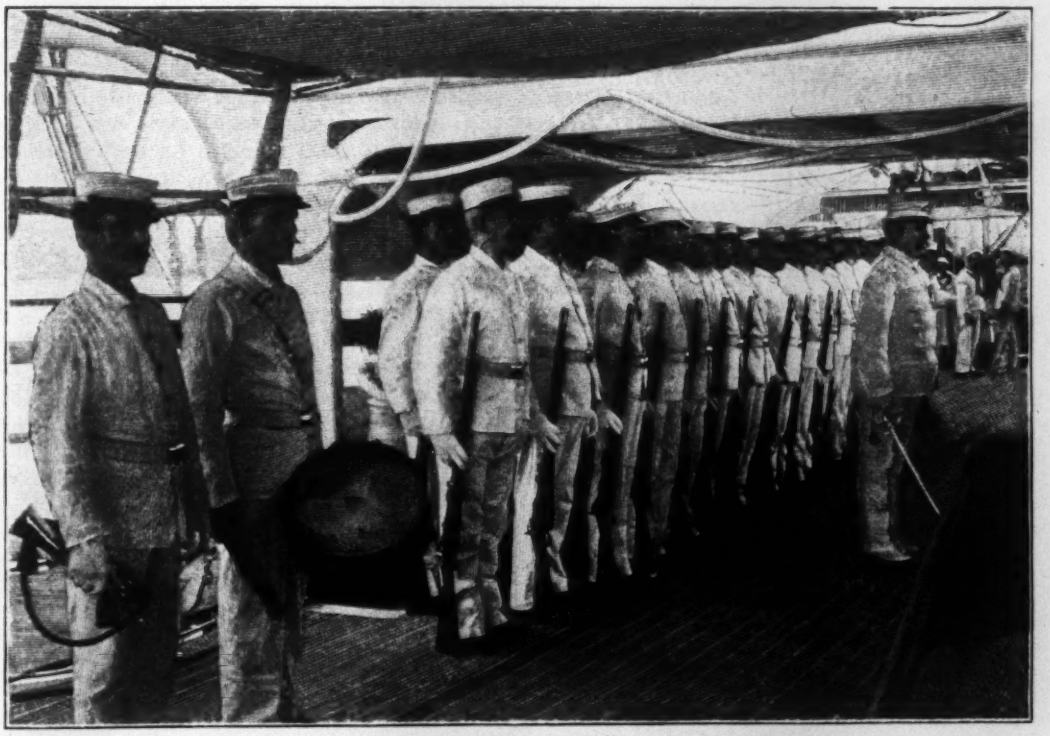
If war with Spain had broken out fifteen years before it did—that is, in the year 1883, before our new navy was built—it would have been physically impossible to get the results we actually did get. At that time our navy consisted of a collection of rusty monitors and antiquated wooden ships left over from the Civil War, which could not possibly have been opposed even to the navy of Spain. Every proposal to increase the navy was then violently

opposed with exactly the same arguments used nowadays by the men who oppose building up our army. The Congressmen who last year rallied to the support of Senator Gorman in his refusal to furnish an adequate army to take care of the Philippines and meet the new national needs, or who defeated the proposition to buy armor plate for the new ships, assumed precisely the ground that was taken by the men who, prior to 1883, had succeeded in preventing the rebuilding of the navy. Both alike did all they could to prevent the upholding of the national honor in times of emergency. There were the usual arguments: that we were a great peaceful people, and would never have to go to war; that if we had a navy or army we should be tempted to use it, and therefore embark on a career of military conquest; that there was no need of regulars anyhow, because we could always raise volunteers to do anything; that war was a barbarous method of settling disputes and too expensive to undertake even to avoid national disgrace, etc.

But fortunately the men of sturdy common sense and sound patriotism proved victors, and the new navy was begun. Its upbuilding was not a party matter. The first ships were laid down under Secretary Chandler; Secretary Whitney continued the work; Secretary Tracy carried it still further; so did Secretary Herbert, and now Secretary Long. Congress after Congress voted the necessary money. We have never had as many ships as a nation of such size and such vast interests really needs; but still by degrees we have acquired a small fleet of battle-ships, cruisers, gunboats, and torpedo-boats, all excellent of their class. The squadron with which Dewey entered Manila Bay included ships laid down or launched under Secretaries Chandler, Whitney, Tracy, and Herbert; and all four of these secretaries, their naval architects, the chiefs of bureaus, the young engineers and constructors, the outside contractors, the shipyard men like Roach, Cramp, and Scott, and, finally and emphatically, the Congressmen who during these fifteen years voted the supplies, are entitled to take a just pride in their share of the glory of the achievement. Every man in Congress whose vote made possible the building of the "Atlanta," the "Olympia," the "Detroit," or the putting aboard them and their sister ships the modern eight-inch or rapid-fire five-inch guns, or the giving them the best engines and the means wherewith to practise their crews at the targets—every such man has the right to tell his children that he did his part in securing Dewey's victory, and that, save for the action of him and his fellows, it could not have been won. This is no less true of the man who planned the ships and of the other men, whether in the Government service or in private employment, who built them, from the head of the great business concern which put up an armor-plate factory down to the iron-worker who conscientiously and skilfully did his part on gun-shield or gun.

So much for the men who furnished the material and the means for assembling and practising the personnel. The same praise must be given the men who actually drilled the personnel, part of which Dewey used. If our ships had merely been built and then laid up, if officers and crews had not been exercised season after season in all weathers on the high seas in handling their ships both separately and in squadron, and in practising with the guns, all the excellent material would have availed us little. Exactly as it is of no use to give an army the best arms and equipment if it is not also given the chance to practise with its arms and equipment, so the finest ships and the best natural sailors and fighters are useless to a navy if the most ample opportunity for training is not allowed. Only incessant practice will make a good gunner; though inasmuch as there are natural marksmen as well as men who never can become good marksmen, there should always be the widest intelligence displayed in the choice of gunners. Not only is it impossible for a man to learn how to handle a ship or do his duty aboard her save by long cruises at sea, but it is also impossible for a good single-ship captain to be an efficient unit in a fleet unless he is accustomed to manœuver as part of a fleet.

It is particularly true of the naval service that the excellence of any portion of it in a given crisis will depend mainly upon the excellence of the whole body, and so the triumph of any part is legitimately felt to reflect honor upon the whole and to have been participated in by every one. Dewey's captains could not have followed him with the precision they displayed, could not have shown the excellent gun practice they did show—in short, the victory would not have been possible, had it not been for the unwearied training and practice given the navy during the dozen years previous by the admirals, the captains, and the crews who incessantly and in all weathers kept their vessels exercised, singly and in squadrons, until the men on the



THE MARINE GUARD OF THE "OLYMPIA."

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. L. Stickney.

bridge, the men in the gun-turrets, and the men in the engine-rooms knew how to do their work perfectly, alone or together. Every officer and man, from the highest to the lowest, who did his full duty in raising the navy to the standard of efficiency it had reached on May 1, 1898, is entitled to feel some personal share in the glory won by Dewey and Dewey's men. It would have been absolutely impossible not merely to improvise either the material or the personnel with which Dewey fought, but to have produced them in any limited number of years. A thoroughly good navy takes a long time to build up, and the best officer embodies always the traditions of a first-class service. Ships take years to build, crews take years before they become thoroughly expert, while the officers not only have to pass their early youth in a course of special training, but cannot possibly rise to supreme excellence in their profession unless they make it their life-work.

We should therefore keep in mind that

THE BOYS WHO DID THE SIGNALING ON THE "OLYMPIA" DURING THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

the hero cannot win save for the forethought, energy, courage, and capacity of countless other men. Yet we must keep in mind also that all this forethought, energy, courage, and capacity will be wasted unless at the supreme moment some man of the heroic type arises capable of using to the best advantage the powers lying ready to hand. Whether it is Nelson at Aboukir, Copenhagen, or Trafalgar, Farragut at New Orleans or Mobile, or Dewey at Manila, the great occasion must meet with the great man or the result will be at worst a failure, at best an indecisive success. The nation must make ready the tools and train the men to use them, but at the crisis a great triumph can be achieved only should some heroic man appear. Therefore it is right and seemly to pay homage of deep respect and admiration to the man when he does appear.

Admiral Dewey performed one of the great feats of all time. At the very outset of the Spanish war he struck one of the two decisive blows which brought the war to a conclusion, and as his was the first fight, his success exercised an incalculable effect upon the whole conflict. He set the note of the war. He had carefully prepared for action during the months he was on the Asiatic coast. He had his plans thoroughly matured, and he struck the instant that war was declared. There was no delay, no hesitation. As soon as news came that he was to move, his war steamers turned their bows toward Manila Bay. There was nothing to show whether or not Spanish mines and forts would be efficient; but Dewey, cautious as he was at the right time, had not a particle of fear of taking risks when the need arose. In the tropic night he steamed past the forts, and then on over the mines to where the Spanish vessels lay. In number of guns and weight of metal thrown at a single discharge, and in the number and aggregate tonnage of the ships, the Spanish squadron about equaled his, and what material inferiority there was on the Spanish side was more than made up by the forts and mines. The overwhelming difference was moral, not material. It was the difference in the two commanders, in the officers and crews of the two fleets, and in the naval service, afloat and ashore, of the two nations. On the one side there had been thorough preparation; on the other, none that was adequate. It would be idle to recapitulate the results. Steaming in with cool steadiness, Dewey's fleet cut the Spaniards to pieces, while the Americans were practically unhurt. Then Dewey drew off to breakfast, satisfied himself that he had enough ammunition, and returned to stamp out what embers of resistance were still feebly smouldering.

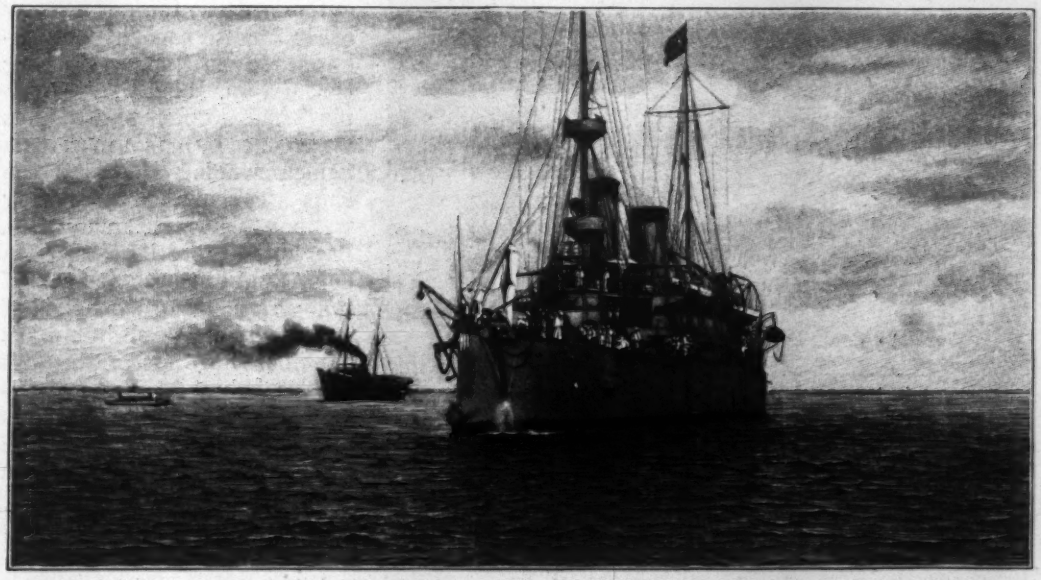
The victory insured the fall of the Philippines, for Manila surrendered as soon as our land forces arrived and were in position to press their attack home. The work, however, was by no means done, and Dewey's diplomacy and firmness were given full scope for the year he remained in Manila waters; not only in dealing with Spaniards and insurgents, but in making it evident that we would tolerate no interference from any hostile European power. It is not yet the time

ADMIRAL DEWEY ASHORE AT MANILA.

From photographs taken by Frederick Palmer.

to show how much he did in this last respect. Suffice it to say that by his firmness he effectually frustrated any attempt to interfere with our rights, while by his tact he avoided giving needless offense, and he acted in hearty accord with our cordial well-wishers, the English naval and diplomatic representatives in the islands.

Admiral Dewey comes back to his native land having won the right to a greeting such as has been given to no other man since the Civil War.



THE "OLYMPIA" LEAVING MANILA.
From a photograph by Frederick Palmer.

WITH DEWEY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

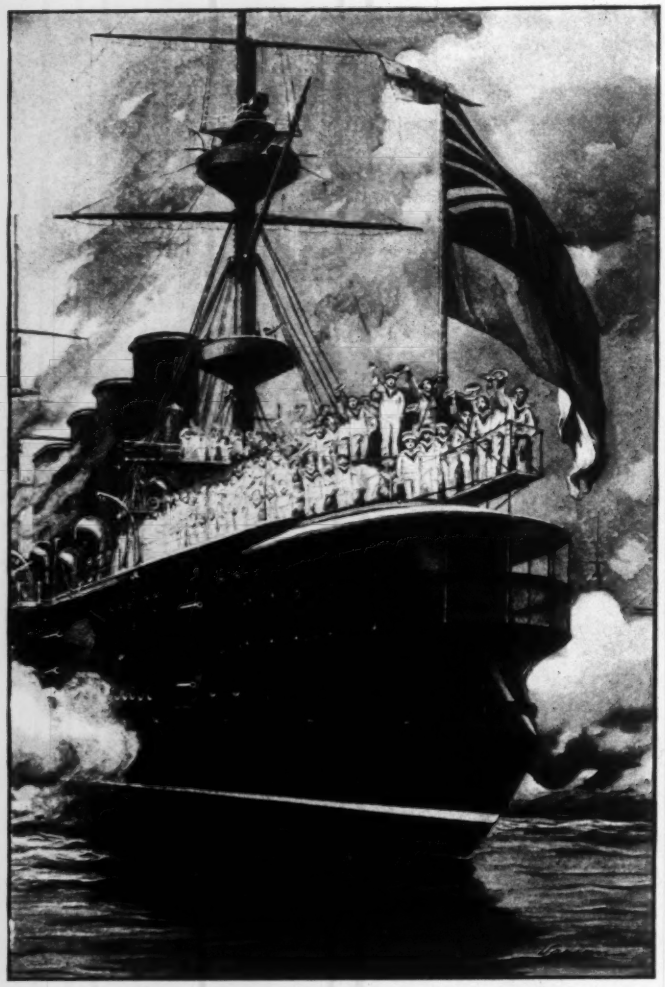
By Joseph L. Stickney,
Staff Correspondent of the Chicago "Record."

HAVING had the privilege of accompanying Admiral Dewey during that part of his homeward-bound voyage that began at Port Said, Egypt, I have felt that the personality of this strong and many-sided man was one that could not fail to attract the interest of the world. The light that I can cast upon his character may not be—probably is not—free from the element of grateful affection natural to one who has known him in the circumstances under which I was associated with him; but I shall give my impressions for what they are worth, coupled with such sketches drawn by his own free stroke as will, of course, give a better idea of him than could any words of mine.

Looking back upon the events connected with the Admiral's return from Manila, beginning with my personal experience thereof, after he passed out of the Suez Canal into the harbor of Port Said, I cannot help recalling and comparing the scenes that attended the visit of Admiral Farragut to the Mediterranean when I had the good fortune to serve under him more than thirty years ago. Farragut came abroad expressly to give Europe an opportunity to make the acquaintance of the American seamen who had manned the guns at New Orleans, Mobile, and Fort Fisher, and he expected to entertain and to be entertained wherever he might go. Dewey was looking for a salubrious climate for his officers and men and harbors of restful quiet for himself. The motives being so radically different, it was inevitable that there should be a marked difference in the scenes connected with the progress of the two admirals from one end of the Mediterranean to the other.

Yet, even under the altered conditions, Admiral Dewey had difficulty in escaping the

honors of almost royal character that had been pressed upon his predecessor. Without going into particulars, which might require me to tell facts that came to my knowledge in confidence, I may say that the Admiral had only to give the word to have been entertained magnificently in every country he visited.

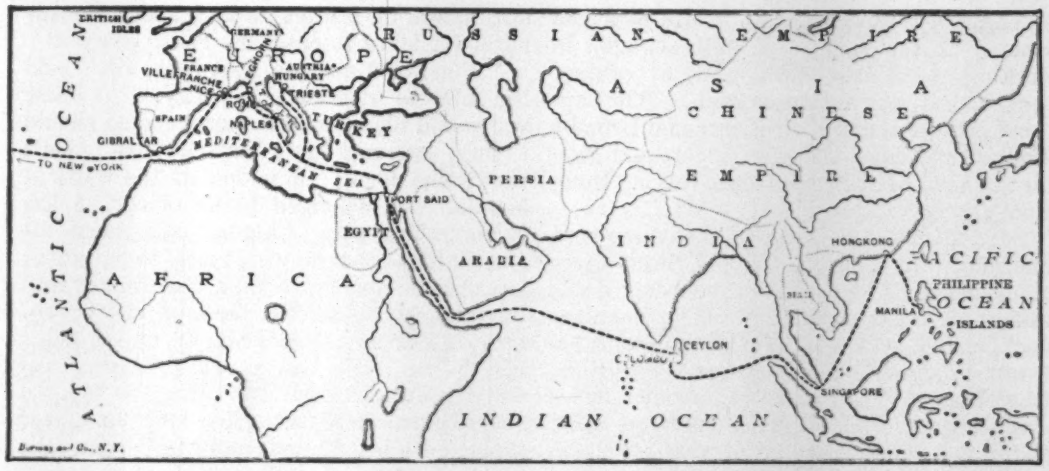


THE CREW OF THE BRITISH SHIP "POWERFUL" CHEERING THE "OLYMPIA" AS SHE LEFT MANILA BAY.

After a photograph taken by Frederick Palmer.

Having learned, on my arrival at Port Said, on Wednesday, July 12th last, that the flagship "Olympia" had entered the canal at Suez, I calculated that the probable time of her arrival at Port Said would be just about sunset next day. The length of the trip was due to the fact that the ship was coming through in quarantine. Owing to the outbreak of bubonic plague in Alexandria, nearly every country bordering on the Mediterranean had declared an embargo against vessels coming from Egypt. In consequence, Admiral Dewey was obliged to refrain from touching at an Egyptian port. Otherwise, he would have been kept in quarantine at least ten days in any other Mediterranean port except Marseilles. Coming through the canal the "Olympia" had no pilot aboard, but was conned by a pilot in a steam launch running ahead of the ship. This method of piloting was unsafe at night, and so the flagship was forced to stop from sunset until sunrise, instead of going right along by the aid of her electric search-lights, as she would have done if the pilot had been aboard. It was a toss-up whether she would be able to clear the canal before dark on Thursday evening; and it was with great satisfaction that, standing on top of the United States consulate in Port Said, I saw loom up across the sands a white apparition, from which weird spirals of dense smoke rose to a height that was magnified threefold by the mirage of the desert. The telegraph had informed us that no other vessel was in that part of the canal, and we knew, therefore, that the "Olympia" was now "on the home stretch."

From my elevated post I could command a view down the canal for more than fifteen miles, and I saw that the flagship would have a close call to escape being tied up for the night at a point within sight of the exit. Soon I could distinguish the Admiral's flag flying at the mainmast head, and a few minutes later, as the ship made a slight change of course, my strong glasses brought into sight the stars and stripes standing out against the copper-like sky. It was manifest that no time was going to be wasted in getting the flagship through the canal that afternoon, and as, at last, I was able to make out a very considerable crest of foam under her forefoot, I felt sure that she must be making the run under special conditions of speed, for the rate in the canal is usually

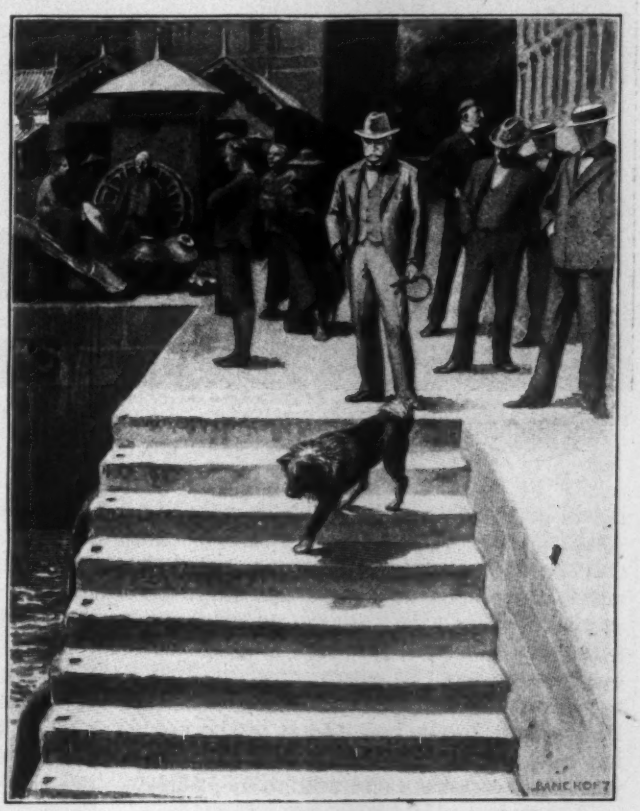


A MAP SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE "OLYMPIA" FROM MANILA TO NEW YORK.

not more than five knots an hour. The fact that the 14th of July, France's national *fête*, was to be celebrated with great enthusiasm at Port Said next day, and that the canal officers wanted to be free from bother on that anniversary, may have had something to do with the speed she was permitted to make.

Just before night fell the "Olympia" swung around the bend south of the harbor, and straightened out for a fair run to the usual quarantine anchorage. But here again the sports of "Bastile day" interfered with the usual arrangements, and presently I saw the cruiser's bow swing off to port far up the harbor, opposite the British naval headquarters.

A rapid pull in the fast gig of Acting Consular Agent Broadbent, who took on board a large quantity of mail matter, brought me alongside the historic flagship; but it was not until nine o'clock that she was properly moored in the narrow bight assigned to her as an anchorage. I learned that two of the blades of the starboard propeller had been bent by striking the bank of the canal, owing to the carelessness of the pilot, and this injury so interfered with the backing power of that screw that it was a difficult matter to turn the long ship in the space allotted to her. No lines could be run to the shore to assist in swinging her, for the bubonic plague is transmitted from place to place by rats as frequently as by any other agency; and, as rats are known to have a strong desire to board ships by the hawsers that attach them to the shore, it was imperative that this route on board the "Olympia" should not



ADMIRAL DEWEY AND BOB ON THE PIER AT HONG KONG.

From a photograph by Frederick Palmer.

be permitted to them. At a late hour the seamen of the ship were still engaged in working about the decks, and, of course, the Admiral was not to be seen. But Captain Lamberton and Flag Lieutenant Brumby kindly came down the side ladder, and gave me the news of the cruise since leaving Hong Kong.

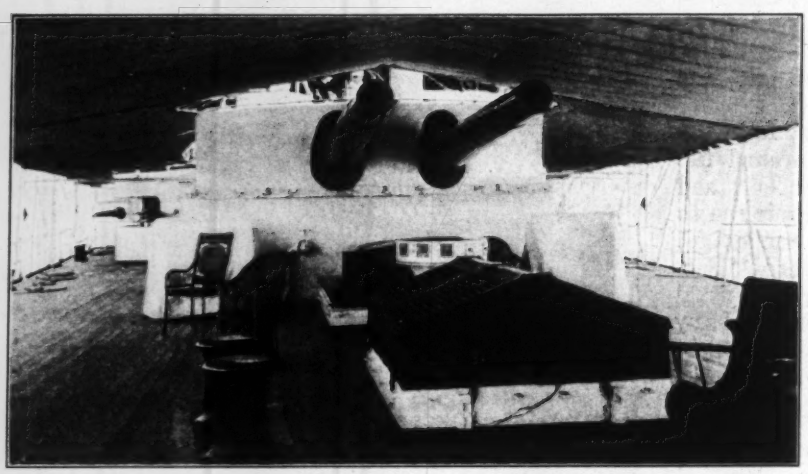
Soon after the hoisting of the colors next morning, the 14th of July, I went again alongside the "Olympia." The Admiral was taking his usual morning walk on the after deck, and he sent me a friendly hail long before I supposed he could have recognized me. I had identified him at a long distance by his erect bearing and his quick, nervous walk, and I felt sure that the stories of his ill health and exhausted condition were erroneous.

He came down the side ladder, and said that he was sorry the health officers would not let me go aboard.

"I can take a thousand tons of coal, and it will be put aboard by a lot of these dirty Arabs," he said, pointing to a swarm of black creatures who were carrying coal aboard a merchant steamer near by; "but if I so much as shake hands with you, the quarantine officers will refuse to give me a clean bill of health and I shall be quarantined at Trieste for eleven days. Quarantine regulations, you know, are the queerest things in the world; but we have to be governed by them, and so you may look at me and talk to me, but you can't touch me."

Just then an intelligent dog, whose color was a bright brown, shot down the ladder, and paused an instant to look up to the Admiral for leave to enter my boat.

"Don't you go into that boat, sir," said the Admiral with mock severity. "I know you would like a run on shore, and so should I, Bob; but you can't have it here. Isn't that a fine dog? He is one of the waifs of Manila. He belonged to an officer of the refrigerating ship 'Culgoa,' and when his master found that he would have to pay about ten pounds sterling to take the animal into England, he turned him loose on the beach. Some of our men picked him up, and brought him to me. He had a collar bearing the name 'Chuckles,' but that was too long to suit me, and so I just called him 'Bob,' for short. He is simply devoted to me now; he has the traditional characteristic of his breed, which is to love no one but his master. Occasionally he has a skylark with some of the men, when he needs exercise; but usually he will have nothing to do with them. See how intelligent he is. He is dying to jump into your boat, for it is a long time since he had a run ashore; but he will obey my order to the letter."



THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE "OLYMPIA," SHOWING THE ADMIRAL'S FAVORITE CORNER.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

Meantime Bob was inspecting me with a very judicial manner, as though he doubted the propriety of holding intercourse with people who were not permitted to come aboard the ship. Finally he threw his nose up in the air and made a sort of dash, as though he intended to board my boat, in spite of the Admiral's prohibition. The Admiral caught him by the neck, and held him until his orderly came to take the culprit on deck in semi-disgrace.

After asking for the latest news from Manila, the Admiral said:

"I am glad to hear that they are going to send more troops to the Philippines. They will be needed there. Otis is trying to do too much, just as I did when I first got out there. One man can't look after everything, and it will kill him if he keeps on trying to do so."

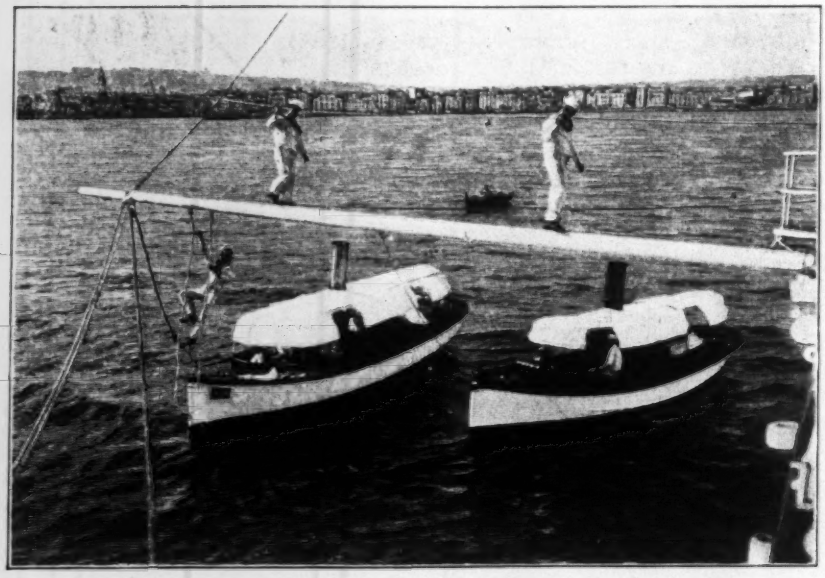
ADMIRAL DEWEY LANDING AT SINGAPORE. HE IS IN THE ACT OF SHAKING HANDS WITH CAPTAIN CRAWFORD, CAPTAIN OF THE PORT. JUST BEHIND THE ADMIRAL IS CAPTAIN LAMBERTON, COMMANDER OF THE "OLYMPIA."

Drawn from a photograph taken by Frederick Palmer.

Later in the day I returned to the "Olympia," accompanied by Acting Consular Agent Broadbent and his sister and two daughters. The presence of ladies brought the Admiral down to the bottom of the side ladder again, for he is never so busy that he cannot be gallant, with a delicacy that is as natural to him as it is attractive to those who are its objects. Following the Admiral came Ah Ling, his Chinese servant, dressed in spotless white, bringing champagne for the party. The Admiral drank the health of his visitors, the first American ladies to greet him in Western waters, and they in return toasted the hero of Manila, and wished him a pleasant voyage and a happy home-coming.

Since dawn the Arab coal-passers had been running a steady stream of fuel into the "Olympia," and the once snowy sides of the vessel were now soiled with the dust of Welsh coal. This all-pervading plague can be understood only by those who have suffered from it, and as the clouds of grimy particles swept over the ship and penetrated to every nook and cranny of her interior, we felt that the Admiral was showing a fine courtesy in facing it for even a few moments.

When Admiral Dewey decided to return to New York about the first day of October, he saw that he would have a considerable amount of time to spend *en route* beyond that required for the actual steaming, and naturally he arranged to spend this time in European ports. Knowing that his men and officers had had a hard experience in the East, he felt sure that they would need a gradual transition from the exhausting climate of Manila to the bracing airs of a New York autumn. Consequently he selected as his first port of call after leaving Port Said the harbor of Trieste, Austria, where he hoped to find a much cooler temperature than would be attainable anywhere else in the Mediterranean, while at the same time it would be a center from which it would be possible to reach some of the interesting cities of Europe in a comparatively short time and at little expense. Trieste was also a city where the men would have a more enjoyable time while on liberty than in many less hygienic cities on the Mediterranean



THE ADMIRAL'S BARGE MAKING FAST TO THE "OLYMPIA" AFTER HAVING BROUGHT THE ADMIRAL ABOARD.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

coast. For that city, therefore, the "Olympia" sailed about nine o'clock on Saturday morning, July 15th, making a speed of eleven knots and arriving off the Adriatic seaport early Thursday morning, July 20th. The run was uneventful. The effect of the bent screw blades was visible in the large increase in the amount of coal consumed in order to secure an eleven-knot speed.

When I boarded the "Olympia" at Trieste—having been obliged to go by way of Marseilles, the only Mediterranean port that did not impose quarantine upon travelers coming from Egypt—one of the heartiest welcomes I received was from the Admiral's dog Bob.

"Well, didn't I tell you that that was as intelligent a dog as you ever saw?" asked the Admiral. "Bob never has seen you except during those few minutes at the gangway at Port Said, but he remembers you perfectly, and really shows you more attention than I have seen him manifest to any one except Lamberton and myself."

"Oh, he heard you tell Mr. Broadbent that I was a member of your staff at Manila," I replied, jokingly, "and that is sufficient to secure for me an unusual amount of his consideration."

"Yes, that accounts for it," replied the Admiral, and it was impossible to tell from his manner whether he was speaking seriously or merely pretending to think that I had been in earnest.

The Admiral is not a joker. He has a sufficient sense of the humorous, and he enjoys a good joke. But he rarely goes farther himself in the way of joking than to make a pretense of taking seriously a joke attempted by some other person.

Trieste was all alive to receive the American Admiral, and his stay there was marked by amiable cordiality on the part of the authorities, and by exceptional friendliness and hospitality at the hands of the people. When one of the crew died in the hospital on shore, the number of persons who attended his funeral was a surprise to every one, some estimates placing it at 50,000. There were no entertainments of note, except one given to the Admiral and his staff by the United States ambassador to Austria-Hungary. The only incident of this evening, and of the return dinner given aboard the flagship two days afterward, was Dewey's declaration that he hoped McKinley would be reëlected to the Chief Magistracy. While Admiral Dewey is a notably impulsive man, it seems probable that he expressed this wish at the time and in the place that he chose for so doing: not on the spur of the moment, but with a definite determination to put an end to the attempts that had been made to drag him into politics and to induce him to run for the Presidency. One who was a guest at both of the banquets told me that on each occasion the Admiral used nearly the same language when drinking the health of the President of the United States. It is generally the habit of navy officers to speak of the President by his official title—the President—instead of mentioning the name of the incumbent of the place. But at the Ambassador's banquet, after the toast to the President had been proposed, Admiral Dewey raised his glass and said:

"Yes, here's to the President—President

McKinley. I hope he will be reëlected."

At the dinner in his own cabin he said: "There will be only one toast to-night, gentlemen. Here's to the President—President McKinley. I hope he will be our next President."

Admiral Dewey's visit to Trieste waked up that town in a way that will be long remembered there. It is a port that rarely sees a United States warship. The British Mediterranean fleet goes there about once in three years, and the French squadron puts in an occasional appearance; but it is nearly a decade since the stars and stripes received a salute from the guns of Trieste. The older people smiled delightedly when I asked them if they remembered the arrival there of Admiral Farragut, in 1868, in the steam frigate "Franklin;" but they could not recall the name of any American man-of-war since that time, though one or two have been there.

I was particularly interested in the behavior and appearance of our seamen who were given shore liberty there. One of the time-honored traditions of the navy used to be that Jack was not living up to his opportunities if he failed to get drunk as soon as possible after he was allowed to go ashore. Particularly was this the case when he had been kept aboard ship for several months; and when he had had a victorious fight with an enemy, he was guilty of genuine disloyalty to his flag if he permitted the sun of his first day of liberty to go down upon him sober.

But now we have changed all that. About 150 of the "Olympia's" crew were allowed to go ashore in Trieste on forty-eight hours' liberty. I never expect to see anywhere a finer set of muscular and intelligent seamen than the Jackies who came along the harbor front of Trieste from the liberty-boat that forenoon. They were dressed in blue, new caps and cap ribbons taking the places of those that they had thrown overboard as the "Olympia" steamed out of Manila Bay, on starting upon her return voyage; and they had white lanyards about their necks, ingen-

ADMIRAL DEWEY, LIEUTENANT BRUMBY, AND BOB ON THE SIDE LADDER OF THE "OLYMPIA" AT PORT SAID, JULY, 1899.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. L. Stickney.

iously plaited and knotted. The men carried themselves with an ease and dignity such as only the intelligent and self-respecting can assume. I went about in all quarters of the town, and saw them frequently. I know that they were welcomed by the people of Trieste with almost as great hospitality as though they had been Austrians, instead of Americans. They had all the temptations that are common to men in their position. They had had fifteen months of hard service in hot and sickly climates, seldom putting a foot on shore, except for the purpose of fighting or for arduous and distasteful work, and they had, during that time, fought one of the most brilliant sea-battles in the history of the world. But, in spite of all the conditions that would seem to excuse them for any lapse of self-restraint, I did not see one American seaman drunk. Occasionally one might be found who had taken enough liquor to make his navigation a trifle unsteady, but even that much over-indulgence was rare. It must be remembered—to paraphrase Kipling—that "single men in warships don't grow to plaster saints." But our men in Trieste, so far as I could learn from observation and inquiry, behaved with a dignity and a self-control such as I believe no other navy in the world could have equalled. As the favorite method of locomotion for the "Olympia's" liberty men was astride of bicycles, it will be seen that intoxication must, necessarily, have been at a discount.

At times during the Admiral's stay in the ports of Europe homeward-bound he talked of incidents in his career. His conversations were necessarily brief, for his time was well occupied with his duties and with other visitors, but these interviews covered a wide range of topics.

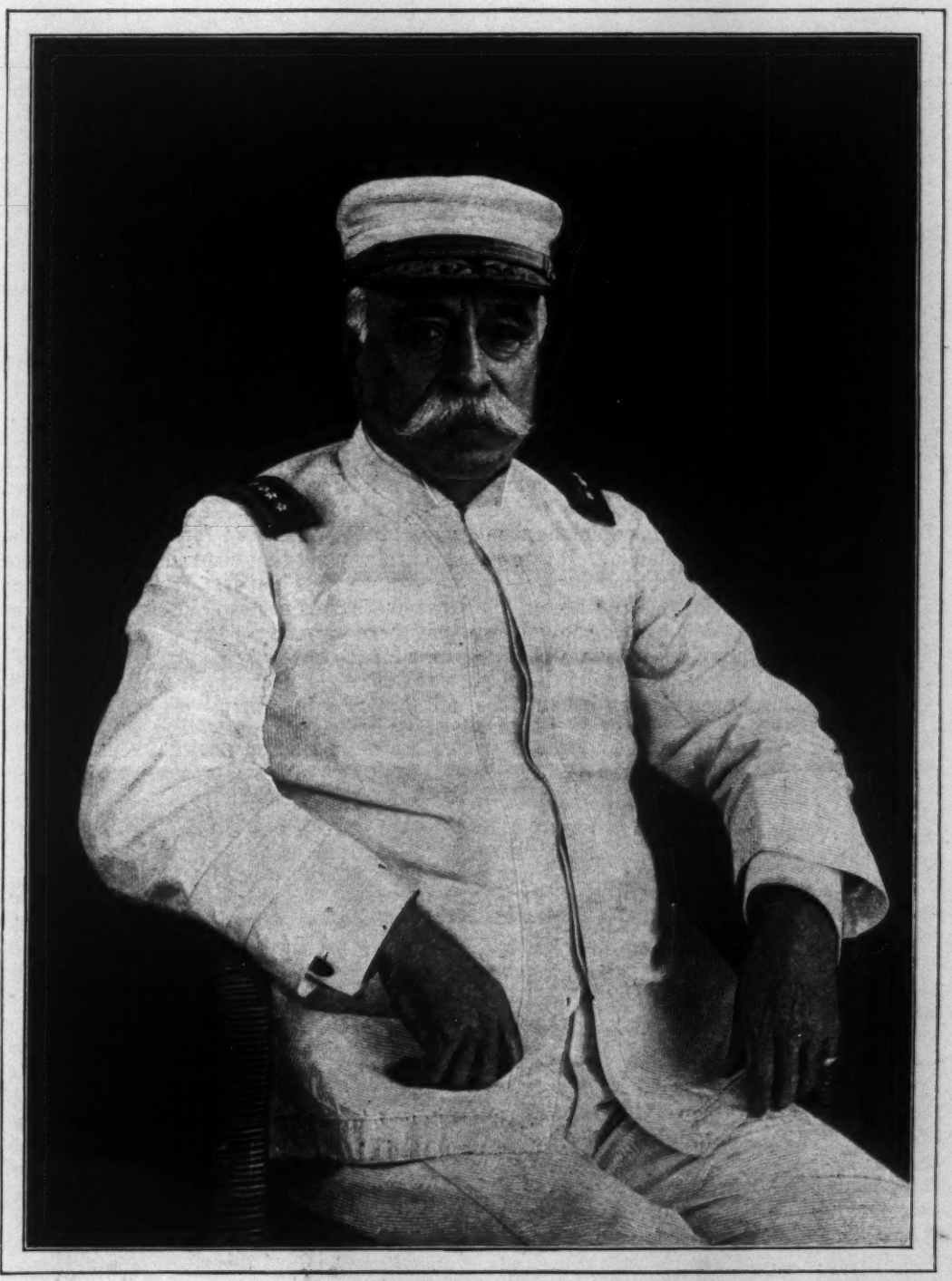
He recalled to me in Naples that, immediately after leaving Hong Kong for Manila in April, 1898, he had told me that a victory in those waters would awaken an unusual amount of interest in the United States.

"If we have the first fight of the war," he had said, "it will have a remarkable effect upon our people. There is a certain glamour of romance over this Eastern Hemisphere that appeals more to imagination and sentiment than do the cold practicalities of the West. The very name of the Philippines recalls memories of the old Spanish galleons, with their cargoes of new and precious spices, their tales of uncounted wealth awaiting the adventurer and the buccaneer, and all the mystery of the Far East. I confidently expect that our victory, if the Spaniards keep their ships together and fight us as a fleet, will have a stronger and a deeper influence upon the war—at least, in its early days—than any affair that is likely to take place in the West Indies for some time."

Thus, long before the event, the shrewd intuition of the man of imagination kept pace with the prevision of the natural sea-fighter. Of course, he could not have foreseen the exceptional features of the battle of Manila Bay, which gave it such a remarkably dramatic place among the events that make up history—the run past the forts and over the mines at night; the surprise of the enemy; the instant annihilation of their ships; and then—silence! Through the black curtain of Spanish official misrepresentation came only occasional rays of truth, and the world waited a week to learn the particulars of the tragedy that had put an end to centuries of misrule and transferred the title to an empire.

"There was a Power taking care of us," said Admiral Dewey one day, when speaking of the marvelous escape from death experienced by himself and his men at the battle of Manila. He was sitting on the after deck of the "Olympia" in the harbor of Naples, where the exquisite blue of sea and sky, the warmth of color on shore, and the refreshing breeze that came in past Capri to temper the heat of the August sun, made the afternoon one of almost fairyland impressions to the men who had sweltered through the Philippine dog-days during war time.

"We can't account for these things by any known laws or reasons," continued the Admiral, speaking with a determined look in his face, as though recalling the line of solid shot and bursting shells that had hurtled over the deck of the "Olympia" off Cavité; "but the fact remains that not a life was lost on our side, in spite of the enormous odds in favor of our enemy's hitting us. Why, there we were about as far from the Spanish ships and batteries as that shore is from us now." The memory of those anxious hours brought him to his feet, and he unconsciously grasped the hand of a young American lady sitting next to him, and pointed to a castle less than a mile and a half away. "Every minute there would come great flashes of flame and smoke from all along the Spanish line, and it seemed impossible, as we waited for the shells, that not one would burst in our ships; but in a few seconds we would see the water thrown up inshore of us, or else we would hear the whistle and the roar of the projectiles as they passed over our heads. But why did they all miss us, or hit



ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, U. S. N.

From a photograph taken at Naples in August, 1899, by Chevalier Mauri, photographer to the King of Italy. Copyright, 1899, by J. L. Stickney.

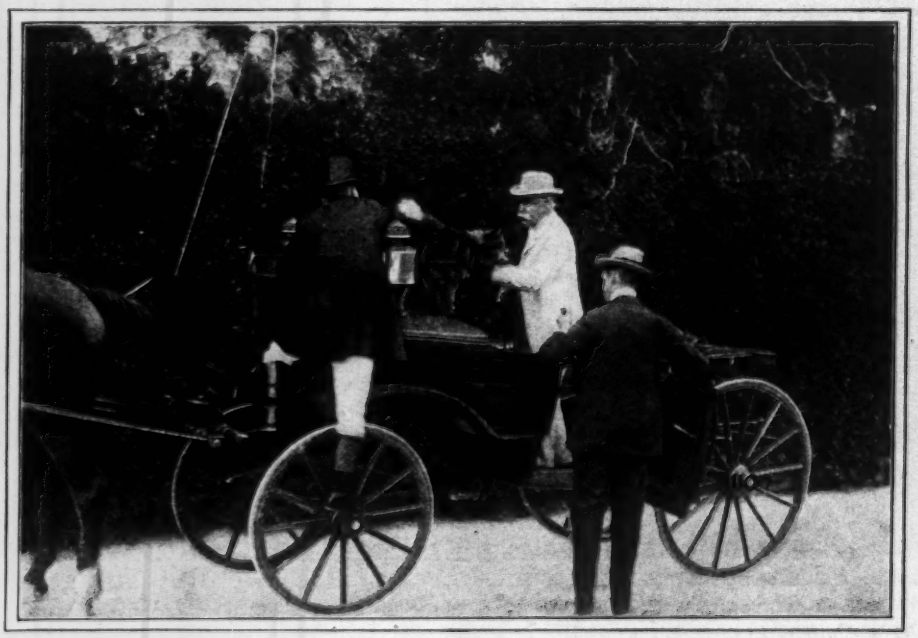
us in only an unimportant and not dangerous manner? I can't account for it by any law of chance or any reasonable hypothesis of conditions. It seemed to me," he added solemnly, "as though we were being used as instruments to punish those people for their long centuries of crime against humanity, and the lesson was made the more marked by the fact that not one American life was lost. The hand of God was in it, not only at Manila, but at Santiago, where the navy lost only one man."

This is the only time I have ever heard the Admiral say anything bearing upon religion. That he has a strong and well-defined religious belief, I am sure, because he is too earnest and too thoughtful to be uncertain or indifferent; but I am unable to recall any conversation, during several years of acquaintance with him, from which I could derive an opinion concerning the exact form of his faith.

Being a member of the Philippine Commission, the Admiral does not speak to any one for publication concerning his opinions about the situation in and near Manila. It is probable that no one who has been closely associated with him during the cruise of the "Olympia" has any doubt as to the general bent of his mind; but it is certain that no one is going to bring upon himself the contempt the Admiral would have for him if he tried to make public the Admiral's opinions upon so important an official subject as that. In his own time he will make a report to the President, leaving it to the latter to decide whether—and, if so, when and how—the Admiral's ideas shall be made known to the public.

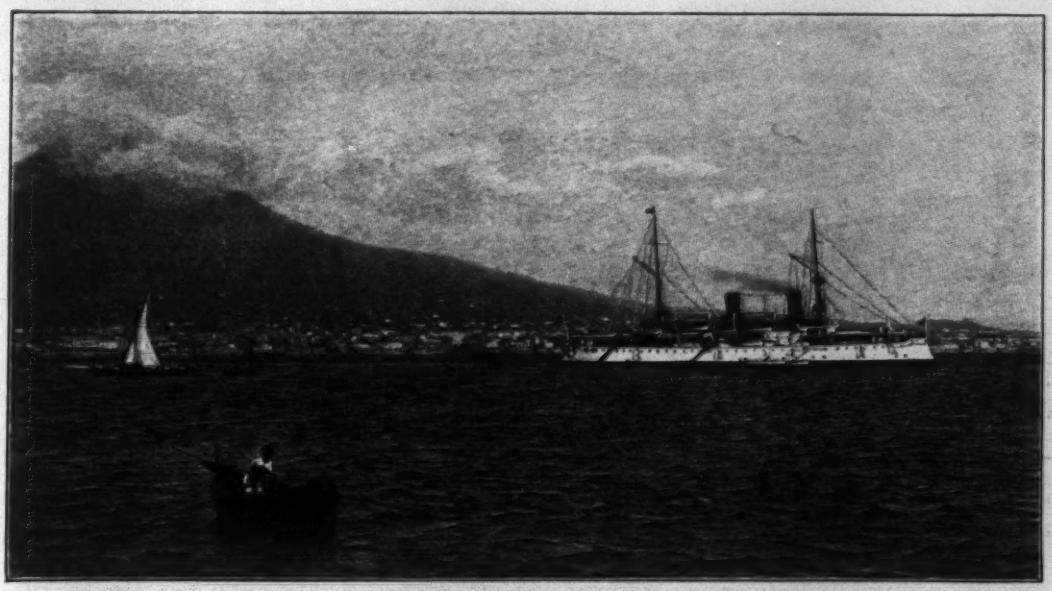
And, speaking of the President, I am reminded that it was to him, and not to the Navy Department nor to any one connected therewith, that the country is indebted for the appointment of Admiral (then Commodore) Dewey to the command of the Asiatic station in the latter part of 1897. I was long under the impression that the command had rather gone begging, for I knew that one flag officer had declined it and had had some trouble in getting the Navy Department to offer it to some one else; and I therefore assumed that Dewey had accepted it simply because it was his turn for sea duty, and he would not try to be let off when it was offered to him. I have, however, unimpeachable authority for saying that the Admiral wanted that command, and had hard enough work to get it. It wasn't so much that another officer wanted the command as that there were one or two people who didn't want him to have it.

"Did you expect a war with Spain, Admiral?" I asked him.



ADMIRAL DEWEY, ENSIGN CALDWELL, AND BOB AT MIRAMAR, THE CASTLE OF THE MEXICAN EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN, NEAR TRIESTE.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by the Comptoir Général de Photographie, Trieste.



THE "OLYMPIA" OFF NAPLES.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. L. Stickney.

"Perhaps it would be too much to say that I expected it at once; but I wanted to have a chance, if it should come while I was still on the active list. Yes, I felt sure we should have that war, and I knew that if I ever sailed for Manila on a war errand I should do what I did do, and do it in a day. As a matter of fact, it was all done in five hours. There were some people who said we could never do it at all; but now, I find, all those people are saying that they knew I could do it all the time."

During this conversation the Admiral showed me two or three photographs of Aguinaldo that he had received from the Tagalo leader, and also a very finely woven cigarette case that had accompanied the portraits.

"The Filipinos like me," he said. "One day, after hostilities had begun, I ran close in toward the army lines north of Manila near Malolos, and then came out to the 'Helena,' which was anchored as far in as her draft would permit her to go. When I came over the side, I found Captain Swinburne, who commanded the 'Helena,' as white as a sheet. All his men were at their guns, and they all showed signs of great excitement. When I asked him what was the matter, he told me I had steamed along the front of about a thousand Filipino troops in an entrenchment. They were armed with Mauser rifles, and I had been within point-blank range for a considerable length of time. He had held his battery ready to revenge me, he said, in case they fired at my barge, but he knew he couldn't have saved me if they had fired. I told him it was all right; the Filipinos wouldn't fire at me. As I said before, they like me."

It is not surprising that the Filipinos should have liked the Admiral, not only because of his uniform courtesy and kindness to them, but because there is an extraordinary charm in his speech and manners. No one could be more thoughtful and considerate than he toward those about him. One afternoon he was listening to the music of a band of Neapolitans who had come alongside the flagship in a shore boat, and he was particularly interested in the singing of a little girl, eleven years old, who was the star performer of the troupe. They were so overjoyed to find that they had attracted the notice of the American Admiral that they would, doubtless, have undergone almost any discomfort merely for the opportunity to play for him, especially as they were sure of receiving a handsome pecuniary recompense. But the Admiral noticed that in the place that they had taken the sun fell full in the face of the little girl, and at once he changed his own position at the ship's side, so that the musicians' boat could be in the shade of the "Olympia." I did not wonder, a day or two afterward, to see the little singer slip past the sentry at the gangway and kiss the Admiral's hand. He patted her on the head, and gave her leave

AT THE DINNER GIVEN IN HONOR OF ADMIRAL DEWEY AT NAPLES BY MR. IDDINGS, CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES AT ROME.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

to bring her party of musicians aboard during the men's supper hour to entertain them.

"She looks like a Greek, more than an Italian," he said, as she went forward; "but she is more agreeable at a distance than near by. Good heavens!" he added, with considerable emphasis, "why will all these people eat so much garlic!"

Among the visitors who boarded the "Olympia" in Naples was a very beautiful woman who was evidently of Jewish descent, and the Admiral, after they had left the ship, commented upon her fine complexion and her liquid black eyes.

"I don't understand," he continued, "why there is such a prejudice against the Jews. There are disagreeable Jews, of course, but then every race has its objectionable types. As I look at the history of the world—of individual historical characters as well as of nations—it seems to me that hardly any one who has ever amounted to anything has been without a trace of Jewish blood somewhere in his descent. The Jews are a wonderful people."

Admiral Dewey in time of peace is a very different man from what he was in time of war. He has lost none of the characteristics that made him the foremost sea-fighter of the day in the early months of 1898, but his personal bent has been diverted toward such kindly and amiable feelings for the rest of mankind that it is difficult to recognize in the genial officer of the present the rigid disciplinarian of the past.

Speaking of the attention shown him after his arrival in the Mediterranean, he said one day at Naples:

"Oh! they are spoiling me," meaning that the official and social interest taken in him tended to raise his self-appreciation to a point beyond his just deserts.

Of course, as every one who has an intimate acquaintance with the Admiral knows, there was no possibility of flattery or adulation having any such a result; but that the world-wide expressions of friendly regard and even affectionate devotion were having a noticeable effect upon him was evident to those who had been associated with him in years gone by. This effect took the form of making him too amiable to people who obtrude themselves upon him for their own ends. His kindliness of heart is so great that he can be—and often is—imposed upon by men who hover around him merely to grind their own axes. He is unsuspicious. When a man comes to him under circumstances that make it natural to suppose him to be honorable and trustworthy, the Admiral does

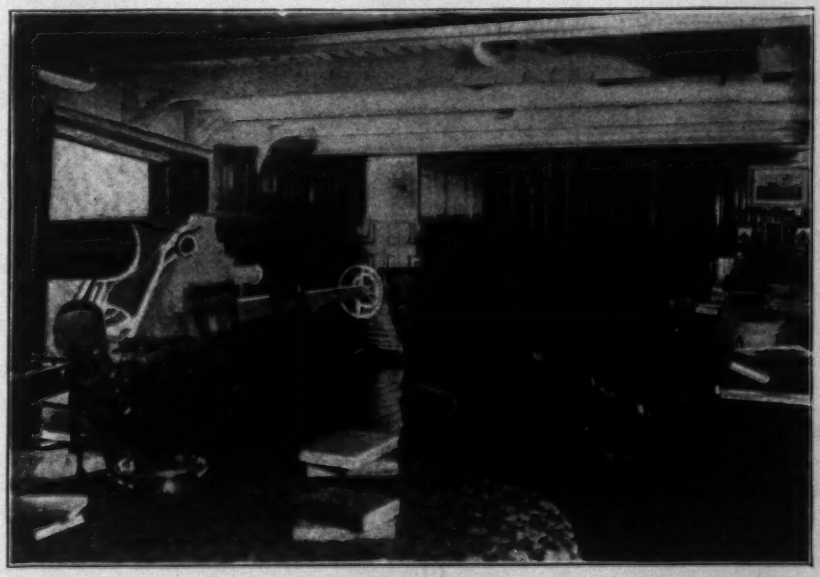
not stand on his guard against him. This is due partly to the class of men he has had to deal with in the navy, and partly to the fact that he does not expect to meet schemers among the people with whom he associates.

I do not mean to imply that the Admiral is an easy mark for any adventurer who may try to make use of him. No man knows better how to protect himself against the tricks and turns by which one-half of poor humanity tries to get an advantage over the other half; but among those who, apparently, belong to the same general walk of life as himself he is not on the lookout to escape trickery. And the worst of it is that, when he has been deceived, if he does not act instantly in the punishment of the offender, the latter goes scot free; for, if the Admiral's indignation has time to cool, he will often be unwilling to act with the severity that the case properly deserves.

"The newspaper men who came to Manila," he said in Trieste, just after his confidence had been very shamefully abused by a dilettante correspondent, "have spoiled me for dealing with the rest of the world. I could say what was in my mind without choosing my words or picking my phrases, because I knew that, when I was not speaking for publication, they would not report me. The exceptions were so few as to prove the rule. I shall never be able to get along with any newspaper man who has no higher sense of honor than to sacrifice everything to the desire to make a sensation."

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S CABIN ON THE "OLYMPIA."

From a photograph taken by Mr. Delle Grazie exclusively for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.



ADMIRAL DEWEY'S LIBRARY ON THE "OLYMPIA," SHOWING THE FIVE-INCH GUN WHICH IS OPERATED FROM THIS ROOM.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

Yet he would not deny the untruthful report

that had been put into his mouth, nor would he allow the other correspondents to denounce either the trick by which he had been induced to receive the offender at all or the falsity of the statements attributed to him. Speaking of some stories that had been published about him, he said to me one day:

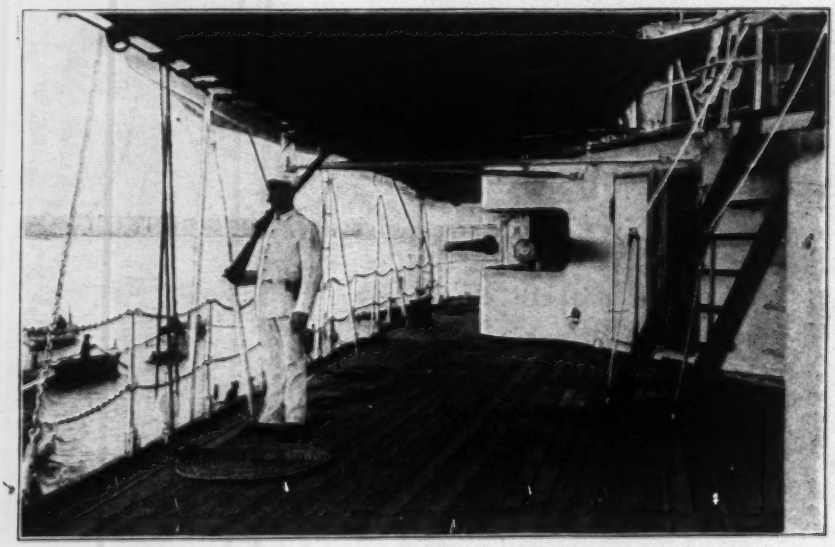
"I was the champion bad boy of the town, in spite of the efforts that some kindly disposed people are making to represent me as a good boy. My mother died when I was very young, and my father had not the time to keep a very careful oversight upon me; and so I had my own way most of the early part of my boyhood. I don't remember that I ever did anything that was seriously objectionable, but I was in all the scrapes that a healthy youth of an active turn of mind would naturally get into, and I guess the neighbors didn't hold me up as a shining example to their own boys. I suppose they will tell me they have forgotten all my tricks now, just as I have; but I don't want to appear to be claiming any angelic qualities in my youth."

Walking on the after-bridge with the Admiral while the ship was exercising at general quarters for battle, off Leghorn, I sought an expression of his sentiments toward the men.

"Well, just look at them," he replied; "did you ever see a finer set of men aboard ship? See how intelligent they are. We keep them well drilled for discipline and exercise, but they don't need to have the same thing done over and over again to enable them to carry out their duty. I had the Archbishop of Manila up here on this bridge, one day while the men were at general quarters, just to let him see them at work. You know it was he who wrote that bombastic proclamation that Captain-General Augustin signed just before we arrived off Manila. Well, he watched them for a good while, and at last he said: 'Admiral, I have seen the warships of all countries, but I have never before seen men equal to those. I suppose you have a picked crew.' I told him that I had twenty-five ships under my command, and the men aboard all of them were just like my own crew."

The afternoon the "Olympia" left Leghorn for Villefranche, reference was made to the short, easy runs into which the voyage through the Mediterranean had been divided, and the Admiral said: "I like to go to sleep in one port, and wake up in another. I have spent in all ten years on the European station, which has rather spoiled me for the long-distance cruises. The voyage from Colombo to Port Said and Trieste I found very tiresome."

One more long run is yet in store for him before his homeward journey is done. It begins on September 10th, when the "Olympia," having taken on a full supply of coal, is to leave Gibraltar. But, the elements favoring, almost by the time these informal memoranda of him are read in the United States, the Admiral will have arrived there himself and be receiving the devoted welcome of his fellow-countrymen.



MARINE SENTRY ON DUTY JUST OUTSIDE THE ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS ON THE "OLYMPIA."

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

THE KILLING OF THE MAMMOTH.

By H. Tukeman.

MR. CONRADI'S sudden death is still fresh in the public mind, and a letter that I have before me from that generous, but eccentric, millionaire will explain my position, and the *raison d'être* of the following pages, in the fewest words. The letter was evidently dictated from his death-bed.

To H. Tukeman, Esq.,
Wadington Hall, Kent.

Dear Sir: In the event of my death, I release you fully from your promise of secrecy in regard to the killing of the mammoth, and I express the hope that you will make public the facts relating to the same. I have always refused to make any statement as to how or where I obtained this specimen, allowing the public to draw whatever inference it pleased; but now that its existence is fully known to the scientific world, I see that I have done you some injustice, merely to gratify a whim of my own. The price I paid you included this gratification—as set forth in our contract—but I am satisfied to go down to posterity as the donor to my country of the most remarkable specimen of fauna in the world.

Thanking you for your faithful adherence to the spirit and letter of our contract, I am,

Yours faithfully,

Horace P. Conradi.

It was I then, Henry Tukeman, who secured the specimen of the "Conradi Mammoth," as it has been called, now in the Smithsonian museum, Washington, U. S. A., pictures of which monopolized the papers and magazines in the summer of last year, and over which the scientists of both continents are still quarreling. Mr. Conradi's offer to me was of such magnitude (at least three times what I could have expected to get from any other source) that I, a poor man, found myself unable to refuse it. Many people will, undoubtedly, call me unpatriotic in thus allowing a foreign country to obtain this wonderful specimen, and to this charge I can only reply that the re-purchase of Wadington Hall, with its noble deer park and broad acres, has been the dream of my life. For, till my father broke the entail and sold the estate, it had been handed down from father to son since the time of William the First, as the date and the Latin inscription over the old stable doorway testify.

In 1890, I journeyed, by way of St. Michaels and the Yukon River, to Alaska. The Klondike had not then been discovered, and the Alaska Commercial Company's steamer failing to get further than Fort Yukon, owing to the lateness of the season, it was at this point I found myself when winter set in. A small tribe of Indians live at Fort Yukon. A clerk at the trading-post, a private trader, and a missionary and his wife were the only whites there in 1890, except when a rare visitor called from Circle City, a mining camp eighty miles up the Yukon River. The fort, however, had its traditions, and I listened later to many an interesting yarn from the old tribesmen, who told in broken *patois* of the doings of the "Company" fifty years ago, when the Hudson Bay Company represented civilization from this far northwestern limit of their fur trade on the Pacific Slope, and from the Arctic Circle, to the Atlantic coast of stormy Labrador.

The Hudson Bay Company abandoned Fort Yukon many years ago, but the statement that I was a "Hudson Bay man" (an unpaid account was my mental justification), and the fact that I had had some years' experience with northern Indians, enabled me soon to become intimate with the tribe, though at the expense of losing the society of the white residents of the fort.

After I had decided to winter at Fort Yukon, I occupied a roomy, vacant cabin. One night I had opened some old "Graphics" for the benefit of "Joe"—otherwise "Na-thu-joyi-a"—an ancient head-man in the tribe. I was explaining the habits of the various animals portrayed in a series of African hunting scenes. Turning the page, we came to the picture of an elephant, whereupon old Joe became very excited, and finally explained to me, with some reluctance, that he had seen one of these animals "up there," indicating the north with his hand. Nor could any denial of mine that any such animals existed on this continent shake him. To humor the old fellow, I asked him to tell me the tale,

which he did after much persuasion; and I repeat it here, though for my readers' sake I omit the broken *patois*.

"Once, many summers ago, me an' Soon-thai, we go up the Porcupine River—Soon-thai is my son; he is dead now. By an' by we leave the river, an' go up a little river many days, to the mountain. But the mountain is too steep an' very high, an' we cannot climb up it. We go back a little way, an' we shoot a moose at the mouth of a little gully. Soon-thai, he goes off, an' he finds the gully ends in a little cliff, an' he climbs up it, an' finds a cave. He is brave, Soon-thai—he goes in the cave, an' at the end is a small hole, an' Soon-thai looks through it, an' sees an easy way to climb up the mountain. There is a creek in the gully, which runs in the ground near the cave, but the water is bad.

"'I see a sign . . . deep in the ground . . .'

"I go back, an' I blaze a big tree at the canoe, like this"—crossing his fingers—"where the gully is, for it is hard to see from the river. By an' by we take some meat, an' we go through the cave, an' it is full of big bones, bigger than my body, an' I am afraid; but we go through the little hole into the sunlight, an' I have courage, an' we climb to the top of the mountain.

"Beyond we see a big valley, an' lakes an' trees there, an' far away, on the other side of the valley, we see the mountains, an' beyond them, very far off, high mountains, with the snow on them which never goes away.

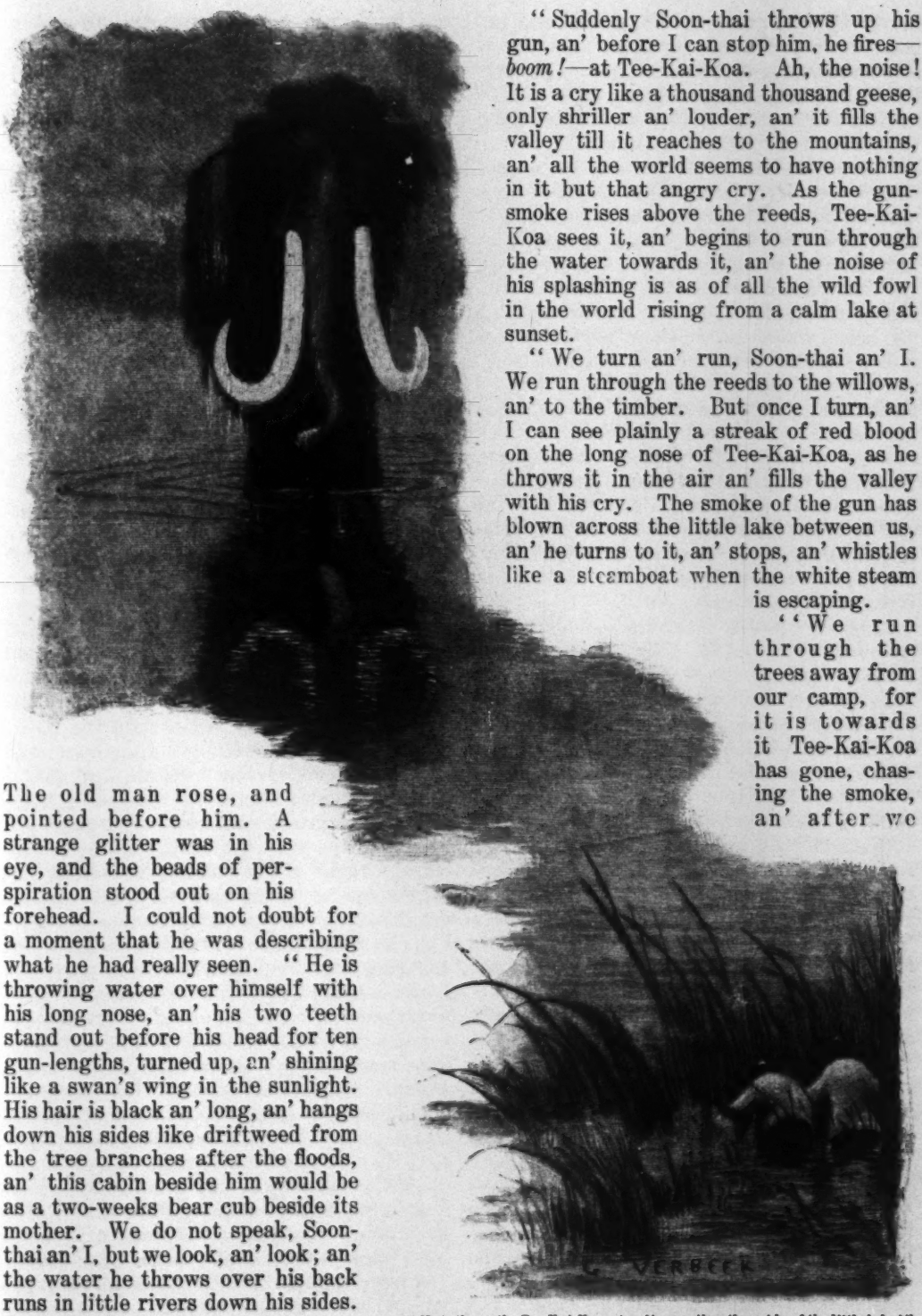
"Soon-thai is brave, plenty brave, an' he says, 'We shoot plenty beaver in the valley, eh?' I say, 'No, that is the devil's country,' an' I tell him it is the country called in Indian Tee-Kai-Koa (the devil's footprint). Then Soon-thai, he is a little afraid, but by an' by he says, 'Come, my father, we will not stay long; in two days we will shoot plenty beaver, an' then we will run back.'

"So we go down the mountain, an' we find lakes with plenty of beaver an' ducks an' geese, an' it is the month of the first salmon, an' the geese cannot fly, so we get plenty; but we see no moose or caribou sign in the valley. By an' by, after two days, we make a raft, an' cross a long lake, like a river, an' next day we see Tee-Kai-Koa!"

The old man paused, and stiffened in his seat; I sat silent and motionless, waiting.

"At sunrise we go in the woods to hunt. By an' by Soon-thai comes to me—he is a little way off on one side—an' he whispers, 'Look!' An' I come where he says, an' I see that sign, an' my knees are weak, an' shake. The ground is not hard there, an' I see a sign like this"—he drew a circle on the floor—"an' deep in the ground as this"—he placed a finger on his arm, half-way from the finger-tip to the elbow. "An' I can lay my gun in the foot-mark, except for this much"—he indicated a finger length. "But Soon-thai, he is brave; he says, 'I will see this devil, an' if he is no bigger than a very big bear, I will shoot him from a tree, perhaps.' But I—I am afraid, yet I follow Soon-thai as if I slept. Oh, he was brave, my son—very brave!

"Presently we hear a splashing in a lake which is beyond some willows; an' there are no trees there; but we creep in very softly, an' we come to the reeds, an' wade through them to the edge, up to our knees in the water. He is there, the Tee-Kai-Koa, standing on the other side of the little lake."



"'He is there, the Tee-Kai-Koa, standing on the other side of the little lake.'"

The old man rose, and pointed before him. A strange glitter was in his eye, and the beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. I could not doubt for a moment that he was describing what he had really seen. "He is throwing water over himself with his long nose, an' his two teeth stand out before his head for ten gun-lengths, turned up, an' shining like a swan's wing in the sunlight. His hair is black an' long, an' hangs down his sides like driftweed from the tree branches after the floods, an' this cabin beside him would be as a two-weeks bear cub beside its mother. We do not speak, Soon-thai an' I, but we look, an' look; an' the water he throws over his back runs in little rivers down his sides. Presently he lies down in the water, an' the waves come through the reeds up to our armpits, so great is the splash. Then he gets up an' shakes himself, an' all is a mist like a rain storm round him.

"Suddenly Soon-thai throws up his gun, an' before I can stop him, he fires—*boom!*—at Tee-Kai-Koa. Ah, the noise! It is a cry like a thousand thousand geese, only shriller an' louder, an' it fills the valley till it reaches to the mountains, an' all the world seems to have nothing in it but that angry cry. As the gun-smoke rises above the reeds, Tee-Kai-Koa sees it, an' begins to run through the water towards it, an' the noise of his splashing is as of all the wild fowl in the world rising from a calm lake at sunset.

"We turn an' run, Soon-thai an' I. We run through the reeds to the willows, an' to the timber. But once I turn, an' I can see plainly a streak of red blood on the long nose of Tee-Kai-Koa, as he throws it in the air an' fills the valley with his cry. The smoke of the gun has blown across the little lake between us, an' he turns to it, an' stops, an' whistles like a steamboat when the white steam is escaping.

"We run through the trees away from our camp, for it is towards it Tee-Kai-Koa has gone, chasing the smoke, an' after we have run a long distance, we rest an' listen. But again we hear the great cry of Tee-Kai-Koa as he seeks us, an' we have new strength

in our legs to run on an' on, till the sun has gone down an' come up again to where it stood when Soon-thai fired his gun. We have no axe, nothing but our guns; but the fear of that which is behind us makes us strong to travel on without sleep or food."

The old Indian sat down and wiped his hand over his forehead, and for fully ten minutes no word was spoken,—he perhaps thinking of his dead son, I racking my brains to remember what my school edition of Cuvier said about mammoths, for I had confirmed a wild idea that had flashed through my brain when the elephant's picture was first noticed. Presently the old man rose, and stepped to the door of the cabin. I made a motion to him to stay, but he shook his head. "I am old an' tired," he said simply; "an' to talk of Soon-thai, my son, makes me weak like a woman. Do not seek Tee-Kai-Koa, white man, lest you have no tale to tell us as I have told you." And he stepped out into the clear, frosty night, leaving me to wonder how he had divined my thoughts so accurately.

Later I got Joe's account of his return from the land of Tee-Kai-Koa. He had crossed the first range of mountains on the side of the valley opposite that on which he had entered it, and found on the further side of the mountains high, precipitous cliffs, which he had the greatest difficulty in descending. Making a boat out of a moose-skin, he had gone "many days" down a stream which flowed into the Chandelar, a river entering the Yukon about one hundred miles below the mouth of the Porcupine. While in the valley they had seen the huge footprints of the mammoth, but never more than those of one animal, and always of the same size, so that it seemed as if this prehistoric giant must be the last of his race alive there.

In the tribe of Indians wintering at Fort Yukon was an active, intelligent young fellow named Paul, who spoke English well, and was always in demand during the summer months as pilot on the steamers of the A. C. Company. Paul had a strain of white blood in his veins, derived, doubtless, from some hardy Scotchman of the old company, and I found, after becoming intimate with him, that he had as much curiosity as I had about Tee-Kai-Koa and a profound contempt for the superstition of its being a "devil."

When I told Paul of some elephant-shooting experiences of mine in Africa in the '70's, he proposed, in the most matter-of-fact way, that we should go off together during the coming summer, and bag the mammoth, if he really was there. He was doubly eager when I told him of the vast fortune awaiting any man who could get this absolutely unique specimen of supposedly extinct fauna to the hands of taxidermists in civilization. I had nothing heavier than a couple of Lee-Metfords, a weapon which I had never tried, even as an elephant rifle, and which seemed to be still less suitable as a mammoth slayer. But I had plenty of solid nickel bullets, and I was satisfied these would penetrate the hide or massive skull. It was therefore merely a question of quantity.

By spring we had all our plans completed for the journey, and I had a rough idea formulated as to how I should hunt the mammoth, and (what was equally difficult) preserve, when we had killed him, his vast hide and bones. Paul and I both swore secrecy: he because he did not wish the tribe to know, I for commercial reasons; and giving out that I had had a letter from the Hudson Bay Company calling me to the Mackenzie River district, we bid good-by to Fort Yukon on a fine morning early in July, and prepared to pole our way up the Porcupine River in a long, narrow poling-boat which we had built for the purpose.

I shook old Joe cordially by the hand, and promised to avoid the "devil's footprint" country, though I think the old fellow had a vague suspicion of what I had in mind, roused by my many questions throughout the winter. A round of presents to the Indians (not forgetting an extra one for Joe's pretty daughter) made my departure more easy, for I had become excellent friends with the tribe, and they were genuinely sorry to lose me. I held out no likelihood of returning for several summers, while Paul had stated that he would stay with me till I went "outside" once more to the "Grand Pays" and civilization. He had no kith or kin to worry about, and the handsome scamp's attentions to the girls were too impartial to call for any particular and individual congratulation.

On the nineteenth day after leaving Fort Yukon, we arrived at the mouth of the "little river" described by Joe, easily identified by a high, sandy bank on the right hand. The high water in the Porcupine had delayed us, and after the second day on the "little river" we were unable, even with the utmost exertion, to make more than six or seven miles a day. Sometimes twice or thrice a day we would unload, to drag our boat over shallows or around log-jams, and on one oc-

casion we had to portage everything a mile overland to avoid a cañon. We had cut our outfit down to the simplest necessaries, but I had secured from the steamer 500 feet of stout rope, three double-blocks and tackle, augers, a whipsaw, and a few other tools; and these, with our cooking utensils, winter clothing, and a few supplies, necessitated many weary journeys on the portages. And then the mosquitoes! I have had some experience of them, but I have never seen them so bad as they were on the upper reaches of the river during the month of July.

"We had to use our blocks and tackle to land our stuff at the tunnel entrance."

On August 2d—my birthday, I recollected—we came to the blazed tree. There we cached our stuff, pushing on to look out our route and have a peep at the "devil's country." The blaze was deeply cut, and showed plainly, though it was evidently many years old. The dug-out canoe had been washed away by a freshet. The gully was apparently nothing but a depression in the mountain-side, and it terminated in an abrupt declivity. This cliff extended, as far as we could see, to the head of the river. Soon-thai's object in climbing it had probably been to inspect some massive bones which projected from a ledge about fifty feet up. Above this rose an unscalable ascent of rocks and earth. Climbing to the ledge, we found the cave, or tunnel, as it more properly was. It was about 200 feet long, and wide enough for three men to walk abreast. The entire length was literally paved with gigantic mammoth bones, which made even the matter-of-fact Paul exclaim. I experimented on a skull, and also on a piece of spinal vertebræ, and was glad to find that the solid bullet of the .303 drilled through them with ease.

The end of the tunnel was blocked by a recent fall of rock and rubbish, which it took us some hours to remove. Had we not known there was an exit, we should have turned back, believing this to be a cave. Having effected a passage through, we found the "gully" to be in reality a considerable creek, which had evidently been blocked by a rock slide or an eruption. The water sank into the ground near the exit from the tunnel. I did not notice where the creek joined the river we had just left. Three hours' easy climbing took us to the summit of the divide from the tunnel.

I shall not easily forget the first view we had of the Tee-Kai-Koa River and Valley, as they will now be named on the maps. The sun was low in the sky when we won the summit of the divide, and a high range of snow-clad mountains to the northeast stood out so distinctly that they seemed to be but a few miles away. They were very rugged and precipitous, and dark patches of perpendicular cliffs assumed fantastic shapes against the intensely white background. As I knew the Noyukuk River must rise in these ranges, I estimated the distance to be about 200 miles. Below us extended a valley fifty miles wide, bounded by a range of low mountains which hardly ran above the timber line. This valley ran southward for about seventy miles, when the mountains on either side contracted sharply. I was at once satisfied that Joe's "long lake" was in reality a sluggish river, and I had no doubt I should find a deep cañon where the valley ended. Looking north, the valley showed no sign of narrowing, but turned to the northeast behind the opposite mountain range. From one end of it to the other, as far as eye could see, shining patches of water showed here and there, and the pine trees

appeared to be larger than I should have expected to find them in these latitudes. The descent to the valley was on an easy incline.

I will not detail the weary work of the portage from the "little river." We had to use our blocks and tackle to land our stuff at the tunnel entrance. We had difficulty in obtaining water in our camp on the creek, the creek water being undrinkable from the presence in it of copper ore. And there were delays and troubles without number. Finally, however, we had everything at the summit, and a few days later, on the banks of the Tee-Kai-Koa River. As to Paul, I have never met his equal in any of my travels. He was strong, active, untiring, cheerful, and full of a native ingenuity which overcame obstacles as soon as they appeared, while his courage, and his quiet and absolute confidence in our ultimate success, acted as a nerve tonic to me when I found myself speculating whether we had too heavy an undertaking on hand.

We rafted across the Tee-Kai-Koa, the current being hardly perceptible, and camped on a small island about one hundred yards from the main bank. My plan of campaign was based largely on an assumption which, on reflection, I am bound to admit had very little foundation. Joe had told me how the mammoth had run after the gun smoke, and assuming the huge beast to be fearless—what living thing could inspire it with fear? I speculated—I decided to make a fire within and beneath a pile of green logs, the largest I could find, and then from the biggest adjacent tree to open fire with our Lee-Metfords, trusting to the brute's blindly attacking the log pile and fire, under the impression that this was the source of danger. But from the moment of reaching the mammoth's country, we were extremely careful to build no campfires, unless the smoke blew back across the river, and only allowed ourselves the smallest fires by which to cook our meals. We found some large pieces of cottonwood bark, which helped us, since after being thoroughly dried in the sun this bark will burn to a white heat, and is almost smokeless. Paul kept the camp amply supplied with young ducks and geese, shooting them with a bow and arrow from a moose-skin canoe, the raw hide for which we had brought with us. He used an arrow with a large barbed head sharpened to a knife-like edge; fired from a hide in the reeds, it would skim into an unwary brood, often cutting the throats of two or three at a flight.

The first day that we explored back from the river we found enormous footprints of the mammoth, but they were not fresh. The track was nearly circular, and even on hard ground the indentations were made to stay, while in the softer soil around the lakes they were frequently three or four feet deep. Though lichen was abundant in the valley, I saw no caribou sign, nor, indeed, signs of any other game whatever.

On August the 29th, we had our first sight of the mammoth. There he stood in a little clearing, the great beast that only one other living man had seen, tearing up great masses of lichenous moss and feeding as an elephant feeds. His lifelike presentation—an enduring testimony to the wonderful patience and skill of American taxidermists—which now occupies the new wing of the Smithsonian museum, has been so fully pictured in the magazines and newspapers of every country in the civilized world—has not his picture been hung on the line in the Royal Academy this year?—that it is idle for me to describe him closely, and I need only speak of the feeling of awe inspired by the sight of this stupendous beast, quietly feeding in oblivion of the two pigmies who were planning his destruction. His long, thick hair, hanging down beneath his belly like a fringe, had the effect of shortening considerably the appearance of his legs. The points of the immense tusks looked as if they could hardly belong to their owner, being, as all the world knows, thirty-one feet, nine inches away from the bases. The portion between the points and the bases was hidden from our sight by the scrub and long tufts of grass.

Paul must have watched him very coolly, for on comparing notes in camp (we had slipped quietly back without disturbing the monster), I found that he had observed details, such as the smallness of the eye and the absence of any tail, which had escaped my notice. The shortness of the trunk, as compared with an elephant's, was what struck me the most.

About twenty-five miles below our first camp we had found a clump of spruce trees larger than any we had seen in the valley, and here we set to work. At one side of the two largest trees, and across a small dry watercourse, we built a solid erection of five rounds of logs, and placed within this a mass of dry and rotten wood, leaving one small hole where we could crawl in and light it. On top of the "house" we felled the nearest large trees, and others we felled and drew up by the aid of our block and tackle, stacking them up in such a manner as to leave

"There he stood in a little clearing, the great beast that only one other living man had seen."

a slight air-space, but pinning them very solidly together with green birch. When the structure was completed, it looked like a huge drift-pile of green logs. We put ladder pegs up to the branches (about sixty feet up) of the two highest standing trees, and selecting suitable places, built seats, and took up rope, with which we could lash ourselves in if necessary. By the end of September we had everything prepared, and we had but to prove the truth of my supposition, namely, that smoke would attract our quarry.

We had from time to time reconnoitered, and found that the mammoth was slowly working towards us. At first I thought it remarkable that we should have found him so near the place where the Indians had seen him years before; but the rapid lichenous growth in the vicinity probably made it a favorite spot, and the lonely giant had it all to himself. On October the 11th, the wind was favorable for our experiment, and having gone over the details carefully, we proceeded to make a preliminary trial, on the failure or success of which hung the fate of our large venture.

The mammoth had now worked up to within three miles of the wood-pile. Having first located him, we laid pieces of dry rotten wood about 300 yards apart through the trees, and directly in line. Having done this for about a mile and a half, and selected a large tree into which we drove ladder pegs, we crept back, and were lucky enough to find the mammoth standing on the far side of a small lake. We lighted the first piece of rotten wood, and then ran back to the tree at our best speed, igniting the other pieces on our way, and a final one near our tree, into which we hastily climbed to watch the result of our experiment.

We were scarcely ensconced among the branches when a cry resounded over the valley which made the chills run down my back. I have heard the scream of an angry bull elephant, the roar of an African lion, and the savage, half-human cry of the great gorilla; but none of these compare with the awe-inspiring cry of a mammoth. Perhaps the Indian's description of "a thousand thousand geese" approaches it most nearly, for there were two distinct pitches; but the very immensity of the volume of sound as the brute approached us confused any comparison I tried to make. For five, perhaps ten, minutes we waited, strung up to the highest pitch of excitement. Then suddenly the huge form loomed up through the trees, and seeing our smoking fire, he rushed at the burning logs with a cry which shook the very branches on which we sat, and with his ponderous foot trampled them into the ground. Though the tree was fully seventy-five feet away from him, it trembled noticeably, and I was glad that I had placed our log-pile twice that distance away, with the dry watercourse to still further isolate us from the vibration. My chance conjecture had evidently hit the mark: the mammoth, with the instinct born when volcanoes were active and fire was the only foe to be dreaded by these mighty beasts, had hastened to stamp out the threatened conflagration.

Having satisfied himself that the fire was out, Tee-Kai-Koa proceeded to smell the ground. Our scent evidently troubled him somewhat, for he frequently blew with a sound not unlike escaping steam. After a while he turned away, and struck into the woods at right angles to the course we had to make to our camp. We climbed down the tree, and hastened off, well satisfied as to the result of our plan.

By the 16th, everything was ready, and before daylight we placed our rifles and cartridges in our stations in the trees. We then started out, and by 10 A.M. had located our quarry, about three miles away. He seemed to be restless, and kept sniffing the air. A very quiet breeze was blowing in the tree tops. We fired an armful of dry wood, and started back as fast as we could run; but the moment the smoke rose, that terrible cry came booming down the valley behind us, and we felt the earth vibrate as the mammoth charged down in our direction. High up in the branches of a stout tree we had felt comparatively safe; but it was a very different matter on the ground, and we knew it was a veritable race for life as we tore through the woods, touching off the prepared fires with a match as we passed.

At last we came to the log-pile, and in a few seconds a thin wreath of smoke announced that the battle would soon begin. We hastened to our respective stations, and awaited developments. We were not kept in suspense long. Rushing forth from the forest, and charging up to the wood-pile with an ear-splitting cry, the king of the primeval forests stood beneath us in all his pride of strength. He was evidently puzzled for a moment by the huge log-pile confronting him, through which the smoke was now rolling in a thick volume. But with the crack of our rifles came the most appalling scream of rage I have ever heard, and the vast brute, apparently unaffected by our shots, attacked the wood-pile with incredible fury. Charging his enormous tusks beneath it, he gave a mighty heave, and for a second lifted the whole mass of green logs—remember they were pinned together, and stood at least twenty-five feet high—clear off the ground. Finding this more than even his colossal strength could compass, he seized a top timber, a solid green log twenty-five feet long and over a foot in diameter, and threw it clear behind him.

Meanwhile our rifles had not been idle, and I had already got through my second magazine-full, generally aiming behind the ear. So loud was the noise, scream following scream till the hills rang with the sound, that I could not hear the report of my rifle; but the barrel, hot in my hand, told me that the wicked little bullets were speeding on their mission. I glanced at Paul, and saw him aiming and firing with a coolness that I envied, for the din in my ears confused and worried me, and the sweat was running down my face as I fired again and again at the massive target.

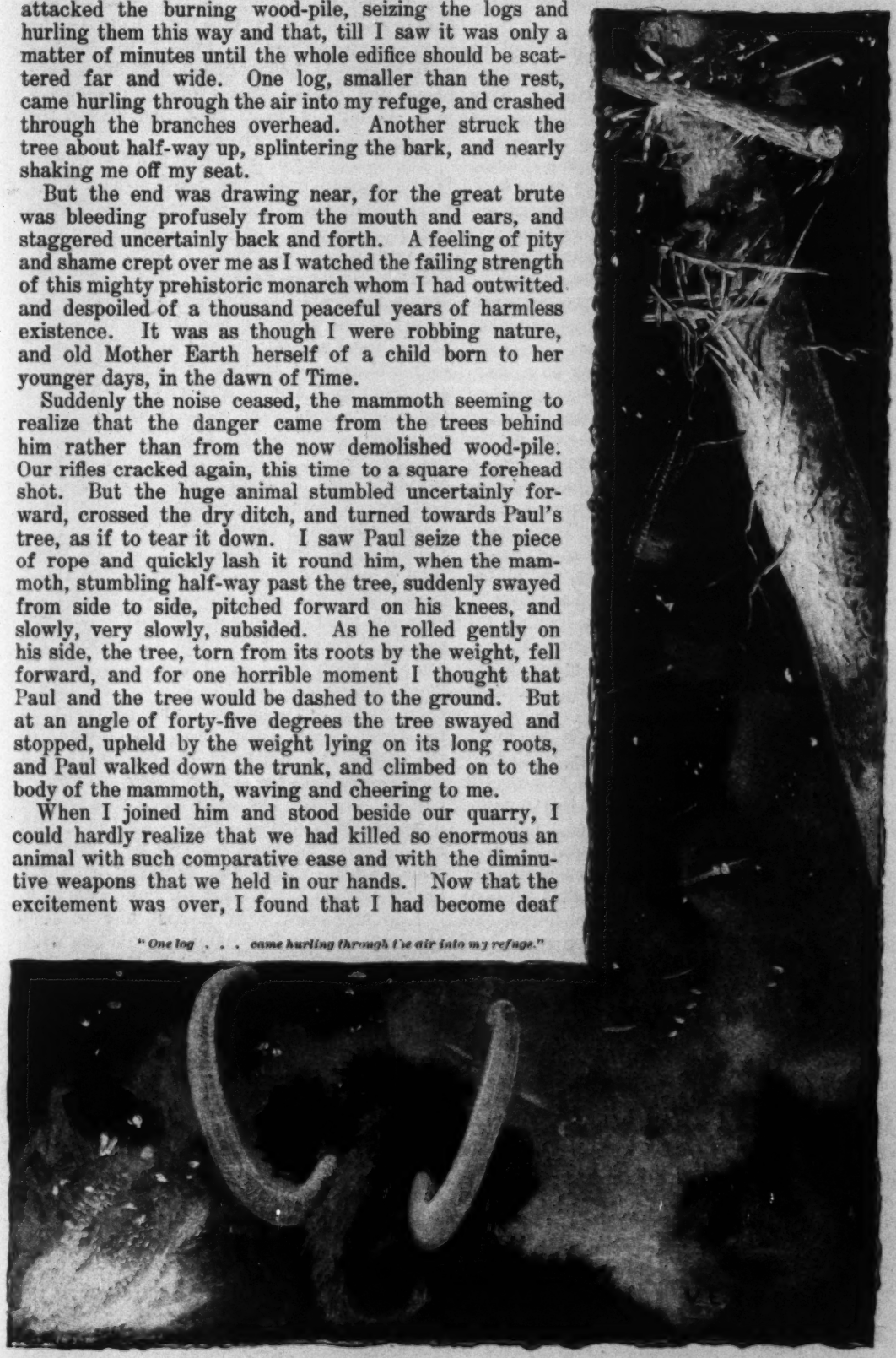
The mammoth seemed to have no idea that his assailants were above him, but blindly

attacked the burning wood-pile, seizing the logs and hurling them this way and that, till I saw it was only a matter of minutes until the whole edifice should be scattered far and wide. One log, smaller than the rest, came hurling through the air into my refuge, and crashed through the branches overhead. Another struck the tree about half-way up, splintering the bark, and nearly shaking me off my seat.

But the end was drawing near, for the great brute was bleeding profusely from the mouth and ears, and staggered uncertainly back and forth. A feeling of pity and shame crept over me as I watched the failing strength of this mighty prehistoric monarch whom I had outwitted and despoiled of a thousand peaceful years of harmless existence. It was as though I were robbing nature, and old Mother Earth herself of a child born to her younger days, in the dawn of Time.

Suddenly the noise ceased, the mammoth seeming to realize that the danger came from the trees behind him rather than from the now demolished wood-pile. Our rifles cracked again, this time to a square forehead shot. But the huge animal stumbled uncertainly forward, crossed the dry ditch, and turned towards Paul's tree, as if to tear it down. I saw Paul seize the piece of rope and quickly lash it round him, when the mammoth, stumbling half-way past the tree, suddenly swayed from side to side, pitched forward on his knees, and slowly, very slowly, subsided. As he rolled gently on his side, the tree, torn from its roots by the weight, fell forward, and for one horrible moment I thought that Paul and the tree would be dashed to the ground. But at an angle of forty-five degrees the tree swayed and stopped, upheld by the weight lying on its long roots, and Paul walked down the trunk, and climbed on to the body of the mammoth, waving and cheering to me.

When I joined him and stood beside our quarry, I could hardly realize that we had killed so enormous an animal with such comparative ease and with the diminutive weapons that we held in our hands. Now that the excitement was over, I found that I had become deaf



"One log . . . came hurling through the air into my refuge."

from the noise, nor did I recover my hearing for some days.

The deed was done, and we now had to justify it by saving the skin, bones, and every portion capable of preservation. This proved a tremendous task. The skin we cut into sections, using our block and tackle, attached to a tree, to pull it back. We skinned one side completely in this way; then took out the ribs, and removed the immense entrails, by the same means. The weather was our salvation, being cool and frosty at night; for though we worked like beavers, it took us ten days to get all the hide removed, scraped, and carefully rolled, and the several pieces tagged to identify their positions. The tusks were the most difficult things for us to handle, for with the portion of skull attached to them their weight was enormous. By the middle of December, the bones were all removed from the body, and carefully cleaned and numbered. When once we had the hide safely away, we were able to light a large fire and roast a lot of the meat. This greatly helped in cleaning the bones. I took careful measurements of the lungs, heart, and all the perishable portions. We worked steadily till nearly the end of January, not leaving the camp at all. The meat was not unpalatable, but terribly tough. We buried the best portions in the ever-frozen ground, and were thus able to preserve it perfectly.

It is unnecessary to detail how we spent the rest of the dark winter days, until they lengthened sufficiently for us to explore the valley at its lower end, about thirty miles from our camp. As I had expected, it terminated in a narrow and extremely deep cañon, where the river went rushing over the rocks, and I saw at once that no boat could possibly ascend it. We found this gloomy gorge to be about three and a half miles long. We could see the stars overhead when the sun was shining, so high and straight were its walls; and with the noise of the water beneath the ice, in this gloom, it was one of the weirdest places I have ever been in. At the foot of the cañon the valley widened as suddenly as at the head, and I saw that the river was navigable.

Our only chance of getting our prize out of the valley was to sleigh it over the ice through the cañon; so we hurried back, and proceeded with all possible despatch to this rather formidable task. Fortunately, the months of March and April were remarkably fine, and as the sleigh trail improved with usage, and the sun began to make its power felt, we were able to increase our loads. We moved everything to the head of the cañon, and then made two trips a day to the foot, camping below. Finally we built a solid cache of heavy green logs in a safe place, and having shut everything securely in it, we built a small boat, and waited for the opening of the river.

The rest of my story is told in a few words. We journeyed down the Tee-Kai-Koa River to the Chandelar, and thence to the Yukon and St. Michaels, and proceeded by the first steamer to San Francisco. There I met Mr. Conradi—quite by accident—and finding him deeply interested in zoology, I disclosed the secret of the prize we had left on the banks of the Tee-Kai-Koa. I had kept the matter secret because I wished to find out for myself from the various authorities in America and Europe something as to the value of the mammoth. My design was, if possible, to get the British Museum authorities to purchase it. Mr. Conradi's offer astounded me—it was in millions of dollars—and after a week's thought I closed with him.

Paul absolutely refused to accept more than a quarter share, arguing, not without reason, that even this portion was more than he knew what to do with or could possibly spend. Civilization had few attractions for him; he soon tired of 'Frisco, and used to long impatiently for the wilds. He and I went north that summer, and wintered on the Tee-Kai-Koa River near our cache. In the spring, we conveyed the mammoth to a certain place on the Yukon River, where we met Mr. Conradi, and everything was packed in specially prepared cases. At the mouth of the river we were met by Mr. Conradi's steam yacht, which had wintered in North Sound, and at once sailed for San Francisco.

I do not know what it cost him to keep the crew silent; but judging from the wildness of the conjectures made by the newspapers in dealing with the matter, and from the fact that it never got published that the specimen was taken aboard at the mouth of the Yukon, the sum paid for secrecy was certainly sufficient, and must have been considerable. I believe that the most generally accepted theory heretofore has been that Mr. Conradi found the carcass frozen in an iceberg in the Arctic Ocean. The various dimensions of the mammoth, both of the skeleton and the mounted specimen, are too well known to need tabulating here. The measurements, exactly as taken by me, were handed to the Smithsonian authorities by Mr. Conradi for publication, and accepted without question as his own.

SCENES AND ACTORS IN THE DREYFUS TRIAL.

By G. W. Steevens,

Author of "With Kitchener to Khartum."

"YOUR name?" asked the president of the court martial.

"Alfred Dreyfus."

"Profession?"

"Captain of artillery."

"Age?"

"Thirty-nine years."

With these three common phrases he broke the silence of four and a half years. Nothing could be more formal, and yet here, in the first five minutes of the trial, was summed up the most incredibly romantic history ever recorded. Alfred Dreyfus—five years ago scarcely anybody knew there was such a name as Dreyfus in the world; now the leading comic singer of Paris, who was born with it, has had to change it because it is too embarrassingly famous! Captain of artillery—and generals who have led armies in the presence of the enemy have lost their commands because of him! Thirty-nine years—and here were men who were known before he was born staking their ripe reputations for or against him! The only living ex-chief of the state in which he was a simple unit; five successive heads, and nine generals besides, of the army in which he was an unregarded subordinate; the minister who for years has conducted foreign relations in which he could never have dreamed of figuring—all were there because he was. Novelists like Prévost and Mirbeau, poets like Maurice Barrès, philosophers like Max Nordau, French journalists like Arthur Meyer and Cornély, foreign journalists whose names are familiar as far away as Helsingfors and San Francisco—they had all come to see him. There were men like Picquart and Lebrun-Renault, nobodies when last he saw them, now famous by reason of an accidental connection with him. Most dramatic of all, there was a little, close-veiled woman in black—Madame Henry, a woman he had never seen, widow of a man whom he never knew, yet who had risen to celebrity and fallen to an infamous death because of him.

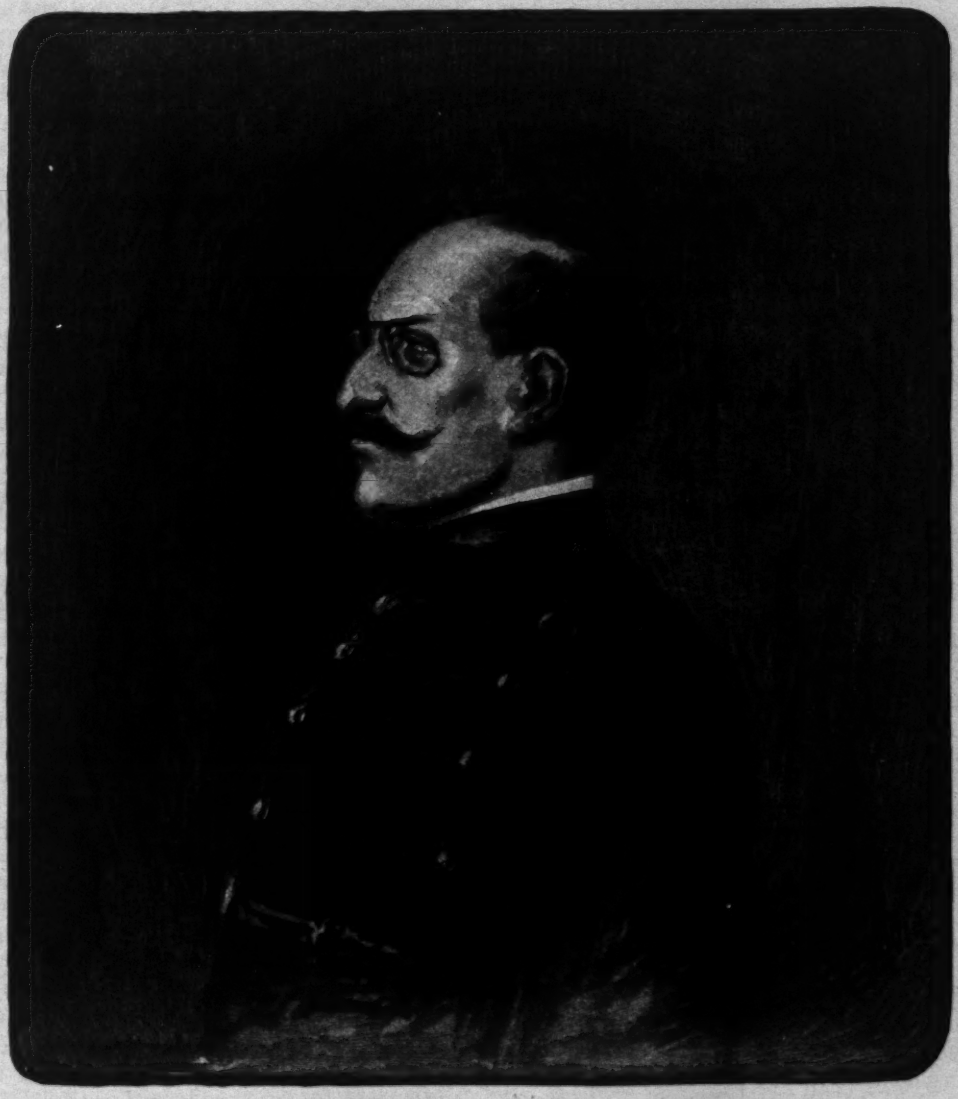
What did he think of such a miracle? To all appearances he did not think of it at all: he was concentrating all the energies of a mind starved for five years on the answers he would presently make to the charges against him. Perhaps that was as well for him. For had he thought a moment, he would have seen that he, the most famous man in the world, was at the same time the most insignificant person in the court. He supposed they were there to try him; they were not. To him it was everything whether he left his prison a free man or a doubly damned convict for the Devil's Island; it was nothing to them. He was simply something for them to fight over—a Homeric carcass round which had rallied heroes and demi-gods to hack and stab at each other. On one side were the army, the church, the aristocracy; on the other the civil law, the anti-military proletariat, Protestantism, and the Jews. The prize of the struggle was not Alfred Dreyfus, Captain of Artillery, but France.

To the English eye, it all looked like what it was—a public meeting rather than a court of law. An English court is almost ostentatiously grim and business-like. The room is small and none too light; the walls bare, unless a plan should be hung on them to illustrate an argument. The judge sits on the bench—a nose, mouth, and chin appearing out of his white wig—like a silent sphinx. Lawyers drone and mumble. Witnesses stumble over monosyllables. The impression is one of hush and dimness—man suppressed, but the awful majesty of the law brooding over all. But this court martial in the Hall of the Lycée was utterly different. The room was large enough for a lecture or orchestral concert, which is exactly what it is used for. With two rows of large windows at each side—square in the lower tier, circular in the upper—it was almost as light as the day outside. The walls were colored a cheerful buff; round the cornice were emblazoned the names of Chateaubriand, Lamennais, Renan, and the intellectuals of Brittany. At the top of the room was a stage; hanging on its back wall the white Christ on a black cross proclaimed the place a court of justice—only instead of the solemn sphinx in black, there sat at a table seven officers in full uniform. In the

center was the president, Colonel Jouaust, a little old gentleman with dark hair, eyeglasses, and a huge white mustache that seemed part of the same stuff as the tall white aigrette in his *képi* on the table before him. On each side sat three officers—four small and two heavy men, in the black, red-faced uniform of the artillery; their *képis* also—tricolor for the senior officers, red for the junior—edged the judicial table with a line of color. Behind, there sat some other officers, the supplementary judges. On a small tribune to the left of the stage sat three more, the prosecuting commissary of the Government and two officers of the court. Opposite, on our right, was a similar tribune, but a new costume—four men in black gowns with one flap and one streamer edged with white fur, white muslin bands round the neck, and a high black cap like a priest's biretta. These were Dreyfus's two counsel and their assistants. Below them on a chair sat Dreyfus himself, an officer of gendarmes at short arm's length behind him. Right in front of the president was a chair for the witnesses. These and the reporters thronged the forward part of the hall—generals with crimson, gold-brimmed *képis*, and with ribbons and stars on their breasts; civilians in black and brown and gray, tall hats, stiff hats, soft felt hats elaborately arranged into the shape of a hay-cock, *pince-nez* with broad black ribbons, drooping green silk neckcloths with fringes—in a word, French dress. In the middle of it shone the silks and feathers of the reporters of the "Fronde," the woman's paper of Paris, which does not employ a single man. Sprinkled everywhere were the blue and white uniforms of gendarmes with sword and revolver; along the back of the hall twinkled the red and blue and steel of an infantry force with fixed bayonets. You might have taken it for a political meeting, or an assault at arms, or a fancy ball—for anything except a trial.

The witnesses assisted the impression. Each was brought in by a door beside the stage, came before the president, and raised his hand to the crucifix as he swore to tell the truth, all the truth. The president asks him what he knows of the affair. And then—and then he embarks in a pretentious speech, written out in whole or part beforehand. Sometimes it is interspersed with original documents, which are handed up to be read by the registrar of the court. For the manner of the speeches, the politicians stand upright, declaiming, waving their hands at the president, as if they were asking the suffrages of their fellow-citizens; the soldiers usually sit and murmur confidences into the Colonel's ear. But for the matter, it is always the same—the speaker's self. Dreyfus's case is mentioned, no doubt, but merely as a thread to hang together the witness's first impressions of the case; what he did to correct or confirm them; what view he takes of the importance of this document or the interpretation of that; what view he took of the international situation in 1894, and what measures then suggested themselves to his mind; what he said to General A., and what Major B. told him that Captain C. had said to Lieutenant D. "This is at fourth hand, it is true," he will ingenuously add; "still it should be allowed its relative value." Hours are spent in repeating at second and third hand the evidence of witnesses who in a day or two are to be heard themselves. It seems no part of the president's business to guide the inquiry; if he wishes for information on any point, he must wait half a day, till the witness has exhausted the subject of his past life and opinions. Cross-examination fails to drag the case out of the rut, for the moment the lawyer asks a question—prefixing, of course, a brief speech of his own—the witness is off again, to the same tune, like a re-wound musical box. While he is speaking, the cross-examiner is composing his next oration; during that, the witness is composing his; and so on for days.

Here is an example of French methods of taking evidence. The officer who was with Dreyfus on the day of his degradation, Captain Lebrun-Renault, has asserted that the condemned man made a confession. A confession, of course, is evidence everywhere. But everybody knows that false confessions of crime are not rare; therefore, in English law, even a confession requires confirmation. In this case the confession is disputed. Captain Lebrun-Renault wrote in his diary that Dreyfus said, "The Minister knows well that, if I gave up documents, they were worthless, and that it was to get more important ones for them." On another occasion he said "had given up," instead of "gave up." Dreyfus, interrogated on the Devil's Island by the President of the Court of Appeal of Cayenne, said that he said, "The Minister knows well that I am innocent. He sent du Paty de Clam to ask me if I had not given up some important documents to get others in exchange for them." It is not pretended that anybody else heard



CAPTAIN ALFRED DREYFUS.

From a sketch made in the court-room at Rennes. Copyright, 1899, by Harper and Brothers.

what Dreyfus said. Yet almost every witness has discussed this alleged confession. First, the president questioned Dreyfus himself on it. Dreyfus denied it. Next, M. Casimir-Perier deposed that Captain Lebrun-Renault had said nothing about the matter to him. Next, General Mercier deposed that he told Captain Lebrun-Renault to tell M. Casimir-Perier about it. Next, these two witnesses were heard in "confrontation," as they call it; that is, standing up side by side and contradicting each other's statements. The ex-Minister of War said that General Gonse heard him tell the Captain to tell the President; the ex-President said that M. Dupuy had told him that Captain Lebrun-Renault did not tell him (Dupuy) that he told him (Casimir-Perier). M. Cavaignac went into the same incident at great length. He said that General Gonse wrote to him that Captain Lebrun-Renault told him (Gonse) that he (Lebrun-Renault) heard Dreyfus confess. This jungle of pronouns is what the French seem to call evidence. And when you have struggled through it, you hear that Captain Lebrun-Renault is to be called himself to give his own evidence in Dreyfus's presence and to be cross-examined upon it. What a trial!

It is incredible, but it is absolutely true, that the first four days of the public trial yielded not one rag of first-hand evidence,

either for Dreyfus or against him. In that time twelve witnesses testified—one ex-President, four ex-Ministers of War, three other ex-ministers, a diplomatist, a miscellaneous general, and the widow of Henry, the forger—and all testified simply about themselves. What they said we will leave to French history to tell ; this is an article on the Dreyfus case.

Upon the foreign mind, accustomed, if not professionally to weigh evidence, at least to procedure where evidence consists of statements of fact, the gloom fell deeper and deeper hour by hour and day by day. We came with curiosity aflame ; we were not merely to see a great show, but to solve a great mystery. Day passed day, general came after general, and discoursed for hours ; the mystery only grew denser. The first witnesses of any moment—for M. Casimir-Perier came to Rennes, not to say what he knew of the case, but to complain that he, then President, knew nothing—were a procession of French war ministers. Only two of them had anything to say, General Mercier and M. Cavaignac. Nothing could be more utterly different than the manner and methods of the two ; yet both created an identical effect—mystification. M. Cavaignac was all open and above-board. He is the good boy of French politics : a toy Brutus who has lived on his reputation for integrity ever since, at school, he refused to take his prize from the son of the emperor who imprisoned his father. This profession of honest man leads to high eminence in France ; the more so in that Cavaignac has a monopoly of it. He is the housemaid who sweeps up all the scandals of France. When every public man but half a dozen had dirtied his fingers in Panama, Cavaignac was the man to restore public confidence in public honesty. When Billot had succeeded Mercier, and the Dreyfus case had become worse tangled than ever, and the General Staff and the War Office were suspect, who but Cavaignac could go to the Ministry of War and vouch for them ? To the outsider he is a tiresome prig, with his eternal protestations of Roman virtue; and he looks it, with his narrow, stooping chest, his narrow pedant's head, his little mustache, and the close-cropped, smug side-whiskers on his cheek bones. But to France it is an obvious god-send to have one public man who can be relied upon to tell the truth. Cavaignac duly went to the Ministry of War and announced that Dreyfus was guilty. Cavaignac said so ; France was reassured at once. Presently Cavaignac got up in the Chamber and read a letter from one foreign military *attaché* to another, proving that Dreyfus was a traitor. France had it posted up on the walls of every commune in the country. And then, one day, it was known that the letter was a forgery and that its author, the chief stand-by of the General Staff in its fight against Dreyfus, was in prison with his throat cut. And the mystery was that Cavaignac still said Dreyfus was guilty. The discovery of Henry's forgery, whereof he himself extorted confession and instantly acknowledged it, was the strongest confirmation of his famous integrity. But this time France doubted. His heart remained unimpeachable—only what about his head ?

Now came Cavaignac into court at Rennes to set all doubt to rest. He stood up before the council of war, stretched forth his hand, and harangued it as if it had been the Chamber of Deputies. Frankly and clearly he told them everything he knew ; and it proved that he knew nothing. Not one single revelation to satisfy the world of Dreyfus's guilt—only an argument such as any man who knew a little of the French army could have made quite as well ! It was a good argument, clear, cogent, everything except convincing ; and to the impartial mind it disposed forever of the superstition that a man cannot honestly believe Dreyfus guilty. Cavaignac proved that Dreyfus was in an exceptionally good position to know all the secrets detailed in the intercepted letter which forms the basis of the charge. Very few officers in the French army are able to betray the information that was betrayed ; none was more able than Dreyfus. To be evidence to hang a man and worse, this demonstration, to Anglo-Saxon ideas, should have gone further and shown that none other was able to betray these secrets at all. It establishes Cavaignac's good faith, and makes it easy to believe in other men's ; it explains maybe why Dreyfus was accused and condemned. But it does not clear the mists from the most extraordinary affair that ever perplexed the world.

Mercier's evidence explained nothing ; but Mercier's personality suggested whole volumes. He said no more than Cavaignac, and said it a great deal less clearly ; but the very obscurity hinted at possibilities immeasurable. It was characteristic of the man that his deposition dealt largely with the cryptic methods of the bureau of espionage, and it was itself so cryptic that we knew no more of them after he had dis-

coursed for an hour than when he began. Mercier's personality strikes the note of the whole case. Looking at his back as he gave evidence—tall, straight, and slim—you would have called him soldierly and suspected him stupid. But his face and head are a nightmare of the Inquisition. On his face the brownish skin hangs loosely. There is neither depth of cranium nor height of forehead to hold a brain in. The eyes are slits with heavy curtains of lids, and bags beneath them that turn the drooping cheeks into caverns. A little mustache and beard frame thin lips that might be evil, sensual, humorous, but could never be human. If you look at his head, you call him a vulture; at his face, you call him a mummy. He speaks in a slow, passionless monotone ; his gestures seem calculated to follow his words, instead of proceeding, as a Frenchman's should, along with them, on the same impulse. When he stood up side by side with Casimir-Perier, he persisted in his assertions with the dogged mumble of a schoolboy detected in a lie. When he sat and strove to wind the toils of treason round the prisoner, he seemed as unmoved by hate as by pity ; he accused him dully, as if repeating a lesson. Cold, deliberate, tortuous, thorough, yet ineffective ; verbose, but not candid ; bravely barking with native stupidity ; conscientiously believing himself to be doing God's work; untouched by hate or love, anger or fear or hope, for others or for himself—General Mercier was the very type and mirror of a Jesuit grand inquisitor.

Mercier was the spirit of darkness ; but there was also a spirit of light. Nearest to the audience of the four robed figures on the counsel's bench was a young man of great stature and size. As he sat loosely on his chair, hitched his gown up on to his shoulders, leaned forward to listen or heaved himself back to loll, every motion had a vast sweep, embodied easy power. When he stood, he was a clear head above most Frenchmen in court. His keen eye looked out from under bushy brows as a gun looks out of its port. A light-brown beard, neither very trim nor shapeless, and light-brown hair just beginning to nod over his brow, tempered brute strength with a look of bluff kindliness. If Mercier was an inquisitor, this sunny-faced giant was a viking. It was Labori, the great cross-examiner. Since he defended Zola he has given himself heart and soul to the cause of Dreyfus. Perhaps his skill in eliciting reluctant truths was piqued at the persistence of a mystery unfathomed ; certainly his fighting spirit was roused by contumely to resolute hostility. When first he rose to cross-examine, his voice was agreeable, yet seemed too soft and liquid for the man. But the moment he approached a point, a distinction, an admission, it hardened and rang like steel. In anger, you knew he could roar out of that great chest like a bull. If any champion could plunge into the black shades, choke lies and errors and ignorance, and pluck out the truth, it was surely Labori.

Therefore, this being the most tangled riddle of the century, a French journalist galloped into court at half-past six on the third morning with the screech, "Labori is shot!" And Labori was lying on the canal bank with his head in his wife's lap and a bullet in his back. He had been shot from behind ; letters, including a threatening missive received the day before, had been taken from his pocket ; it was said that a man had tried to wrest from him the portfolio that held his notes for the imminent cross-examination of Mercier. Certain it was that the assailant got away and remained uncaught for days ; which, as he must want food and the whole countryside knew of him, spelt sympathy and friends. Plot or no plot, Rennes went mad. Jews wept. Newspaper-sellers volleyed "Long live the army!" or "Down with the tonsure!" and hundreds came out into the street to watch them do it. At every street corner somebody was calling somebody on the other side an assassin. When we returned from court that morning, Jewish ladies were waiting at the doors of the hotel to make sure that no one had assassinated their husbands. They told each other with shaking lips that the lower quarters, inflamed by cider far weaker than St. Louis beer, were contemplating a massacre of Jews. They remembered, and went pale, that it was less than a week to the St. Bartholomew. An eminent novelist went up to an eminent anti-Semite and remarked, "Assassin! Your face displeases me. Assassin! I give you five minutes to leave this hotel. Assassin!" The anti-Semite, who happens to be a Jew, went to the prefect and asked for protection.

"Perfectly," replied the high-minded official, "it is my duty to protect every law-abiding citizen, irrespective of party, race, sex, or creed. I shall do my duty." The anti-Semite Jew breathed more easily. "But," added M. le Prefect, "it would be wrong to disguise from you that my au-

thority stops at the door of your hotel. By the way," he went on pleasantly, "when do you count to leave Rennes?"

"To-morrow."

"Well, then, let me advise you, as a man of well-known law-abiding tendencies, and considering the emotion aroused by the odious attempted assassination of this morning, to—to—advance the time of your departure by a day." And he did. The novelist, a much bigger man, accompanied him to the door, shouting "Assassin!" and Rennes saw that defender of the honor of the army no more.

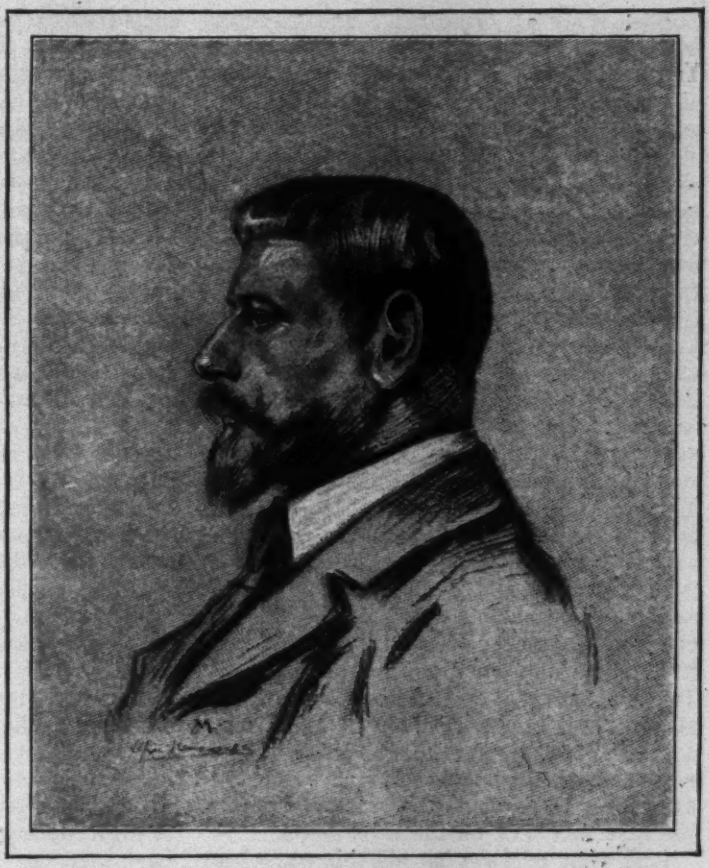
The only Frenchman who remained indubitably sane was Labori himself. But bravely as he bore it, the loss of the five hours he had promised himself with General Mercier and of the distinction he had hoped to win in the greatest case of the century must have been a bitter disappointment. And to the seeker after truth the loss was almost as irreparable. Without Labori the case was dull, and grew daily duller. The day of the shooting brought a procession of generals—ruddy, tubby generals of comic opera; clean-limbed, elastic-bodied, clear-eyed generals of the manœuver field; bald, white-headed generals like elders in somebody else's crimson trousers; Jesuitical generals, winding coil on coil of cold insinuation around the pale, silent prisoner. Day after day, day after day, and Dreyfus was helpless, and the accusers uncontradicted. It was not evidence, it was not first-hand, it was not new. But the judges, with this perpetual stream of accusation washing over them, for the most part from their own superior officers, must needs be carried away by it in the end. They were plainly earnest, conscientious, impartial; took notes, asked questions, listened with fixity; were worthy of the momentous part fate had assigned to them in their country's history. But from day to day accusation and innuendo trickled over, and Dreyfus's face went whiter and whiter and his chances blacker and blacker.

COLONEL G. PICQUART, THE CHIEF WITNESS FOR DREYFUS.
From a photograph by Gerschel, Paris.

To the unprejudiced truth-seeker these days brought a feeling of absolute, dazed bewilderment. The hope of certainty receded further and further into the shades; and with the absence of any palpable facts, the sense of mystery grew till it became an oppression. There must surely be something behind all this. Here was the great case which for five years had convulsed France and perplexed the world. In its ultimate effects it will probably alter the face of Europe. Some have called it the beginning of the end of civilization. And then there seemed to be nothing at all behind it. Everybody had promised the whole truth for this final clearing of the matter, and yet nothing came. Nothing known—and still it was impossible to believe that there was nothing to know. Everything seemed possible; every wild hypothesis progressed, in turn, from possibility to probability. One

hour there had been a great plot and a ring of traitors in the army. Dreyfus was in it, and had been sacrificed to save the others. The next, ambitious Dreyfus had really, as he was said to have acknowledged, given up trumpery documents in the hope, Jew-like, of making a personal success by bringing to the Intelligence Department some great secret of Germany. Presently Esterhazy was telling the truth; he had written the letter to Schwartzkoppen which never went, so as to implicate Dreyfus, innocent or guilty. Anon Dreyfus had been shunned and tabooed by his brother officers, and had rushed to his revenge in treason.

Hour by hour, accusation on accusation, Dreyfus whiter and whiter, his chances blacker and blacker! And then one morning, when the military clericalists seemed to have their hands on the prize, came a man who restored the balance of the fight. Colonel Picquart slouched into court in a shocking bad morning coat and ill-fitting trousers, lifted his hand to the Christ and swore to tell the truth, sat down in the witnesses' chair, got up, and sat down more comfortably, settled his shoulders to the back of it, crossed his legs, poured himself a glass of water, took hold of the table before him with both hands, and began.



M. LABORI, LEADING COUNSEL FOR DREYFUS.

Until he ran his head upon the Dreyfus case, three years ago, Picquart was almost the most promising soldier in France. Like most of France's best men, he is an Alsatian. He had seen fighting in Algeria and Tongking, and had spent most of the rest of his service on the General Staff. On these two roads to distinction he had gone so far that he was major at thirty-two and lieutenant-colonel at forty. He speaks and writes English, German, Russian, Spanish, and Italian, an accomplishment almost unearthly in a Frenchman. He enjoyed the highest esteem of his chiefs. There was nothing in the French army to which he could not legitimately aspire, till he ruined himself by taking up the cause of Dreyfus. He has spent ten out of the last thirteen months in a secret prison. His enemies have never suggested that he had any other motive than a predilection for justice and truth.

He sat down deliberately, as one who means to stay, and began. From the first word his voice was audible to everybody in court. His calm, reasonable-looking face was not stirred by any kind of emotion. He articulated with clearness, spoke with emphasis, with pauses for his audience to digest him, with pauses to prepare them for an important point, with utter lucidity and fastidious exactness of phrase. It was easy to see that he had been a professor at the French West Point. Frankly, he was there to tell them what they did not know, and he no more expected it to be questioned than the schoolmaster expects the child to dispute the multiplication table. The judges hated it. Even if he had not gone against the army, he was younger than any of them, yet senior in rank to six out of the seven. He was a staff man, what they call in the

English army a "brass hat," and therefore not beloved by less lucky regimental officers. You could see their hostility: they looked at each other—looked away—leaned back—yawned. Picquart went on in his absolutely clear voice, with his absolutely clear exposition of facts. This was not evidence either; it was a speech for the defense this time, but a masterly one. It was obvious in five minutes that he knew the whole case from A to Z. He knew the work of the General Staff as he knew the alphabet. He knew where every document was kept, where everybody worked, what his work was, what he was in a position to know and what he was not. He saw the nature and bearing of every fact by the dry white light of pure reason. This was a man in some sort like Mercier—a man for whom hate or love, anger or hope or fear could never color what seemed true and right—only this was a man with a brain. His brain was like a swift, well-oiled machine, every wheel running easily in its place, every nut and bolt doing its due share of work, no less and no more. The judges ceased to look about, they looked at Picquart; in the last hour of the five and a half hours' sitting they leaned forward motionless. In two hours Picquart had swept away over three days of the other side, and the case was back on the level again.

And what of Dreyfus all this while? If the chances of the fight excite the man who merely wishes to know, what of him to whom, little as the fighters may care about him, it spells a new life or the old hell? To look at Dreyfus as he usually is, you would say he was the only quite disinterested spectator in the court. To hear him speak, as he rarely does, you would say he was the only man in the case who had the clear head to appreciate the evidence at its just value. Whatever he is or has been, Dreyfus is no common man.

The first day, he came into court like a dead man just beginning to come to life. He walked like an automaton. His hair was gray; his face was like clay; his eyes were invisible behind his glasses. His voice, when he spoke, was withered and sapless. He was a translation into awful fact of the metaphor "living death." But during his interrogation that very day his voice came back—harsh, abrupt, gusty, but sonorous and vibrating. His denials followed charges with the instant rebound of a sharp volley at tennis. He was stiff, certainly, and formal—it was well said that he looked more like a German officer than a French—and he denied everything with emphasis, but without emotion. The French, of course, found him unsympathetic, and certainly he looked stubborn and none too cordial or genial.

When we saw him again, after four days' secret session, he had thawed amazingly; he was almost back to normal life. He moved with signs of elasticity, leaped to his feet, and spoke promptly, in a full voice. When it was his cue to be still, he sat with his knees together like an Egyptian statue. But when the long series of accusations came lapping over him, intangible, impossible to deny, much less disprove, with Labori gone and his other counsel ponderous, then we saw Dreyfus slowly freeze back to death again. That head that always thrusts itself into the middle of every photograph and insists on striking the note of every glance of the man—the deep, rounded, close-cropped cranium and the harsh, strong, hatchet profile, looked like a death's-head. It had a queer archaic, Oriental suggestion; it might have been a skull from Chaldæa, endowed by wizardry with a moment's life and slowly fading back into grinning bones again. At all times, indignant or patient, hopeful or stony, it is the face of a strong man, both powerful to think and brave to suffer; but it is a face that you can never describe. It is sheer suffering as it can hardly have ever been seen—suffering both objective and subjective, agony felt and agony borne. There is only one such face, because there is only one France, and France has but one Devil's Island.

As the days wore on, especially when the trial passed into a stratum of smaller witnesses, who made definite statements instead of harangues for prosecution and defense, there gradually appeared a new Dreyfus. He became a man. When he stood, he stood poker-backed as ever; but he walked every day into court as if he were going to his office. His voice was still harsh, but it was measured. Instead of protesting, protesting, half like a wounded beast and half like a machine, he began to argue—to give reasons why he did this or could not have done that. From a man trying to fight his way back to life he had become a man balancing probabilities. His demeanor, his voice, his thought, while always dignified, were daily more even, better oiled, so to speak; more on the level of the rest of us, who have never died and come to life again.

But the real Dreyfus—the unique Dreyfus of the Devil's Island—the petrified soul in the rigid body—that is the wonderful, awful

thing that none who saw and heard will ever forget and none will ever see and hear again. For such, Dreyfus will ring through their heads till they die in one cry. It was at the end of the second public audience. General Mercier, cold, hard, passionless, had been accusing him of treason for three hours—accusing him as though the accused were either not there or, seeing he was there, were a clod of clay. At length he turned, and looked Dreyfus in the face. He said in that measured, pitiless monotone, "If—I—had—the—least—doubt—that—Dreyfus—was—guilty—I—should—be—the—first—to—say" (oh, why in mercy could he not hurry and get it done?) "I—was—honestly—mistaken——"

Ah! A yell that seemed to rip the sleepy hall in twain! Dreyfus was up, eyes blazing, head thrust fiercely forward, fist flung out. "You should say that," were the words; but they tore out so furiously that they were less like words than an inarticulate scream of supreme agony. For a moment he stood thus, eyes and head and fist, with the officer's pitying hand on his arm. It was a tiger checked in his spring—only a human tiger, which is as capable of rage and so much more capable of suffering. And the tone! It is useless to wrestle with description: it was the whole story of the man of the Devil's Island. Everybody in the hall sat stupid and confounded, as though a bolt had fallen from heaven. Everybody felt shy and ashamed in presence of something so incomparably more intense than they had ever known. It was rage, and it was hope—just a tiny dash of hope to embitter the flavor of utter despair. It was passion that a man who always lived among men could never feel, and that passion was trying to burst out all in a phrase and did not know the way. The torment of a dead soul, knowing itself dead, in one anguished strain to break through into life again—all that was in four words of Dreyfus. It told his whole history: there is no other man on earth that could have uttered it.

MARK TWAIN.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

By Samuel E. Moffett.

IN 1835 the creation of the Western empire of America had just begun. In the whole region west of the Mississippi, which now contains 21,000,000 people—nearly twice the entire population of the United States at that time—there were less than half a million white inhabitants. There were only two States beyond the great river, Louisiana and Missouri. There were only two considerable groups of population, one about New Orleans, the other about St. Louis. If we omit New Orleans, which is east of the river, there was only one place in all that vast domain with any pretension to be called a city. That was St. Louis, and that metropolis, the wonder and pride of all the Western country, had no more than 10,000 inhabitants.

It was in this frontier region, on the extreme fringe of settlement "that just divides the desert from the sown," that Samuel Langhorne Clemens was born, November 30, 1835, in the hamlet of Florida, Missouri. His parents had come there to be in the thick of the Western "boom," and by a fate for which no lack of foresight on their part was to blame, they found themselves in a place which succeeded in accumulating 125 inhabitants in the next sixty years. When we read of the westward sweep of population and wealth in the United States, it seems as if those who were in the van of that movement must have been inevitably carried on to fortune. But that was a tide full of eddies and back currents, and Mark Twain's parents possessed a faculty for finding them that appears nothing less than miraculous. The whole Western empire was before them where to choose. They could have bought the entire site of Chicago for a pair of boots. They could have taken up a farm within the present city limits of St. Louis. What they actually did

Editor's Note.—Owing to the number of unauthorized and largely apocryphal accounts of his life that have appeared in various countries, Mark Twain asked his nephew, Mr. Samuel E. Moffett, to write a sketch of him that should be authentic. The result was the present article, of which Mark Twain wrote, when it was submitted for his opinion, "This biographical sketch suits me entirely—in simplicity, directness, dignity, lucidity—in all ways." It so completely satisfied him that he has chosen it to appear in the collected subscription edition of his works, soon to be published by the American Publishing Company, and also with the German translation of his works. Copyright, 1899, by Samuel E. Moffett.

was to live for a time in Lexington, Kentucky, with a small property in land and six inherited slaves; then to move to Jamestown, on the Cumberland plateau of Tennessee, a place that was then no farther removed from the currents of the world's life than Uganda, but which no resident of that or any other part of Central Africa would now regard as a serious competitor; and next to migrate to Missouri, passing St. Louis, and settling first in Florida and afterward in Hannibal. But when the whole map was blank, the promise of fortune glowed as rosily in these regions as anywhere else. Florida had great expectations when Jackson was President. When John Marshall Clemens took up 80,000 acres of land in Tennessee, he thought he had established his children as territorial magnates. That phantom vision of wealth furnished later one of the motives of "The Gilded Age." It conferred no other benefit.

If Samuel Clemens missed a fortune, he inherited good blood. On both sides, his family had been settled in the South since early colonial times. His father, John Marshall Clemens, of Virginia, was a descendant of Gregory Clement, who was one of the judges that condemned Charles I. to death, was excepted from the amnesty after the restoration in consequence, and lost his head. A cousin of John M. Clemens, Jeremiah Clemens, represented Alabama in the United States Senate from 1849 to 1853.

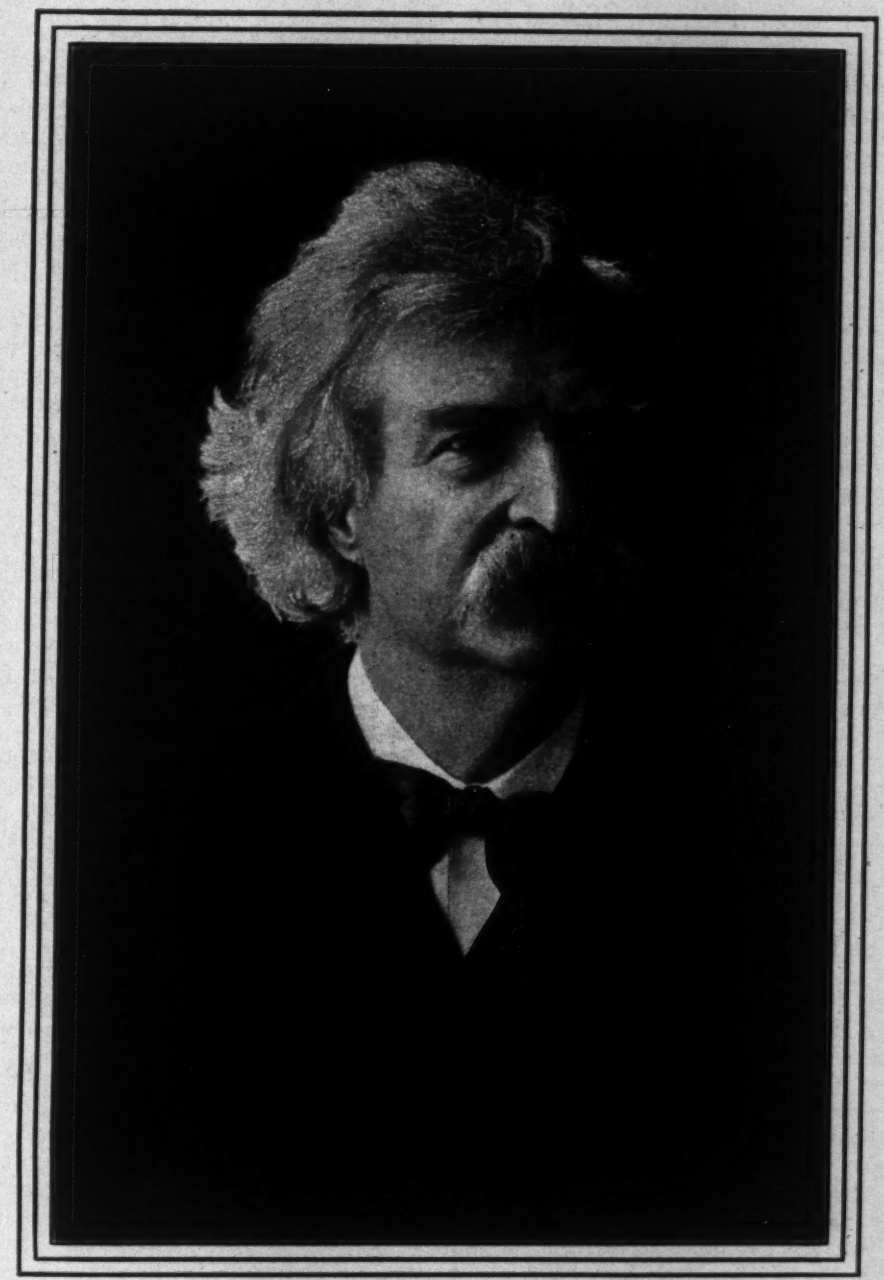
Through his mother, Jane Lampton (Lambton), the boy was descended from the Lambtons, of Durham, whose modern English representatives still possess the lands held by their ancestors of the same name since the twelfth century. Some of her forbears on the maternal side, the Montgomerys, went with Daniel Boone to Kentucky, and were in the thick of the romantic and tragic events that accompanied the settlement of the "Dark and Bloody Ground;" and she herself was born there, twenty-nine years after the first log-cabin was built within the limits of the present commonwealth. She was one of the earliest, prettiest, and brightest of those Blue Grass belles that have given Kentucky such an enviable reputation as a nursery of fair women, and her vivacity and wit left no doubt in the minds of her friends concerning the source of her son's genius.

John Marshall Clemens, who had been trained for the bar in Virginia, served for some years as a magistrate at Hannibal, and was finally elected county judge, but died (March, 1847) before he could assume office. With this event Mark Twain's formal education came to an end, and his education in real life began. He had always been a delicate boy, and his father in consequence had been lenient in the matter of enforcing attendance at school, although he had been profoundly anxious that his children should be well educated. His wish was fulfilled, although not in the way he had expected. It is a fortunate thing for literature that Mark Twain was never ground into smooth uniformity under the scholastic emery wheel. He has made the world his university, and in men and books and strange places and all the phases of an infinitely varied life has built an education broad and deep on the foundations of an undisturbed individuality.

His high school was a village printing-office, where his elder brother, Orion, was conducting a newspaper. The thirteen-year-old boy served in all capacities, and in the occasional absences of his chief he reveled in personal journalism, with original illustrations hacked on wooden blocks with a jack-knife, to an extent that riveted the town's attention, "but not its admiration," as his brother plaintively confessed. The editor spoke with feeling, for he had to take the consequences of these exploits on his return.

From his earliest childhood young Clemens had been of an adventurous disposition. Before he was thirteen he had been extracted three times from the Mississippi and six times from Bear Creek in a substantially drowned condition. But his mother, with the high confidence in his future that never deserted her, merely remarked: "People who are born to be hanged are safe in the water." By 1853, the Hannibal tether had become too short for him. He disappeared from home, and wandered from one Eastern printing-office to another. He saw the World's Fair at New York and other marvels, and supported himself by setting type. At the end of this *Wanderjahr*, financial stress drove him back to his family. He lived at St. Louis, Muscatine, and Keokuk until 1857, when he induced the great Horace Bixby to teach him the mystery of steamboat piloting. The charm of this warm, indolent existence in the sleepy river towns has colored his whole subsequent life. In "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," "Life on the Mississippi," and "Pudd'nhead Wilson" every phase of that vanished estate is lovingly dwelt upon.

Native character will always make itself felt, but one may wonder whether Mark Twain's humor would have developed in quite so sympathetic and buoyant a vein if he had been brought up in Ecclefechan instead of



SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS—"MARK TWAIN."

From a photograph taken in London July 4, 1899, by Russell and Sons. Reproduced by special permission of the "Illustrated Buffalo Express."

in Hannibal, and whether Carlyle might not have been a little more human if he had spent his boyhood in Hannibal instead of in Ecclefechan.

A Mississippi pilot in the later fifties was a personage of imposing grandeur. He was a miracle of attainments; he was the absolute master of his boat while it was under way; and just before his fall, he commanded a salary precisely equal to that earned at that time by the Vice-President of the United States or a justice of the Supreme Court. The best proof of the superlative majesty and desirability of his position is the fact that Samuel Clemens deliberately subjected himself to the incredible labor necessary to attain it—a labor compared with which the efforts needed to acquire the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at a university are as light as a summer course of modern novels. To appreciate the full meaning of a pilot's marvelous education one must read the whole of "Life on the Mississippi," but this extract may give a partial idea of a single feature of that training—the cultivation of the memory:

"First of all, there is one faculty which a pilot must incessantly cultivate until he has brought it to absolute perfection. Nothing short of perfection will do. That faculty is memory. He cannot stop with merely thinking a thing is so and so; he must *know* it; for this is eminently one of the exact sciences. With what scorn a pilot was looked upon, in the old times, if he ever ventured to deal in that feeble phrase 'I think,' instead of the vigorous one 'I know!' One cannot easily realize what a tremendous thing it is to know every trivial detail of 1,200 miles of river and know it with absolute exactness. If you will take the longest street in New York and travel up and down it, conning its features patiently until you know every house and window and door and lamp-post and big and little sign by heart, and know them so accurately that you can instantly name the one you are abreast of when you are set down at random in that street in the middle of an inky black night, you will then have a tolerable notion of the amount and the exactness of a pilot's knowledge who carries the Mississippi River in his head. And then if you will go on until you know every street crossing, the character, size, and position of the crossing stones, and the varying depth of mud in each of those numberless places, you will have some idea of what the pilot must know in order to keep a Mississippi steamer out of trouble. Next, if you will take half of the signs on that long street and *change their places* once a month, and still manage to know their new positions accurately on dark nights, and keep up with these repeated changes without making any mistakes, you will understand what is required of a pilot's peerless memory by the fickle Mississippi."

Young Clemens went through all that appalling training, stored away in his head the bewildering mass of knowledge a pilot's duties required, received the license that was the diploma of the river university, entered into regular employment, and regarded himself as established for life, when the outbreak of the Civil War wiped out his occupation at a stroke and made his weary apprenticeship a useless labor. The commercial navigation of the lower Mississippi was stopped by a line of fire, and black, squat gunboats, their sloping sides plated with railroad iron, took the place of the gorgeous white side-wheelers whose pilots had been the envied aristocrats of the river towns. Clemens was in New Orleans when Louisiana seceded, and started North the next day. The boat ran a blockade every day of her trip, and on the last night of the voyage the batteries at the Jefferson Barracks, just below St. Louis, fired two shots through her chimneys.

Brought up in a slave-holding atmosphere, Mark Twain naturally sympathized at first with the South. In June he joined the Confederates in Ralls County, Missouri, as a second lieutenant under General Tom Harris. His military career lasted for two weeks. Narrowly missing the distinction of being captured by Colonel Ulysses S. Grant, he resigned, explaining that he had become "incapacitated by fatigue" through persistent retreating. In his subsequent writings he has always treated his brief experience of warfare as a burlesque episode, although the official reports and correspondence of the Confederate commanders speak very respectfully of the work of the raw countrymen of the Harris Brigade. The elder Clemens brother, Orion, was *persona grata* to the Administration of President Lincoln, and received in consequence an appointment as the first Secretary of the new Territory of Nevada. He offered his speedily reconstructed junior the position of private secretary to himself, "with nothing to do and no salary." The two crossed the plains in the overland coach in eighteen days—almost precisely the time it will take to go from New York to Vladivostok when the Trans-Siberian Railway is finished.

A year of variegated fortune-hunting among the silver mines of the Humboldt and Esmeralda regions followed. Occasional letters written during this time to the leading newspaper of the Territory, the "Virginia City Territorial Enterprise," attracted the attention of the proprietor, Mr. J. T. Goodman, a man of keen and unerring literary instinct, and he offered the writer the position of local editor on his staff. With the duties of this place were combined those of legislative correspondent at Carson City, the capital. The work of young Clemens created a sensation among the lawmakers. He wrote a weekly letter, spined with barbed personalities. It appeared every Sunday, and on Mondays the legislative business was obstructed with the complaints of members who rose to questions of privilege and expressed their opinion of the correspondent with acerbity. This encouraged him to give his letters more individuality by signing them. For this purpose he adopted the old Mississippi leadsman's call for two fathoms (twelve feet)—"Mark Twain."

At that particular period dueling was a passing fashion on the Comstock. The refinements of Parisian civilization had not penetrated there, and a Washoe duel seldom left more than one survivor. The weapons were always Colt's navy revolvers—distance, fifteen paces; fire and advance; six shots allowed. Mark Twain became involved in a quarrel with Mr. Laird, the editor of the "Virginia Union," and the situation seemed to call for a duel. Neither combatant was an expert with the pistol, but Mark Twain was fortunate enough to have a second who was. The men were practising in adjacent gorges, Mr. Laird doing fairly well, and his opponent hitting everything but the mark. A small bird lit on a sage bush thirty yards away, and Mark Twain's second fired and knocked off its head. At that moment the enemy came over the ridge, saw the dead bird, observed the distance, and learned from Gillis, the humorist's second, that the feat had been performed by Mark Twain, for whom such an exploit was nothing remarkable. They withdrew for consultation, and then offered a formal apology, after which peace was restored, leaving Mark Twain with the honors of war.

However, this incident was the means of effecting another change in his life. There was a new law which prescribed two years imprisonment for any one who should send, carry, or accept a challenge. The fame of the proposed duel had reached the capital, eighteen miles away, and Governor North wrathfully gave orders for the arrest of all concerned, announcing his intention of making an example that would be remembered. A friend of the duelists heard of their danger, outrode the officers of the law, and hurried the parties over the border into California.

Mark Twain found a berth as city editor of the "San Francisco Morning Call," but he was not adapted to routine newspaper work, and in a couple of years he made another bid for fortune in the mines. He tried the "pocket mines" of California this time, at Jackass Gulch, in Calaveras County, but was fortunate enough to find no pockets. Thus he escaped the hypnotic fascination that has kept some intermittently successful pocket miners willing prisoners in Sierra cabins for life, and in three months he was back in San Francisco, penniless, but in the line of literary promotion. He wrote letters for the "Virginia Enterprise" for a time, but, tiring of that, welcomed an assignment to visit Hawaii for the "Sacramento Union" and write about the sugar interests. It was in Honolulu that he accomplished one of his greatest feats of "straight newspaper work." The clipper "Hornet" had been burned on "the line," and when the skeleton survivors arrived after a passage of forty-three days in an open boat on ten days' provisions, Mark Twain gathered their stories, worked all day and all night, and threw a complete account of the horror aboard a schooner that had already cast off. It was the only full account that reached California, and it was not only a clean "scoop" of unusual magnitude, but an admirable piece of literary art. The "Union" testified its appreciation by paying the correspondent ten times the current rates for it.

After six months in the islands, Mark Twain returned to California, and made his first venture upon the lecture platform. He was warmly received, and delivered several lectures with profit. In 1867 he went East by way of the Isthmus, and joined the "Quaker City" excursion to Europe and the Holy Land as correspondent of the "Alta California," of San Francisco. During this tour of five or six months the party visited the principal ports of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. From this trip grew "The Innocents Abroad," the creator of Mark Twain's reputation as a literary force of the first order. "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" had preceded it, but "The Innocents" gave the author his first introduction

to international literature. A hundred thousand copies were sold the first year, and as many more later.

Four years of lecturing followed—distasteful, but profitable. Mark Twain always shrank from the public exhibition of himself on the platform, but he was a popular favorite there from the first. He was one of a little group, including Henry Ward Beecher and two or three others, for whom every lyceum committee in the country was bidding, and whose capture at any price insured the success of a lecture course.

The "Quaker City" excursion had a more important result than the production of "The Innocents Abroad." Through her brother, who was one of the party, Mr. Clemens became acquainted with Miss Olivia L. Langdon, the daughter of Jervis Langdon, of Elmira, New York, and this acquaintance led, in February, 1870, to one of the most ideal marriages in literary history.

Four children came of this union. The eldest, Langdon, a son, was born in November, 1870, and died in 1872. The second, Susan Olivia, a daughter, was born in the latter year, and lived only twenty-four years, but long enough to develop extraordinary mental gifts and every grace of character. Two other daughters, Clara Langdon and Jean, were born in 1874 and 1880 respectively, and still live.

Mark Twain's first home as a man of family was in Buffalo, in a house given to the bride by her father as a wedding present. He bought a third interest in a daily newspaper, the "Buffalo Express," and joined its staff. But his time for jogging in harness was past. It was his last attempt at regular newspaper work, and a year of it was enough. He had become assured of a market for anything he might produce, and he could choose his own place and time for writing.

There was a tempting literary colony at Hartford; the place was steeped in an atmosphere of antique peace and beauty, and the Clemens family were captivated by its charm. They moved there in October, 1871, and soon built a house which was one of the earliest fruits of the artistic revolt against the mid-century Philistinism of domestic architecture in America. For years it was an object of wonder to the simple-minded tourist. The facts that its rooms were arranged for the convenience of those who were to occupy them, and that its windows, gables, and porches were distributed with an eye to the beauty, comfort, and picturesqueness of that particular house, instead of following the traditional lines laid down by the carpenters and contractors who designed most of the dwellings of the period, distracted the critics, and gave rise to grave discussions in the newspapers throughout the country of "Mark Twain's practical joke."

The years that followed brought a steady literary development. "Roughing It," which was written in 1872, and scored a success hardly second to that of "The Innocents," was, like that, simply a humorous narrative of personal experiences, variegated by brilliant splashes of description; but with "The Gilded Age," which was produced in the same year in collaboration with Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, the humorist began to evolve into the philosopher. "Tom Sawyer," appearing in 1876, was a veritable manual of boy nature, and its sequel, "Huckleberry Finn," which was published nine years later, was not only an advanced treatise in the same science, but a most moving study of the workings of the untutored human soul in boy and man. "The Prince and the Pauper," 1882; "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court," 1890, and "Pudd'nhead Wilson," first published serially in 1893–94, were all alive with a comprehensive and passionate sympathy, to which their humor was quite subordinate, although Mark Twain never wrote, and probably never will write, a book that could be read without laughter. His humor is as irrepressible as Lincoln's, and like that it bubbles out on the most solemn occasions; but still, again like Lincoln's, it has a way of seeming, in spite of the surface incongruity, to belong there. But it was in the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," the anonymous serial publication of which in 1894–95 betrayed some critics of reputation into the absurdity of attributing it to other authors, notwithstanding the characteristic evidences of its paternity that obtruded themselves on every page, that Mark Twain became most distinctly a prophet of humanity. Here at last was a book with nothing ephemeral about it—one that will reach the elemental human heart as well among the flying-machines of the next century as it does among the automobiles of to-day, or as it would have done among the stage-coaches of a hundred years ago.

And side by side with this spiritual growth had come a growth in knowledge and in culture. The Mark Twain of "The Innocents," keen-eyed, quick of understanding, and full of fresh, eager interest in all Europe had to show, but frankly avowing that he "did not

know what in the mischief the Renaissance was," had developed into an accomplished scholar and a man of the world for whom the globe had few surprises left. The Mark Twain of 1895 might conceivably have written "The Innocents Abroad," although it would have required an effort to put himself in the necessary frame of mind; but the Mark Twain of 1867 could no more have written "Joan of Arc" than he could have deciphered the Maya hieroglyphics.

In 1873, the family spent some months in England and Scotland, and Mr. Clemens lectured for a few weeks in London. Another European journey followed in 1878.

"A Tramp Abroad" was the result of this tour, which lasted eighteen months. "The Prince and the Pauper," "Life on the Mississippi," and "Huckleberry Finn" appeared in quick succession in 1882, 1883, and 1885. Considerably more amusing than anything the humorist ever wrote was the fact that the trustees of some village libraries in New England solemnly voted that "Huckleberry Finn," whose power of moral uplift has hardly been surpassed by any book of our time, was too demoralizing to be allowed on their shelves.

All this time fortune had been steadily favorable, and Mark Twain had been spoken of by the press sometimes with admiration as an example of the financial success possible in literature, and sometimes with uncharitable envy as a haughty millionaire, forgetful of his humble friends. But now began the series of unfortunate investments that swept away the accumulations of half a lifetime of hard work, and left him loaded with debts incurred by other men. In 1885 he financed the publishing house of Charles L. Webster & Company, in New York. The firm began business with the prestige of a brilliant coup. It secured the publication of the Memoirs of General Grant, which achieved a sale of more than 600,000 volumes. The first check received by the Grant heirs was for $200,000, and this was followed a few months later by one for $150,000. These are the largest checks ever paid for an author's work on either side of the Atlantic. Meanwhile Mr. Clemens was spending great sums on a type-setting machine of such seductive ingenuity as to captivate the imagination of everybody who saw it. It worked to perfection, but it was too complicated and expensive for commercial use, and, after sinking a fortune in it between 1886 and 1889, Mark Twain had to write off the whole investment as a dead loss.

On top of this the publishing house, which had been supposed to be doing a profitable business, turned out to have been incapably conducted, and all the money that came into its hands was lost. Mark Twain contributed $65,000 in efforts to save its life, but to no purpose; and when it finally failed, he found that it had not only absorbed everything he had put in, but had incurred liabilities of $96,000, of which less than one-third was covered by assets. He could easily have avoided any legal liability for the debts; but as the credit of the company had been based largely upon his name, he felt bound in honor to pay them.

In 1895–96, accompanied by his wife and second daughter, he made a lecturing tour around the world; wrote "Following the Equator," and cleared off the obligations of the house in full. The years 1897, 1898, and 1899, to the present writing, have been spent in England, Switzerland, and Austria. Vienna took the family to its heart, and Mark Twain achieved such a popularity among all classes there as is rarely won by a foreigner anywhere.

Mark Twain, although so characteristically American in every fiber, does not appeal to Americans alone. His work has stood the test of translation into French, German, Russian, Italian, Swedish, Norwegian, and Magyar. "The Gilded Age," "Tom Sawyer," "The Prince and the Pauper," and "Pud'nhead Wilson" have all proved successful also on the stage.

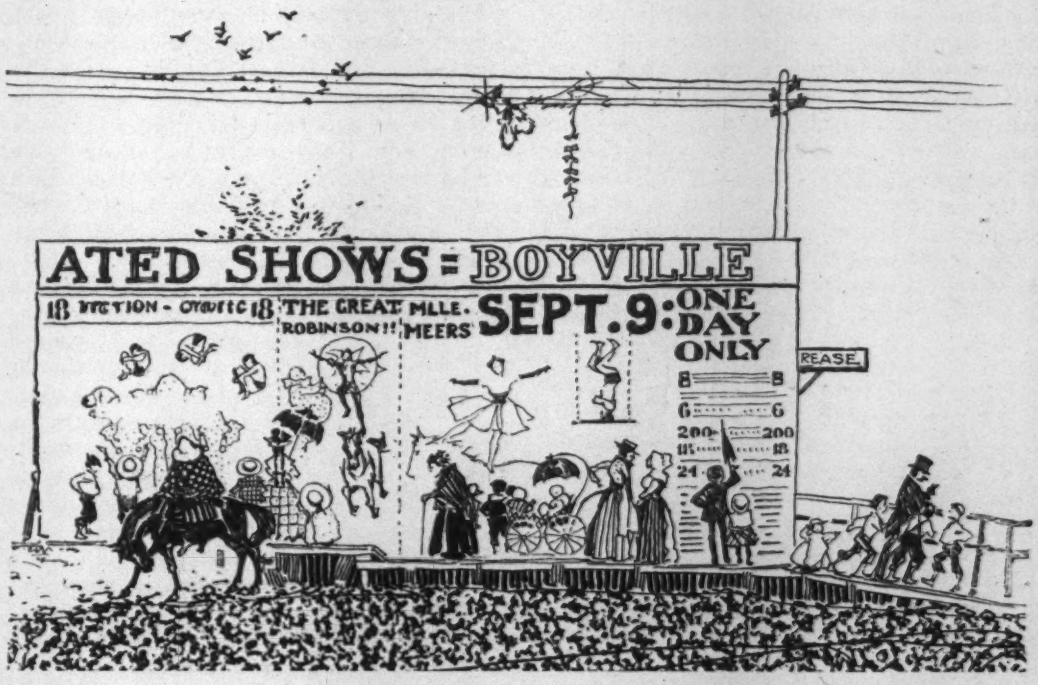
In the thirty-eight years of his literary activity Mark Twain has seen a numerous succession of "American humorists" rise, expand into sudden popularity, and disappear, leaving hardly a memory behind. If he has not written himself out like them, if his place in literature has become every year more assured, it is because his "humor" has been something radically different from theirs. It has been irresistibly laughter-provoking, but its sole end has never been to make people laugh. Its more important purpose has been to make them think and feel. And with the progress of the years Mark Twain's own thoughts have become finer, his own feelings deeper and more responsive. Sympathy with the suffering, hatred of injustice and oppression, and enthusiasm for all that tends to make the world a more tolerable place for mankind to live in, have grown with his accumulating knowledge of life as it is. That is why Mark Twain has become a classic, not only at home, but in all lands whose people read and think about the common joys and sorrows of humanity.

MUCH POMP AND SEVERAL CIRCUMSTANCES.

By William Allen White,

Author of "James Sears: A Naughty Person," and other Boyville stories.

BACK of Pennington's barn, which was the royal castle of the Court of Boyville, ran a hollow. In the hollow grew a gnarly box-elder tree. This tree was the courtiers' hunting-lodge. In the crotches of the rugged branches Piggy Pennington, Abe Carpenter, Jimmy Sears, Bud Perkins, and Mealy Jones were wont to rest of a summer afternoon, planning for the morrow's chase, recounting the morning's adventures in the royal tourney of the marble-ring, meditating upon the evil approach of the fall school term, and following such sedentary pursuits as to any member of the court seemed right and proper. One afternoon late in August the tree was alive with its arboreal aristocracy. Abe Carpenter sat on the lowest branch, plaiting a four-strand, square-braided "quirt;" Jimmy Sears was holding the ends. Piggy was casually skinning cats, hanging by his legs, or chinning on an almost horizontal limb, as he took his part in the lagging talk. Hidden by the foliage in the thick of the tree, in a three-pronged seat, Bud Perkins reclined, his features drawn into a painful grimace, as his right hand passed to and fro before his mouth, rhythmically twanging the tongue of a jews'-harp, upon which he was playing "To My Sweet Sunny South Take Me Home." He breathed heavily and irregularly. His eyes were on the big white clouds in the blue sky, and his heart was filled with the poetry of lonesomeness that sometimes comes to boys in pensive moods. For the days when he had lived with his father, a nomad of the creeks that flowed by half a score of waterways into the Mississippi, were upon the far horizon of his consciousness, and the memory of those days made him as sad as any memory ever can make a healthy, care-free boy. He played "Dixie," partly because it was his dead father's favorite tune, and partly because, being spritely, it kept down his melancholy. Later he took out his new mouth-organ, which his foster-



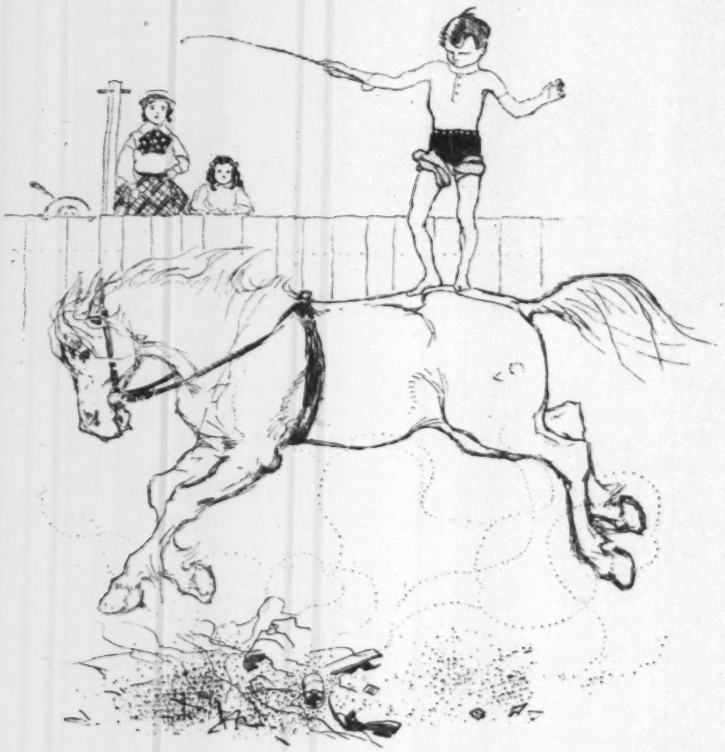
mother had given to him, and to satisfy his boyish idea of justice he played "We shall Meet, but We shall Miss Him," because it was Miss Morgan's favorite. While he played the jews'-harp his tree friends flung ribald remarks at him. But when Bud began to waver his hand for a tremolo upon the mouth-organ as he played "Marsa's in de Col', Col' Groun'," a peace fell upon the company, and they sat quietly and heard his repertoire—"Ol' Shady," "May, Dearest May," "Lilly Dale," "Dey Stole My Chile Away," "Ol' Nicodemus," "Sleeping, I Dream, Love," and "Her Bright Smile." He was a Southern boy—a bird of passage caught in the North—and his music had that sweet, soothing note that cheered the men who fought under the Stars and Bars.

Into this scene rushed Mealy Jones, pell-mell, hat in hand, breathless, bringing war's alarms. "Fellers, fellers," screamed Mealy, half a block away, "it's a-comin' here! It's goin' to be here in two weeks. The man's puttin' up the boards now, and you can get a job passin' bills."

An instant later the tree was deserted, and five boys were running as fast as their legs would carry them toward the thick of the town. They stopped at the new pine bill-board, and did not leave the man with the paste-bucket until they had seen "Zazell" flying out of the cannon's mouth, the iron-jawed woman performing her marvels, the red-mouthed rhinoceros with the bleeding native impaled upon its horn and the fleeing hunters near by, "the largest elephant in captivity" carrying the ten-thousand-dollar beauty, the acrobats whirling through space, James Robinson turning handsprings on his dapple-gray steed, and, last and most ravishing of all, little Willie Sells in pink tights on his three charging Shetland ponies, whose break-neck course in the picture followed one whichever way he turned. When these glories had been pasted upon the wall and had been discussed to the point of cynicism, the Court of Boyville reluctantly adjourned to get in the night wood and dream of a wilderness of monkeys.

During the two weeks that followed the appearance of the glad tidings on the bill-boards, the boys of Willow Creek spent many hours in strange habiliments, making grotesque imitations of the spectacles upon the boards. Piggy Pennington rolled his trousers far above his knees for tights, and galloped his father's fat delivery horse up and down the alley, riding sideways, standing, and backwards, with much vainglory. To simulate the motley of the tight-rope-walking clown, Jimmy Sears wore the calico lining of his clothes outside, when he was in the royal castle beyond his mother's ken. Mealy donned carpet slippers in Pennington's

barn, and wore long pink-and-white-striped stockings of a suspiciously feminine appearance, fastened to his abbreviated shirtwaist with stocking-suspenders, hated of all boys. Abe Carpenter did his shudder-breeding trapeze tricks in a bathing-trunk; and Bud Perkins, who nightly rubbed himself limber in oil made by hanging a bottle of angleworms in the sun to fry, wore his red calico baseball clothes, and went through keg-hoops in a dozen different ways. In the streets of the town the youngsters appeared disguised as ordinary boys. They reveled in the pictured visions of the circus, but were skeptical about the literal fulfilment of some of the promises made on the bills. Certain things advertised were eliminated from reasonable expectation: for instance, the boys all knew that the giraffe would not be discovered eating off the top of a cocoanut tree; they knew that the monkeys would not play a brass band; and they knew that the "Human Fly" would walk on the ceiling at the "concert"—and no boy has ever saved enough money to buy a ticket to the "concert." Nevertheless, they gloated over the pictures of the herd of giraffes and the monkey band and the graceful "Human Fly" walking upside down—"defying the laws of gravitation;" and they considered no future, however pleasant, after the day and date on the bills. Thus the golden day approached, looming larger and larger upon the horizon as it came. In the interim, how many a druggist bought his own bottles the third and fourth time, how many a junk-dealer paid for his own iron, how many bags of carpet rags went to the ragman, the world will never know.



"PIGGY PENNINGTON . . . GALLOPED HIS FATHER'S FAT DELIVERY HORSE UP AND DOWN THE ALLEY."

Now, among children of a larger growth, in festive times hostile demonstrations cease, animosities are buried; but in Boyville a North-ender is a North-ender, and a South-ender is a South-ender, and a meeting of the two is a fight. Boyville knows no times of truce. It asks nor offers quarter. When warring clans come together, be it work day, holiday, or even circus day, there is a clatter of clods, a patter of feet, and retreating hoots of defiance. And because the circus bill-boards were frequented by boys of all kiths and clans, clashes occurred frequently, and Bud Perkins, who was the fighter of the South End, had many a call to arms. Indeed, the approaching circus unloosed the dogs of war rather than nestled the dove of peace. For Bud Perkins, in a moment of pride, issued an ukase which forbade all North-end boys to look at a certain bill-board near his home. This ukase and his strict enforcement of it made him the target of North-end wrath. Little Miss Morgan, his foster-mother, who had adopted him at the death of his father the summer before the circus bills were posted, could not understand how the lad managed to lose so many buttons, nor how he kept tearing his clothes. She ascribed these things to his antecedents and to his deficient training. She did not know that Bud, whom she called Henry, and whose music on the mouth-organ seemed to come from a shy and gentle soul, was the Terror of the South End. Her guileless

mind held no place for the important fact that North-end boys generally traveled by her door in pairs for safety. Such is the blindness of women. Cupid probably got his defective vision from his mother's side of the house.

The last half of the last week before circus day seemed a century to Bud and his friends. Friday and Saturday crept by, and Mealy Jones was the only boy at Sunday-school who knew the Golden Text, for an inflammatory rumor that the circus was unloading from the side-track at the depot swept over the boys' side of the Sunday-school room, and consumed all knowledge of the fifth chapter of Acts, the day's lesson. After Sunday-school the boys broke for the circus grounds. There they gorged their gluttonous eyes upon the canvas-covered chariots and the elephants and the camels and the spotted ponies, passing from the cars to the tents. The unfamiliar noises, the sight of the rising "sea of canvas," the touch of mysterious wagons containing so many wonders, and the intoxicating smell that comes only with much canvas, many animals, and the unpacking of Pandora's box, stuffed the boys' senses, until they viewed with utter stoicism the passing dinner hour and the prospect of finding only cold mashed potatoes and the necks and backs of chickens in the cupboards. They even affected indifference to parental scoldings, and lingered about the enchanting spot until their shadows fell eastward and the day was old.

"OIL MADE BY HANGING A BOTTLE OF ANGLEWORMS IN THE SUN TO FRY."

When a boy gets on his good behavior he tempts Providence. And the Providence of boys is frail and prone to yield. So when Bud Perkins, who was burning with a desire to please Miss Morgan the day before the circus, went to church that Sunday night, any one can see that he was provoking Providence in an unusual and cruel manner. Bud did not sit with Miss Morgan, but lounged into the church, and took a back seat. Three North-end boys came in, and sat on the same bench. Then Jimmy Sears shuffled past the North-enders, and sat beside Bud. After which the inevitable happened. It kept happening. They "passed it on," and passed it back again; first a pinch, then a chug, then a cuff, then a kick under the bench. Heads craned toward the boys occasionally, and there came an awful moment when Bud Perkins found himself looking brazenly into the eyes of the preacher, who had paused to glare at the boys in the midst of his sermon. The faces of the entire congregation seemed to turn upon Bud automatically. A cherub-like expression of conscious innocence and impenetrable unconcern beamed through Bud Perkins's features. The same expression rested upon the countenances of the four other malefactors. At the end of the third

"HOW MANY BAGS OF CARPET RAGS WENT TO THE RAGMAN."

second, Jimmy Sears put his hand to his mouth and snorted between his fingers. And four young men looked down their noses. In the hush, Brother Baker—a tiptoeing Nemesis—stalked the full length of the church toward the culprits. When he took his seat beside the boys, the preacher continued his discourse. Brother Baker's unction angered Bud Perkins. He felt the implication that his conduct was bad, and his sense of guilt spurred his temper. Satan put a pin in Bud's hand. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, Satan moved the boy's arm on the back of the pew, around Jimmy Sears. Then an imp pushed Bud's hand as he jabbed the pin into the back of a North-ender. The boy from the North End let out a yowl of pain. Bud was not quick enough. Brother Baker saw the pin; two hundred devout Methodists saw him clamp his fingers on Bud Perkins's ear and march him down the length of the church and set him beside Miss Morgan. It was a sickening moment. The North End grinned under its skin as one boy, and was exceeding glad. So agonizing was it for Bud that he forgot to imagine what a triumph it was for the North End—and further anguish is impossible for a boy.

"BROTHER BAKER —A TIPTOEING NEMESIS."

"DRESSED-UP CHILDREN WERE FLITTING ALONG THE SIDE STREETS, HURRYING THEIR SENIORS."

Miss Morgan and Bud Perkins left the church with the congregation. Bud dreaded the moment when they would leave the crowd and turn into their side street. When they did turn, Bud was lagging a step or two behind. A boy's troubles are always the fault of the other boy. The North-end boy's responsibility in the matter was so clear—to Bud—that, when he went to justify himself to Miss Morgan, he was surprised and hurt at what he considered her feminine blindness to the fact. After she had passed her sentence, she asked: "Do you really think you deserve to go, Henry?"

The blow stunned the boy. He saw the visions of two weeks burst like bubbles, and he whimpered: "I dunno." But in his heart he did know that to deny a boy the joy of seeing Willie Sells on his three Shetland ponies, for nothing in the world but showing a North-ender his place, was a piece of injustice of the kind for which men and nations go to war. At breakfast Bud kept his eyes on his plate. He wore on his face the resigned look of a martyr. Miss Morgan was studiously gracious. He dropped leaden monosyllables into the cheery flow of her conversation, and after breakfast put in his time at the woodshed.

At eight o'clock that morning the town of Willow Creek was in the thrall of the circus. Country wagons were passing on every side street. Delivery carts were rattling about with unusual alacrity. By half-past nine dressed-up children were flitting along the side streets, hurrying their seniors. On the main thoroughfare flags were flying, and the streams of strangers that had been flowing into town were eddying at the street corners. The balloon-vender wormed his way through the buzzing crowd, leaving his wares in a red and blue trail behind him. The bark of the fakir rasped the tightening nerves of the town. Everywhere was hubbub; everywhere was the dusty heated air of the festival; everywhere were men and women ready for the marvel that had come out of the great world, bringing pomp and circumstance in its gilded train; everywhere in Willow Creek the spirit which put the blue sash about the country girl's waist and the flag in her beau's hat ran riot, save at the home of Miss Morgan. There the bees hummed lazily over the old-fashioned flower-garden;

"THE BALLOON-VENDER WORMED HIS WAY THROUGH THE BUZZING CROWD, LEAVING HIS WARES IN A RED AND BLUE TRAIL BEHIND HIM."

there the cantankerous jays jabbered in the cottonwoods; there the muffled noises of the town festival came as from afar; there Miss Morgan puttered about her morning's work, trying vainly to croon a gospel hymn; and there Bud Perkins, prone upon the sitting-room sofa, made parallelograms and squares and diamonds with the dots and lines on the ceiling paper. When the throb of the drum and the blare of the brass had set the heart of the town to dancing, some wave of the ecstasy seeped through the lilac bushes and into the quiet house, for the boy on the sofa started up suddenly, checked himself ostentatiously, walked to the bird cage, and began to play with the canary. But the wave carried the little spinster to the window. The circus had a homestead in human hearts before John Wesley staked his claim, and even so good a Methodist as Miss Morgan could not be deaf to the scream of the calliope or the tinkle of cymbals.

To emphasize his desolation, Bud left the room, and sat down by a tree in the yard, with his back to the kitchen door and window. There Miss Morgan saw him playing mumble-peg in a desultory, listless fashion. When the courtiers of Boyville came home from the parade, they found him; and because he sat playing a silent, sullen, solitary game, and responded to their banter only with melancholy grunts, they knew that the worst had befallen him. Much confab followed, in which the pronouns "she" and "her" were spoken. Otherwise Miss Morgan was unidentified. For the conversation ran thus, over and over:

"You ask her."

"Naw, I've done ast 'er."

"'Twon't do no good for me to ast 'er. She don't like me."

"I ain't 'fraid to ast 'er."

"Well, then, why don't you?"

"Why don't *you?*"

"Let's all ast 'er."

"S'pose she will, Bud?"

"I dunno."

Then Piggy and Abe and Jimmy and Mealy came trapesing up to Miss Morgan's kitchen door. Bud sat by the tree twirling his knife at his game. Piggy, being the spokesman, stood in the doorway. "Miss Morgan," he said, as he slapped his leg with his hat.

"Well, Winfield?" replied the little woman, divining his mission and hardening her heart against his purpose.

"Miss Morgan," he repeated; and then coaxed sheepishly: "Can't Bud go to the show with us, Miss Morgan?"

"I'm afraid not to-day," smiled back Miss Morgan as she went about her work. A

"THE BLUE SASH ABOUT THE COUNTRY GIRL'S WAIST AND THE FLAG IN HER BEAU'S HAT."

whisper from the doorstep prompted Piggy to "ask her why;" whereat Piggy echoed: "Why can't he, Miss Morgan?"

"Henry misbehaved in church last night, and we've agreed that he shall stay home from the circus."

Piggy advanced a step or two inside the door, laughing diplomatically. "O—no, Miss Morgan; don't you think he's agreed. He's just dyin' to go."

Miss Morgan smiled, but did not join in Piggy's hilarity—a bad sign. Piggy tried again: "They got six elephants, and one's a trick elephant. You'd die a-laughin' if you saw him." And Piggy went into a spasm of laughter.

"'ONE'S A TRICK ELEPHANT. YOU'D DIE A-LAUGHIN', IF YOU SAW HIM.'"

But it left Miss Morgan high and dry upon the island of her determination.

Piggy prepared for an heroic measure, and stepped over to the kitchen table, leaning upon it as he pleaded:

"This is the last circus this year, Miss Morgan, and it's an awful good one. Can't he go just this once?"

The debate lasted ten minutes, and at the end four boys walked slowly, with much manifestation of feeling, back to the tree where the fifth sat. There was woe and lamentation after the manner of boykind. When the boys left the yard, it seemed to Miss Morgan that she could not look from her work without seeing the lonesome figure of Bud. In the afternoon the patter of feet by her house grew slower, and then ceased. Occasionally a belated wayfarer sped by. The music of the circus band outside of the tent came to Miss Morgan's ears on gusts of wind, and died away as the wind ebbed. She dropped the dish-cloth three times in five minutes, and washed her cup and saucer twice. She struggled bravely in the Slough of Despond for a while, and then turned back with Pliable. "Henry," she said, as the boy walked past her carrying pepper-grass to the bird, "Henry, what made you act so last night?"

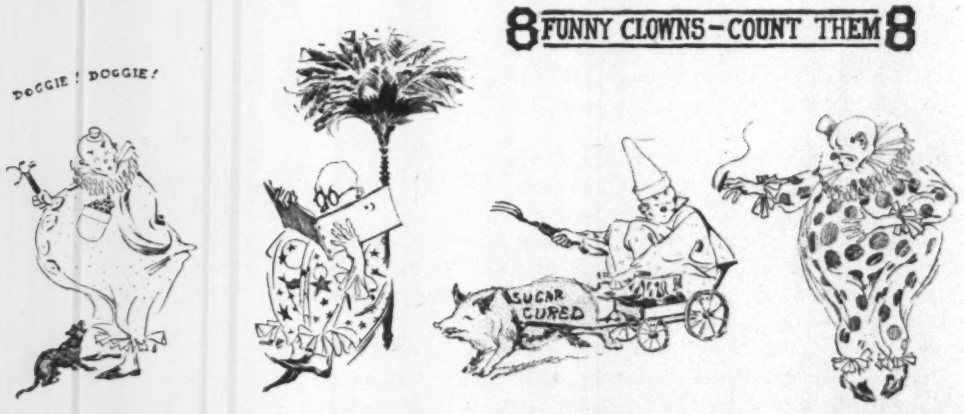
The boy dropped his head and answered: "I dunno."

"But, Henry, didn't you know it was wrong?"

"I dunno," the boy reiterated.

"Why did you stick that little boy with the pin?"

"Well—well—" he gasped, preparing for a defense. "Well—he pinched me first."



"Yes, Henry, but don't you know that it's wrong to do those things in church? Don't you see how bad it was?"

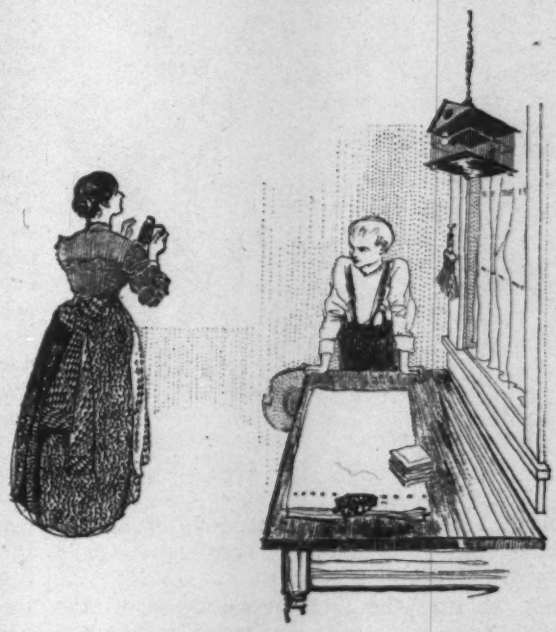
"I was just a-playin', Miss Morgan; I didn't mean to."

Bud did not dare to trust his instinctive reading of the signs. He went on impulsively: "I wanted him to quit, but he just kept right on, and Brother Baker didn't touch him."

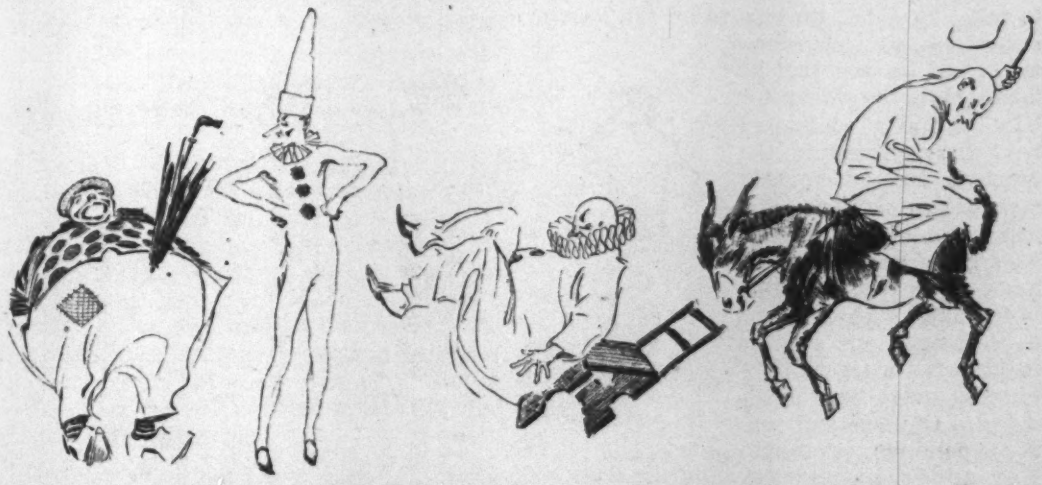
The wind brought the staccato music of the circus band to the foster-mother's ears. The music completed her moral decay, for she was thinking that, if Brother Baker would only look after his own children as carefully as he looked after those of other people, the world would be better. Then she said: "Now, Henry, if I let you go, just this once—now just this once, mind you—will you promise never to do anything like that again?"

Blackness dropped from the boy's spirit, and by main strength he strangled a desire to yell. The desire revived when he reached the alley, and he ran whooping to the circus grounds.

There is a law of crystallization among boys which enables molecules of the same gang to meet in whatever agglomeration they may be thrown. So ten minutes after Bud Perkins left home he found Piggy and Jimmy and old Abe and Mealy in the menagerie tent. Whereupon the South End was able to present a bristling front to the North End—a front which even the pleasings of the lute in the circus band could not break. But the boys knew that the band playing in the circus tent meant that the performance in the ring was about to begin. So they cut short an interesting dialogue with a keeper, concerning the elephant that remembered the man who gave her tobacco ten years ago and tried to kill him the week before the show came to Willow Creek. But when the pageant in the ring unfolded its tinseled splendor in the Grand Entry, Bud Perkins left earth and walked upon clouds of glory. His high-strung nerves quivered with delight as the ring disclosed its treasures—Willie Sells on his spotted ponies, James Robinson on his dapple-gray, the "8 funny clowns—count them 8," the



"'IT'S AN AWFUL GOOD ONE. CAN'T HE GO JUST THIS ONCE?'"



Japanese jugglers and tumblers, the bespangled women on the rings, the dancing ponies, and the performing dogs. The climax of his joy came when Zazell, "the queen of the air," was shot from her cannon to the trapeze. Bud had decided, days before the circus, that this feature would please him

"'WELL, SON, YOU'RE A DAISY. THEY GENERALLY DROP THE FIRST KICK.'"

most. Zazell's performance was somewhat tame, but immediately thereafter a really startling thing happened. A clown who was holding the trick mule called to the boys near Bud, who nudged him into the clown's attention. The clown pantomimed to Bud, drawing from the wide pantaloons a dollar. He held it up for the boy and all the spectators to see. Alternately he pointed to the trick mule and to the coin, coaxing and questioning by signs, as he did so. It took perhaps a minute for Bud's embarrassment to wear off. Then two motives impelled him to act. He didn't propose to let the North-enders see his embarrassment, and he saw that he might earn the dollar for Miss Morgan's missionary box, thus mitigating the disgrace he had brought upon her in church. This inspiration literally flashed over Bud, and before he knew it, he was standing in the ring, with his head cocked upon one side to indicate his utter indifference to everything in the world. Of course it was a stupendous pretense. For under his pretty starched shirt, which Miss Morgan had forced on him in the hurry of departure, his heart was beating like a little wind-mill in a gale. As Bud bestrode the donkey the cheers of the throng rose, but above the tumult he could hear the North End jeering him. He could hear the words the North-enders spoke, even their "ho-o-oho-os," and their "nyayh-nyayh-nyayahs," and their "look-at-Old-Pretty-boys," and their "watch-him-hit-the-roofs," and their "get-a-baskets," and similar remarks less desirable for publication. As the donkey cantered off, Bud felt sure he could keep his seat. Once the animal bucked. Bud did not fall. The donkey ran, and stopped quickly. Bud held on. Then the donkey's feet twinkled—it seemed to Bud in the very top of the tent—and Bud slid off the animal's neck to the ring. The clown brought the boy his hat, and stood over him as he rose. Bud laughed stupidly into the chalked face of the clown, who handed Bud a dollar, remarking in a low voice, "Well, son, you're a daisy. They generally drop the first kick."

What passed in the ring as Bud left it, bedraggled and dusty, did not interest him. He brushed himself as he went. The band was playing madly, and the young woman in the stiff skirts was standing by her horse ready to mount. The crowd did not stop laughing. Bud inclined his head to dust his knickerbockers, and then in a tragic instant he saw what was convulsing the multitude with laughter. The outer seam of the right leg of his velveteen breeches was gone, and a brown leg was winking in and out from the flapping garment as he walked. Wildly he gathered the parted garment, and it seemed to him that he never would cover the ground between the ring and the benches. In the course of several æons—which the other

"THE OTHER WRANGLERS . . . DROPPED OUT FOR HEAVY REPAIRS."

"WHEN MR. PENNINGTON'S EYES FELL ON BUD, HE LEANED ON A SHOW-CASE AND LAUGHED TILL HE SHOOK ALL OVER."

boys measured by fleeting minutes—the wave of shame that covered Bud subsided. Pins bound up the wounds in his clothes. He drew a normal breath, and was able to join the mob which howled down the man who announced the concert.

After that the inexorable minutes flew by until the performance ended. In the menagerie tent Bud and his friends looked thirstily upon the cool, pink "schooners" of lemonade, and finally, when they had spent a few blissful moments with the monkeys and had enjoyed a last, long, lingering look at the elephants, they dragged themselves unwillingly away into the commonplace of sunshine and trees and blue sky. Only the romantic touch of the side-show banners and the wonder of the gilded wagons assured them that their memories of the passing hour were not empty dreams.

The boys were standing enraptured before the picture of the fat woman upon the swaying canvas. Bud had drifted away from them to glut his eyes upon the picture of the snakes writhing around the charmer. The North-enders had been following Bud at a respectful distance, waiting for the opportunity which his separation from his clan gave to them. They were enforced by a country boy of great reputed prowess in battle. Bud did not know his danger until they pounced upon him. In an instant the fight was raging. Over the guy ropes it went, under the ticket wagon, into the thick of the lemonade stands. And when Piggy and Abe and Jimmy had joined it, they trailed the track of the storm by torn hats, bruised, battle-scarred boys, and the wreckage incident to an enlivening occasion. When his comrades found Bud, the argument had narrowed down to Bud and the boy from the country, the other wranglers having dropped out for heavy repairs. The fight, which had been started to avenge ancient wrongs, particularly the wrongs of the bill-board, only added new wrongs to the list. The country boy was striking wildly, and trying to clinch his antagonist, when the town marshal—the bogie-man of all boys—stopped the fight. But of course no town marshal can come into the thick of a discussion in Boyville and know much of the merits of the question. So when the marshal of Willow Creek, seeing Bud Perkins putting the finishing touches of a good trouncing on a strange boy, and also seeing Bill Pennington's boy, and Henry Sears's boy, and Mrs. Carpenter's boy, and old man Jones's boy dancing around in high glee at the performance, the marshal quietly gathered in the boys he knew, and let the stranger go.

"'MISS MORGAN, I JUST WANT YOU TO LOOK AT MY BOY.'"

Now no boy likes to be marched down the main street of his town with the callous finger of the marshal under his shirt-band. The spectacle operates distinctly against the peace and dignity of Boyville for months thereafter. For passing youths

who forget there is a morrow jibe at the culprits, and thus plant the seeds of dissensions which bloom in fights. It was a sweaty, red-faced crew that the marshal dumped into Pennington's grocery with, "Here, Bill, I found your boy and these young demons fightin' down 't the circus ground, and I took 'em in charge. You 'tend to 'em, will you?"

Mr. Pennington's glance at his son showed that Piggy was unharmed. A swift survey of the others gave each, save Bud, a bill of health. But when Mr. Pennington's eyes fell on Bud, he leaned on a show-case and laughed till he shook all over; for Bud, with a brimless hat upon a tousled head, with a face scratched till it looked like a railroad map, with a torn shirt that exposed a dirty shoulder and a freckled back, with trousers so badly shattered that two hands could hardly hold them together—Bud, as Mr. Pennington expressed it, looked like a second-hand boy. The simile pleased Pennington so that he renewed his laughter, and paid no heed to the chatter of the pack that was clamoring to tell, all in one breath, how the incident began, progressed, and closed which had led to Bud's dilapidation. Also they were drawing gloomy pictures of the appearance of his assailants, after the custom of boys in such cases. Because his son was not involved in the calamity, Piggy's father was not moved deeply by the story of the raid of the North-enders and their downfall. So he put the young gentlemen of the Court of Boyville into the back room of his grocery store, where coal-oil and molasses barrels and hams and bacon and black shadows of many mysterious things were gathered. He gave the royal party a cheese knife and a watermelon, and bade them be merry, a bidding which set the hearts of Piggy and Abe and Jimmy and Mealy to dancing, while Bud's heart, which had been sinking lower and lower into a quagmire of dread, beat on numbly and did not join the joy. As the time for going home approached, Bud shivered in his soul at the thought of meeting Miss Morgan. Not even the watermelon revived him, and when a watermelon will not help a boy his extremity is dire. Still he laughed and chatted with apparent merriment, but he knew how hollow was his laughter and what mockery was in his cheer. When the melon was eaten, business took its regular order.

"'NOW, HENRY, DON'T EVER HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT KIND OF TRASH AGAIN.'"

"Say, Bud, how you goin' to get home?" asked Abe.

Bud grinned as he looked at his rags.

"Gee," said Mealy, "I'm glad it ain't me."

"Aw, shucks," returned Bud, and he thought of the stricken Ananias in the Sunday-school lesson leaf as he spoke; "run right through like I always do. What I got to be 'fraid of?"

"Yes, Mr. Bud, you can laugh, but you know you'll catch it when you get home."

This shaft from Jimmy Sears put in words the terror in Bud's heart. But he replied: "I'll bet you I don't."

Bud's instinct piloted him by a circuitous route up the alley to the kitchen door. Miss Morgan sat on the front porch, waiting for the boy to return before serving supper. He stood helplessly in the kitchen for a minute, with a weight of indecision upon him. He feared to go to the front porch, where Miss Morgan was. He feared to stay in the kitchen. But when he saw the empty wood-box a light seemed to dawn. Instinct guided him to the woodpile, and the law of self-preservation filled his arms with wood, and instinct carried him to the kitchen wood-box time and again, and laid the wood in the box as gently as if it had been glass and as softly as if it had been velvet. Not until the pile had grown far above the wainscoting on the kitchen wall did a stick crashing to the floor tell Miss Morgan that Bud was in the house.

But there is a destiny that shapes our ends, and just as the falling wood attracted Miss Morgan's attention, it was diverted by a belligerent party at her front gate. The belligerent party was composed of two persons, to wit: one mother from the North End of Willow Creek, irate to the spluttering point, and one boy lagging as far behind the mother as his short arm would allow him to lag. The mother held the short arm, and was literally dragging her son to Miss Morgan's gate, to offer him in evidence as "Exhibit A" in a possible cause of the State of Kansas *vs.* Henry Perkins. Exhibit A was black and blue as to the eyes, torn as to the shirt,

"'HERE'S A DOLLAR I GOT FOR RIDIN' THE TRICK MULE. . . . I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE NICE FOR THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.'"

bloody as to the nose, tumbled and dusty as to the hair, and as to the countenance, clearly and unquestionably sheep-faced. The mother opened the bombardment with: "Miss Morgan, I just want you to look at my boy."

Miss Morgan looked in horror, and exclaimed: "Well, for mercy sakes! Where on earth's he been?"

And the leader of the war party returned: "Where's he been? Well, I'll tell you where he's been. And I just want you to know who done this." Here Exhibit A got behind a post. The recital of the details of his catastrophe was humiliating. But the mother continued: "Henry Perkins done this. I don't believe in stirring up neighborhood quarrels and all that, but I've just stood this long enough. My boy can't stick his nose out of the door without that Perkins boy jumpin' on him. If you can't do anything with that Perkins boy, I'll show him there's a law in this land."

Miss Morgan wilted as the speech proceeded. She had voice to say only, "I'm sure there's some mistake;" and then remembering the crash of the wood on the kitchen floor, she called: "Henry, come here!"

As Bud shambled through the house, the spokesman of the belligerents replied: "No, there isn't no mistake, either. My boy is a good little boy, and just as peaceable a boy as there is in this town. And because I don't allow him to fight, that Perkins boy picks on him all the time. I've told him to keep out of his way and not to play with Henry Perkins, but he can't be runnin' all over this town to keep——"

And then Exhibit B, with scratched face, tattered raiment, and grimy features, stood in the doorway. The witness for the State looked in dumb amazement at the wreck. Miss Morgan saw Bud, and her temper rose —not at him, but at his adversary. Exhibit A sulkily turned his face from Exhibit B, and Exhibit B seemed to be oblivious of the presence of Exhibit A; for the boys it was a scene too shameful for mutual recognition. Miss Morgan broke the heavy silence with: "Henry, where on earth have you been?"

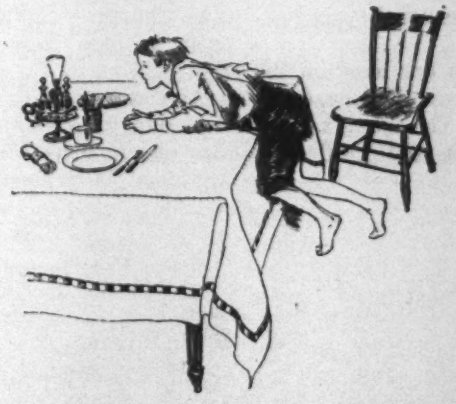
"Been t' the circus," replied the boy.

"Henry, did you blacken that little boy's eyes, and tear his clothes that way?" inquired Miss Morgan when her wits returned.

"Why—no'm—I didn't. But he was one of four fellers that picked on me comin' home from the circus, and tried to lick me."

"Willie," demanded the head of the attacking posse, "did you pick a fight with that Perkins boy?"

"Oh, no'm, no'm! I was just playin' round the tent, me and another boy, and Bud he come up and jumped on us." And then, to add verisimilitude to his narrative, he appended: "Him and four other boys."



"'GEE, WE'RE GOIN' TO HAVE PIE, AIN'T WE?'"

"Henry," asked Miss Morgan, as she surveyed the débris of Henry's Sunday clothes and her womanly wrath for the destroyer of them began to boil, "Henry, now tell me honestly, is this little boy telling the truth? Now, don't you story to me, Henry."

"Honest injun, Miss Morgan, I cross my heart and hope to drop dead this minute if I ain't tellin' you the way it was. Him and them North-enders, why they come along and

called me names, and he tried to hit me, and I just shoved him away like this," and Henry executed a polite pantomime. "And I was swingin' my arms out to keep 'em all from hittin' me, and he got in the way, and I couldn't help it. And they was all a-pickin' on me, and I told 'em all the time I didn't want to fight."

But Exhibit A kept looking at his mother and shaking his head in violent contradiction of Bud as the story was told.

Miss Morgan asked: "Who scratched your face so, Henry?"

"Him; he's all the time fightin' me."

"No, ma, I didn't. You know I didn't."

Exhibit A and Exhibit B were still back to back. Then Exhibit B responded: "Miss Morgan, you ast him if he didn't cuss and damn me, and say he was goin' to pound me to death if I ever come north of Sixth?"

To which the leader of the raiders returned in great scorn: "The very idea! Just listen at that! Why, Miss Morgan, that Perkins boy is the bully of this town. Come on, Willie, your pa will see if there is no law to protect you from such boys as him." Whereupon the war party faced about, and walked down the sidewalk and away.

Miss Morgan and Bud watched the North-end woman and her son depart. Miss Morgan turned to Bud, and spoke spiritedly: "Now, Henry, don't ever have anything to do with that kind of trash again. Now, you won't forget, will you, Henry?"

Bud examined his toes carefully, and replied, "No'm."

In the threshold she put her hand on the boy's shoulder, and continued: "Now, don't you mind about it, Henry. They shan't touch you. You come and wash, and we'll have supper."

When a boy has a woman for a champion, if he is wise, he trusts her to any length. So Bud went to the kitchen, picked up the water-bucket, and went to the well, partly to keep from displaying a gathering wave of affection for his foster-mother, and partly to let the magnificence of the wood-box burst upon her in his absence. When he returned, he found Miss Morgan pointing toward the wood-box and beaming upon him. Bud grinned, and fished in his pocket for the coin.

"Here's a dollar I got for ridin' the trick mule," he faltered. "I thought it would be nice for the missionary society." That he might check any weak feminine emotions, he turned his attention to the supper-table, and blurted: "Gee, we're goin' to have pie, ain't we? I tell you, I'm mighty pie hungry."

The glow of Miss Morgan's melted heart shone upon her face. Through a seraphic smile she spoke: "It's apple pie, too, Henry—your kind." As she put the supper upon the table, she asked: "Did you have a good time at the circus, Henry?"

The boy nodded vehemently, and said: "You bet," and then went on, after a pause, "I guess I tore my pants a little gettin' off of that mule; but I thought you'd like the dollar."

It was the finest speech he could make. "I guess I can mend them, Henry," she answered, and then she asked, with her face in the cupboard, "Shan't we try some of the new strawberry preserves, Henry?"

As she was opening the jar she concluded that Henry Perkins was an angel—a conclusion which, in view of the well-known facts, was manifestly absurd.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The complete set of Boyville stories by Mr. White, with a special introduction, an introductory poem for each story, and an epilogue, will shortly be published by the Doubleday and McClure Co., in a beautiful volume, fully illustrated from the drawings by Mr. Orson Lowell.

THE RACING YACHT: ITS POINTS AND ITS PACES.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

BASED ON INTERVIEWS WITH HERRESHOFF, LAWLEY, AND OTHER LEADING BUILDERS AND THE BEST SKIPPERS.

THE "MUG."

SOMETHING more than a quarter of a million dollars have been expended in building, fitting, and racing the greatest of American yachts, the Columbia, in preparation for her contest with the greatest of English yachts, the Shamrock. In addition to this, it is estimated, and the estimate is conservative, that the five races of early October will cost the cup defenders at least $200,000. Lipton and his Englishmen, what with crossing the ocean twice with the Shamrock and her great steam tender, will spend even more than the Americans.

And yet the average superiority of the Columbia over the former champion, the Defender, as shown by numerous trial races, is only five or ten minutes in thirty miles. In other words, for an increase of sailing speed equal to ten or twenty seconds to the mile three Americans, and some others, will pay nearly half a million dollars, and take the equal chances that the genius of the American designer has out-pointed the genius of the English designer. All this in the face of the fact that this prime racing-machine, reaching to the very limit of its speed, will not sail as fast by several knots an hour as an unpretentious little steam yacht costing perhaps a quarter as much. Indeed, it is quite possible that a number of such powerful pleasure craft as the Commodore's yacht Corsair may lay by at the start with the indulgence of superiority, and, when the racers are away, steam calmly past them, reaching the finish in time to have tea before they come in. And when the five great races have been sailed and the country has once more returned to politics, the Columbia, perfect though she be as a racing-machine, will sell for hardly more than the cost of the lead on her keel. In the event that she is beaten, her owners can expect no returns in gate money, nor in guarantees, to salve the hurt of their losses; and in case she wins—may Neptune favor her!—the reward will consist merely in a high kind of satisfaction and an old, bottomless silver pitcher, called, disrespectfully, "The Mug."

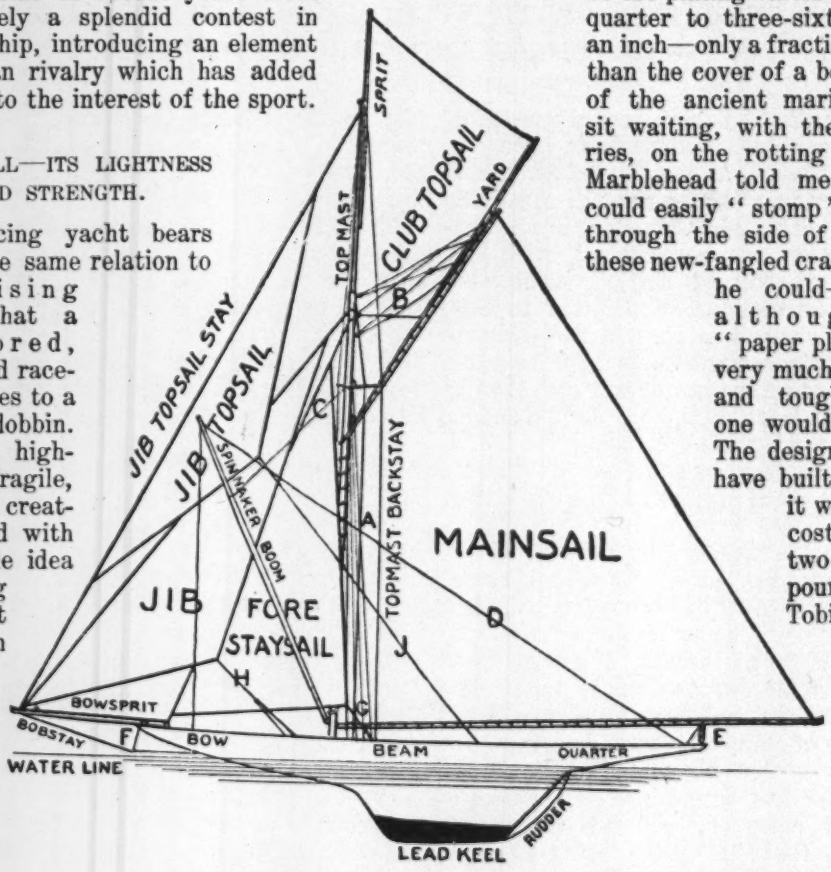
There is something glorious—like war—in the very disregard of cost with which yachtsmen are seeking the honors of this most finished of sports—honors so great that the whole country shares freely in them, and will feel the glory of victory or the sting of defeat only less acutely than the cup-defenders themselves. Good sport is always its own best justification; and yet there is a deep additional satisfaction in the feeling that, even from the point of view of strict utility, every penny of these great sums has been well spent. For every one of the great cup contests has taught American ship-builders and American seamen important new lessons, to each according to his craft—a subject large enough to make an article in itself. Moreover, we are so constituted that we must have visible symbols of our supremacy, and a battered silver mug serves its own unique and patriotic purpose.

Viewed in this regard, we must look upon the modern racing yacht as an important, as well as a curious, production. She is as much a result of high breeding as a race-horse; indeed, it is difficult to feel that this splendid creature, with her all but human beauty, her frailties, and her foibles, is really inanimate. A yachtsman will trace the pedigree of his favorite racer back through Gloriana, Puritan, and Magic, and name the exact points of excellence which she has obtained from each. One has given windward qualities, one has given exceeding stiffness on the legs, one has given beauty, and so on through all the long list since the America brought home the famous cup. And now there are those in high authority who believe that the Columbia and the Shamrock have nearly reached the utmost of racing excellence. For forty years the English designer has bred from the best of the American types, and the American has bred from the best of the English types;

so that to-day we may be said to have reached the perfect type of racing yacht, and any race between two individual yachts must be won by superior skill in management or through purely fortuitous conditions. Thus, from a mere contest of skill between yacht designers, the sport of yacht racing has become in recent years more exclusively a splendid contest in seamanship, introducing an element of human rivalry which has added greatly to the interest of the sport.

THE HULL—ITS LIGHTNESS AND STRENGTH.

A racing yacht bears much the same relation to a cruising yacht that a high-bred, pampered race-horse does to a family dobbin. It is a high-strung, fragile, beautiful creature, bred with the single idea of making speed. It has been called a "golden egg-shell." In a general way, it may be said that the lighter the yacht and the greater the spread of sail, the faster will be the speed. One well-known designer said, decisively: "The races will go to the builder who can produce the lightest boat."



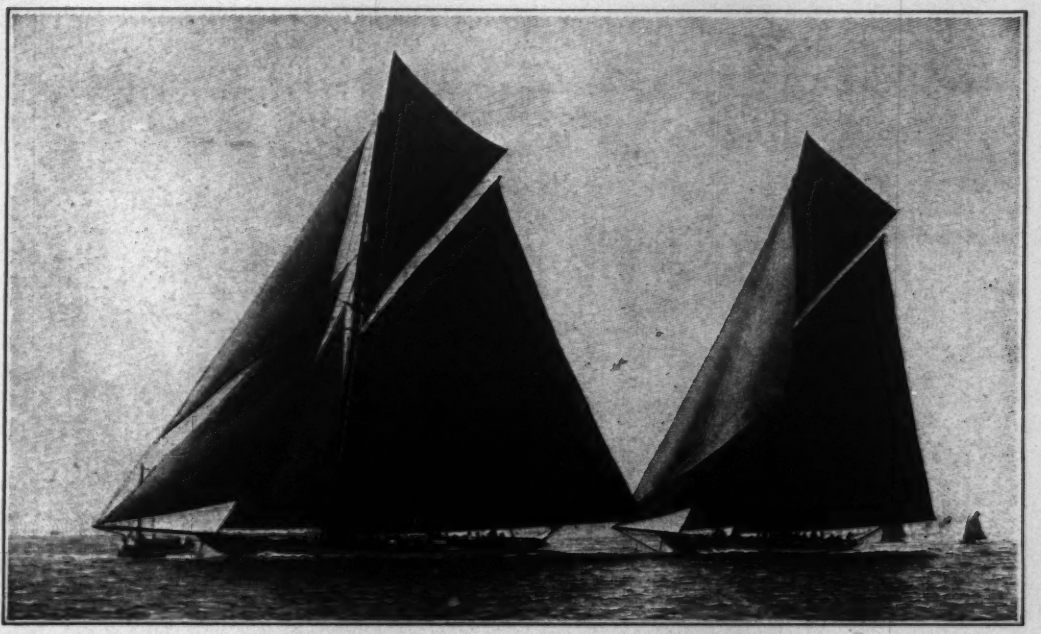
A DIAGRAM OF THE MODERN RACING YACHT.

A, Shrouds; *B*, Peak halyards; *C*, Spinnaker boom lift; *D*, Spinnaker sheet; *E*, Main sheet; *F*, Martingale; *G*, Fore-staysail sheet; *H*, Jib sheet; *J*, Jib-topsail sheet.

But a boat too light will not be strong enough to support the necessarily immense sails, and the genius of the designer finds its perfect work in approaching closest to this dead-line ratio between lightness and strength. And the very fact that every portion of the yacht has been pared down to its finest is a broad warning to the racing enthusiast that he must look sharp for accidents; a Columbia just from the ways will snap its huge steel mast like a pipe-stem, a broken gaff will douse the mainsail of a Defender in the midst of a race.

To insure the necessary lightness, the designer has built the Columbia of a peculiar new alloy somewhat resembling gun metal and known as Tobin bronze. The thickness of the plating varies from one-quarter to three-sixteenths of an inch—only a fraction thicker than the cover of a book. One of the ancient mariners who sit waiting, with their memories, on the rotting docks of Marblehead told me that he could easily "stomp" his heel through the side of "one of these new-fangled craft." And he could—almost; although this "paper plating" is very much stronger and tougher than one would imagine. The designer might have built of steel; it would have cost barely two cents a pound where Tobin bronze costs twenty; but he has learned—one of the refinements of experience—that steel fails the first season because a certain amount of rust is necessary to remove the scale of the rolling-mill and leave a smooth surface for paint. Tobin bronze is not affected by sea water, and requires no paint; consequently the bottom of the Columbia will be as shiny and smooth as a New England copper kettle. The designer might also have built of aluminum, as he did, partially, in the Defender. Aluminum, although exceedingly expensive, weighs only half as much as bronze, and is more than half as strong; but it was found in the Defender that salt water caused rapid corrosion and deterioration.

The Columbia's shell of bronze, 131 feet



THE DEFENDER AND THE COLUMBIA JOCKEYING FOR A START IN THE TRIAL RACE OFF LARCHMONT, LONG ISLAND SOUND, ON JULY 8TH.

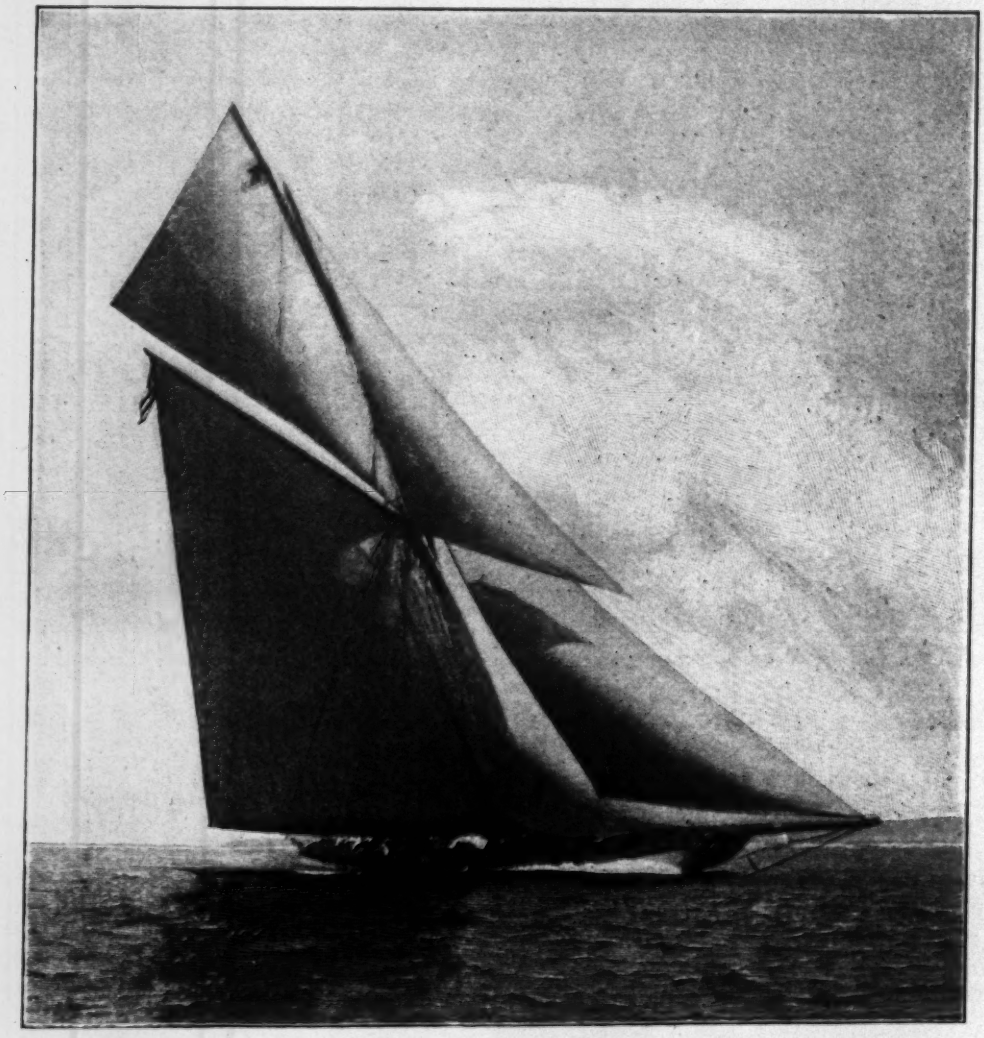
From a photograph. The Columbia, as shown in the picture, got well to windward before the start, and so was able to run down and cross the line one second ahead. The stake-boat is seen just off the Defender's bow.

and two inches long, and more than twenty-four feet wide, is held rigid with the finest quality of nickel-steel frames, and is decked with yellow pine, the deck being almost the only wooden part in all the yacht. Its weight is known exactly to no one but the builders, but it has been estimated at seventy tons (the Defender's hull weighed sixty tons). And yet—and here is one of the wonders of the racing yacht—this seventy-ton body supports a great solid slab of lead on its keel weighing more than ninety tons, to say nothing of fifteen or twenty tons of rigging, sails, and live load. This slab is what is known to yachtsmen as the "lead mine," and it is said to put a yacht "on stilts."

THE KEEL AND ITS "LEAD MINE."

No question in yacht building is quite so interesting and important as this one of keel: whether it shall be a center-board—that is, a loose keel-board which drops down sidewise through a slit in the bottom of the boat; or a fin keel, cutting deep like the fin of a fish; or an ordinary deep cutter keel. The famous old cup-winners, Volunteer and Puritan, were provided with center-boards, a pet American institution, whereas the later yachts, Defender and Columbia, and all the English racers, have been deep-keel boats. A number of years ago a racer was ballasted with pigs of lead or iron; but since 1873 the best yachts have all depended on what is called "outside ballast;" that is, the weight of lead, or the "lead mine," attached to the keel. This weight prevents the yacht from being pried out of the water when the wind strikes her beam or side. For this reason the skipper is enabled to spread a big canvas even in a heavy wind, where a boat of lesser draft and lighter keel load would be overturned and all but blown out of the water. The Columbia, with her enormous lead keel—which cost, by the way, something more than $10,000—is said, therefore, to be a "stiff sailer:" "she stands up well to the wind." Some day, if the yachting rivalry continues, a man will be found rich enough to have a keel made of solid gold (it would cost him only about $7,000,000), which is nearly twice as heavy as lead. He would in this way secure his keel weight with less "wetted surface" to be pushed through the water, and he would probably win every race he entered.

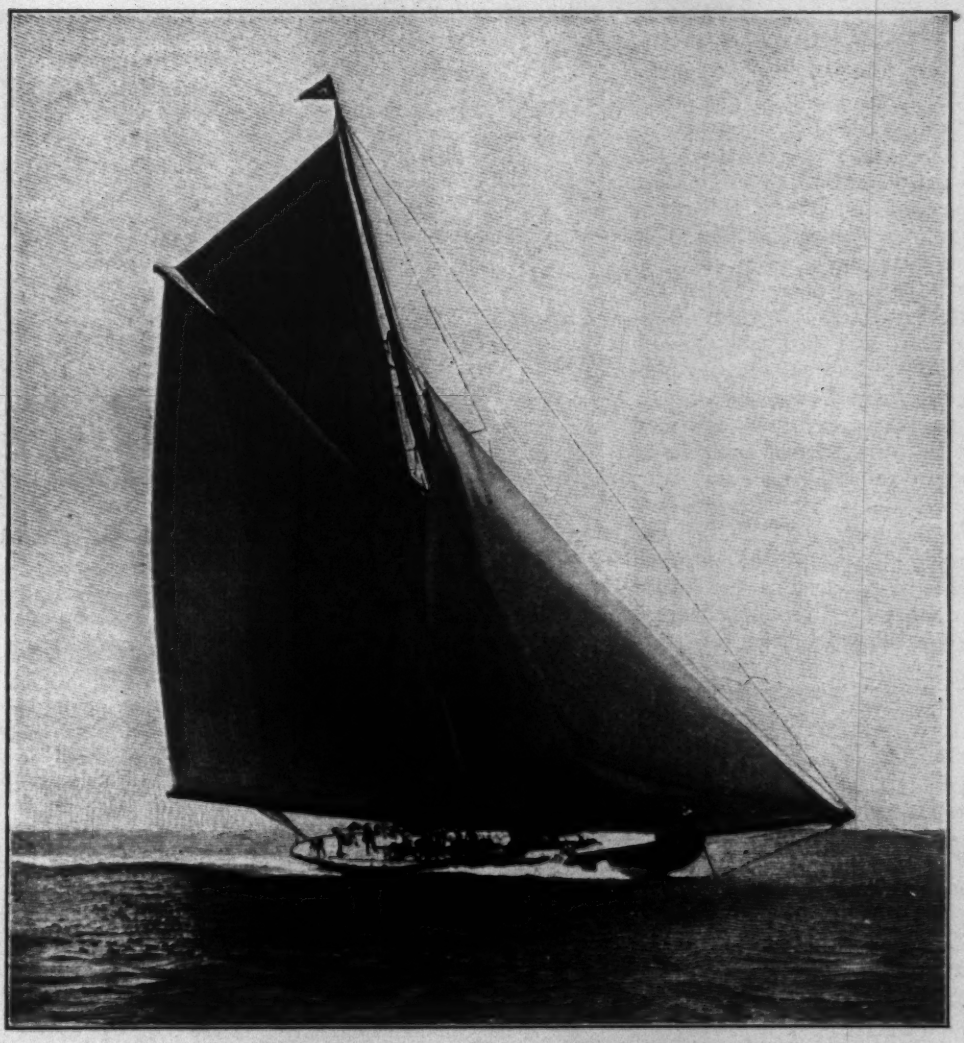
These two fine points of the racer—the light hull and the deep, heavy keel—have been made more effective in the Columbia by a wonderful economy and beauty of design.



THE COLUMBIA, THE AMERICAN YACHT THAT IS TO DEFEND THE AMERICA'S CUP, IN COMPETITION WITH THE SHAMROCK, IN THE RACES OF OCTOBER, 1899.

From a photograph by James Burton.

Her curves have the indescribable grace of the arched neck of a high-born horse. In older times, before racing was as much esteemed as it is to-day, the designer whittled his model from a block of wood and tried it according to the pleasure of his eye, and it often happened that after the vessel was finished it must perforce be pared away at this point and thickened up at that to remedy vital sailing defects. To-day yacht modeling is much more of a science. The designer knows the curve of displacement with mathematical certainty, and he can float his yacht exactly on a predetermined water-line. But the genius of a Burgess or a Herreshoff may still find play in shaping the beauty curves of the hull, for in that particular yacht designing is still an art, and always will be. One of the greatest advancements made in the development of the hull of the racing yacht—and it has come chiefly through the Herreshoffs and their first great yacht, Gloriana—has been in cutting away the bulk of the vessel under water. The hull of the Columbia, for instance, is about ninety feet long where it meets the surface of the water, whereas its total length, or "length over all," as yachtsmen say, is more than 131 feet; in other words, about forty-one feet is "overhang" at the bow and stern. Think of it! The hold of an ordinary ninety-foot merchant schooner has a storage capacity



THE SHAMROCK, THE ENGLISH YACHT THAT IS TO CONTEND FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP IN THE RACES OF OCTOBER, 1899.

From a photograph by West and Son, Southsea.

of about 100 tons; but the cutting away at bow and stern and on the sides leaves the racing yacht with hardly more of a hold than a cat-boat. The object of this marvelous "cutting away" is, primarily, to reduce the area of friction, although the "overhang" has its own special and important purpose. When the yacht is beaten over on one side during the heat of a race, the overhanging portions of the hull come in contact with the water and prevent further tipping, thereby adding greatly to the "stiffness" of the yacht. The "overhang" forward is also of great assistance in bringing up the yacht when she is plunging and ascending among high waves.

THE RIGGING AND THE IMMENSE SAILS.

So much for the hull of a great racer. The rigging and the sails are quite as wonderful. The cup-defenders of recent years have been sloop-rigged; that is, they have had a single mast. The original cup-winner, the America, was a schooner yacht, or, in sea talk, a "two-sticker." In the case of the Columbia, the mast is a mighty affair, a great steel tube, made of plates, and braced inside with angle irons, the first steel mast ever used on a cup-defender. Above it rises the topmast, sixty-four feet long, and above that the club-topsail pole; so that the highest tip of the yacht is 175 feet above the

water, thirty-five feet too high to pass under the Brooklyn Bridge and forty-four feet more than the length of the yacht. The exact location of this mighty mast, so that the center of effort of the sails will bear the proper relation to the center of lateral resistance of the hull, and the sails will be exactly balanced, is the last and most important secret which the builder has to divulge. And there is no hard and fast rule for him to follow—he must rely on the wise dictates of experience.

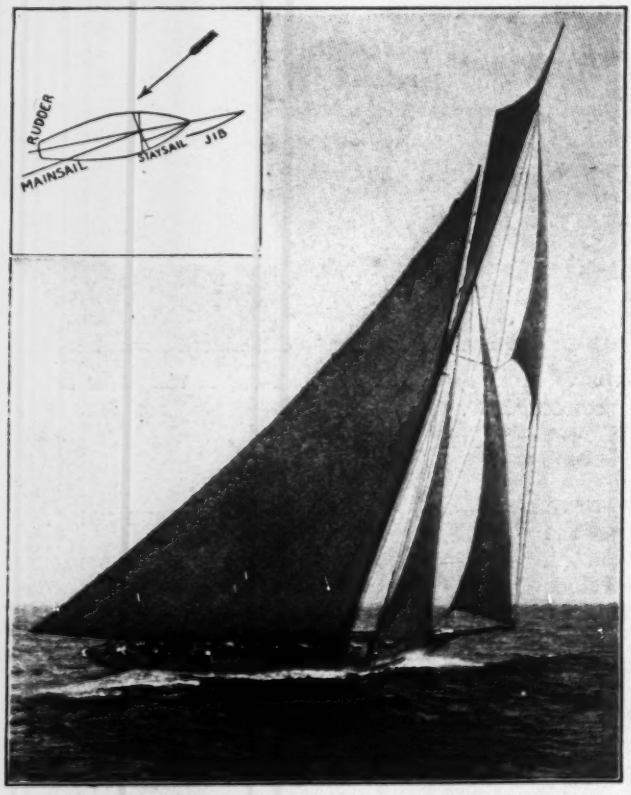
A racing yacht is provided with the very best of everything in spars and rigging—and with duplicates at that. Besides her steel mainmast, the Columbia has a noble "stick" of Oregon spruce, to be used in the event of an accident, although it weighs nearly a ton more than the steel mainmast. The yacht's rigging is largely of flexible wire rope, and even the halyards (ropes which are used to lift the sails) are of metal, with manila cords cunningly spliced to their handling ends.

CAPTAIN BARR, WHO WILL SAIL THE COLUMBIA IN HER RACE FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.

From a photograph by James Burton.

CAPTAIN HOGARTH, WHO WILL SAIL THE SHAMROCK IN HER RACE FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.

Drawn from a photograph by J. C. Hemment.

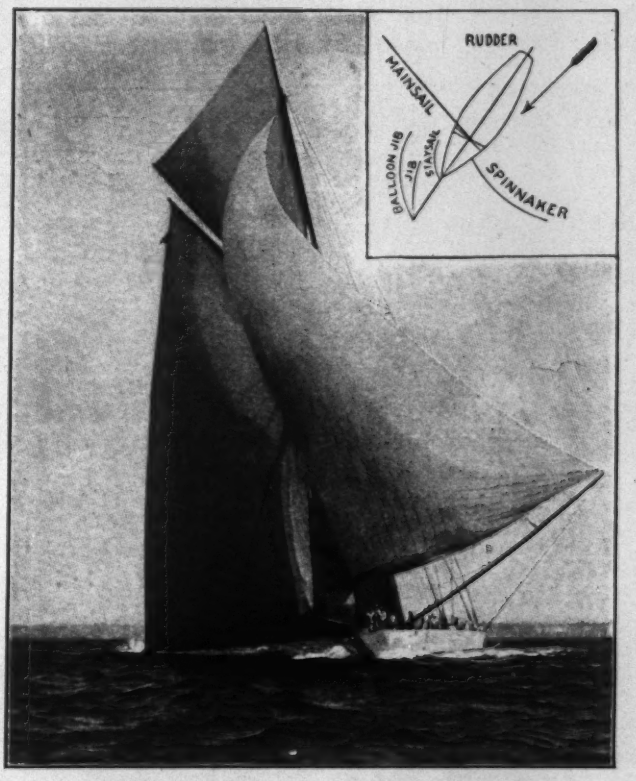


THE COLUMBIA POINTING, OR SAILING TOWARD THE WIND.

From a photograph by James Burton. In pointing, the mainsail is "close hauled"—that is, drawn in almost parallel with the yacht. The men are lying well up toward the windward side, to keep the yacht balanced. The arrow in this and the succeeding diagrams marks the direction of the wind.

It is hard to realize the immense spread of the Columbia's canvas. The steel boom which stretches the foot of her mainsail is nearly 110 feet long, exceeding by twenty feet the waterline length of the yacht herself, so that, when "close hauled"—that is, when the boom is drawn in until it is nearly parallel with the length of the boat—the tip extends far out over the water to the rear of the yacht. It has been calculated that this mighty piece of canvas—the largest sail, indeed, ever placed on a vessel of any size—would have furnished all the sails of the old America, with enough canvas left over to make several jib-topsails and a complete set of sail covers. The entire stretch of the Columbia's canvas is about 15,000 square feet, or more than a third of an acre—enough to supply a complete suit of canvas for a full-

rigged ship. All the sails, except the spinnaker and the balloon jib-topsail, are of the very finest cotton duck, costing as high as a dollar a yard. The two sails mentioned, while not of silk (according to general belief), cost almost, if not quite, as much as if they were. The material of which they are made is known as balloon cloth, or sometimes as "union silk," a fine quality of cotton fabric treated with a peculiar French preparation which makes it air-tight. Most of these sails, too, have been duplicated, so that if one is torn, another can be instantly supplied to take its place. The old Volunteer had no fewer than seven jib-topsails when she raced the Thistle. The Columbia's mainsail cost something more than $2,000; and it required ten men working twelve and one-half days to sew its long seams. The full suit of sails for the great racer cost fully $12,000, a sum quite sufficient to purchase outright a good, full-rigged cruising yacht. The making of these sails so that they will curve and catch the wind like a bird's wing, drawing perfectly and yet without wrinkling or straining the canvas, requires a degree of art and accuracy not easily appreciated without a visit, such as I made, to the lofts of the Wilsons, who have rigged many a famous racer. Indeed, the snowy cotton sails of American ships are famous the world over. Up to the time when the Genesta came cup-seeking in the eighties the English had used hempen sails exclusively. The English yachtsmen of the Genesta, wondering at the marvelous work of the American canvas, took back with them the material for a new suit of sails. Since then American cotton has been widely adopted by all grades of British ships, as well as the American system of attaching the sails to the spars —both being a curious outgrowth of the cup races.



RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND.

The yacht here shown is the Defender. In this pace the wind is straight behind. The captain's hand is light on the tiller. Two broad wings—the mainsail on the left and the spinnaker on the right—belly with the following wind. At the top spreads the triangular club-topsail, in the management of which the racing yachtsman exercises his greatest skill. Between the two wings a little jib and a forestaysail are set to catch the wind spilled from the greater sails. The crew stand about in such positions that their backs will catch the wind and so help the sails. From a photograph by Hugh O'Neill; reproduced by permission of the New York "Journal."

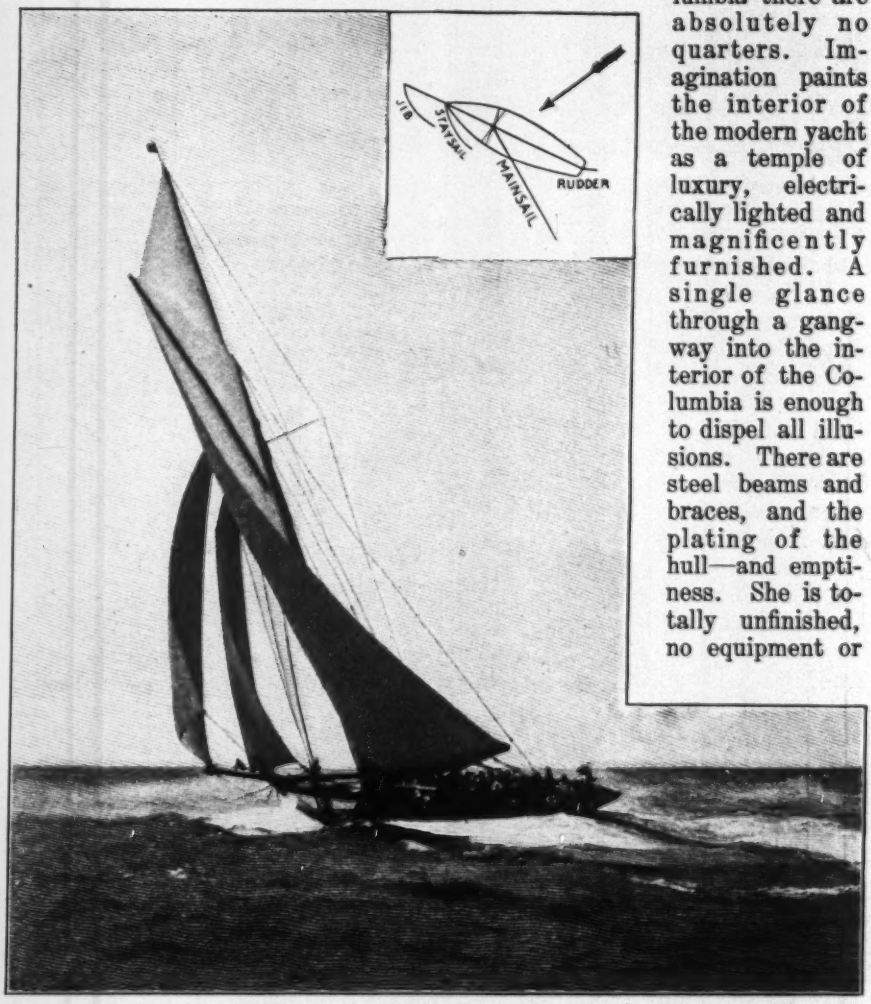
THE COST OF A RACING YACHT.

It is probable that no one outside of the builders and owners of the Columbia knows exactly what she cost. She could be constructed, so a well-known builder told me, for $80,000. But the Herreshoffs were given *carte blanche*, and the very best of everything was used in her construction, so that she probably cost, including the services of the designer, Captain "Nat" Herreshoff, fully double that sum. The cost of the Defender was about $100,000, a striking contrast with the old America, which was built for about $20,000. The famous cup-defender Puritan, built in 1885, cost about $30,000, so Mr. George Lawley, her builder, told me. It will be seen that the price of cup-defenders has gone up marvelously in fourteen years. A substantial merchant vessel of the same length of water-line as the Columbia, first class in every particular, can be built and fully rigged for $12,000 or $14,000—proof positive, if any was needed, that yacht rac-

ing, like horse racing, is an expensive pastime.

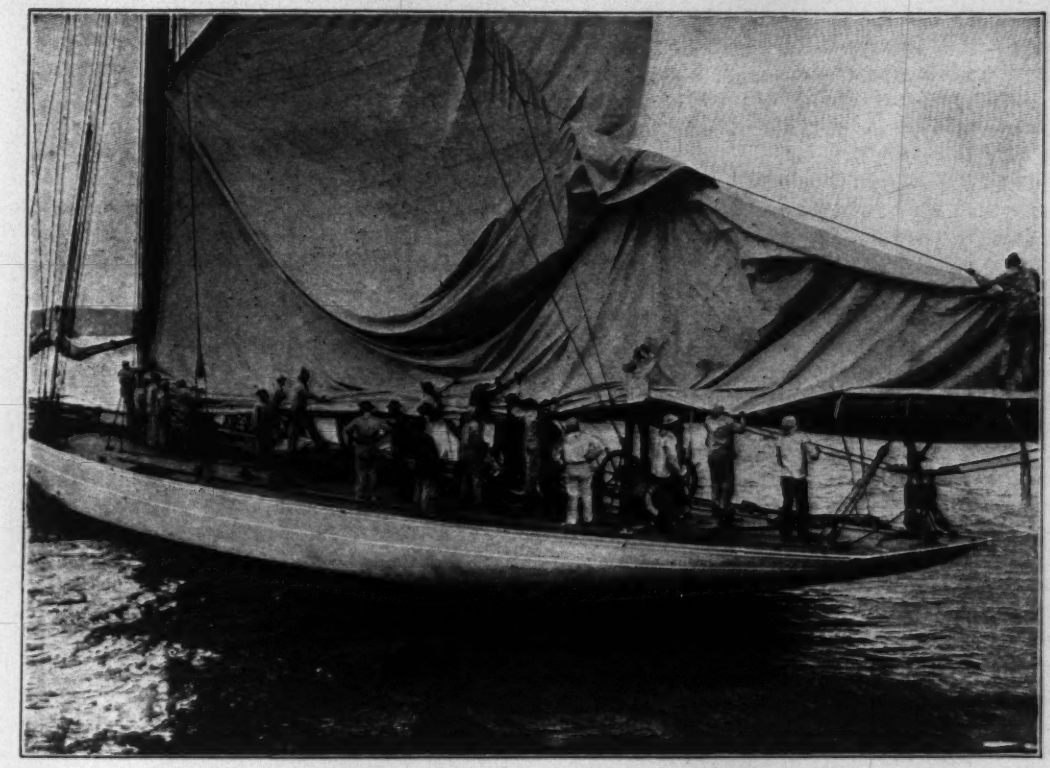
When the racer is launched and rigged and the sails properly fitted, the designer and the builder have done their utmost to win the victory. The yachtsman-owner and his skipper must now take the dainty craft in hand and sail her to victory. In each succeeding cup race more assiduous attention has been given to the selection of the crew. In 1895, when the veteran skipper, Captain Hank Haff, went to Maine to pick a crew of native-born American seamen to man the Defender, there were those who shook their heads. Americans might do, but why ship them when Scandinavians could be had? The Defender sailed to victory, and her crew made such a record for coolness and precision that the Columbia must needs draw her men from the same source. They are big, hardy, fearless fellows, these sailormen from Maine, whose fathers and grandfathers were fishers and sailors before them, and are well schooled to the rugged service of a northern coast.

More than one ninety-ton schooner has doubled the Horn with a crew of five men and the cook, but these latter-day racers require from thirty to fifty men to handle their enormous sails, enough of a crew to crowd the narrow deck until it has the appearance of an excursion boat, and enough of a weight to help appreciably in crushing down a windward beam in a squall. In order to feed and bunk these great crews, both the Columbia and the Shamrock are accompanied by big steam tenders, that of the Shamrock, the Erin, having cost $400,000. In the Columbia there are absolutely no quarters. Imagination paints the interior of the modern yacht as a temple of luxury, electrically lighted and magnificently furnished. A single glance through a gangway into the interior of the Columbia is enough to dispel all illusions. There are steel beams and braces, and the plating of the hull—and emptiness. She is totally unfinished, no equipment or



REACHING.

The yacht shown is the Vigilant. In reaching, the wind is on the yacht's beam or side, and were it not for the deep keel, with its heavy load of lead, she might be blown flat. The "sheets" (the ropes that control the boom) are "started," or let out until the mainsail makes a sharp angle with the boat. The rudder, if moved at all, is set a little to leeward, to keep the yacht well up to the wind. In the present instance the racing top (the big light club-topsail), owing to the evident force of the wind, is not in use; but the working topsail, which is much smaller and stronger, the forestaysail, and jib are all spread. The jib-topsail, which is often used to advantage, is not out; but the two men forward may be getting it ready. The crew lies up to windward and well to the stern of the yacht, in order to aid by their weight in keeping the vessel upright and with her nose well lifted to meet the waves. From a photograph by West and Son, Southsea.



HAULING IN THE MAINSAIL—A SCENE ABOARD THE DEFENDER.

From a photograph by J. C. Hemment.

furnishing being added for fear of increasing the weight and thereby reducing speed.

Racing yachts, like racing horses, have three principal paces. A horse specializes—he is a good trotter, a good runner, or a good pacer, according to his training—but a yacht is expected to be almost equally proficient in all of her paces. The chief of these, and it is unquestionably the finest of all developments in yacht racing, is called "pointing;" which expresses the ability of a yacht for sailing in the direction from which the wind is blowing. All sailing craft, when the wind is dead ahead of them, are compelled to tack back and forth, and the vessel that can make its course with the fewest tacks—that is, sail straightest toward the wind—will necessarily win the race. The Columbia will point her bowsprit well within four points, or forty-five degrees, of the wind, closer, perhaps, than any American ship ever before was able to sail. In pointing, the sheets (the ropes which let out or pull in the boom and control the mainsail) are hauled in close, so that the boom is almost parallel with the length of the yacht; and if the wind is strong, the racer often lies over until her lee rails (the side of the yacht away from the wind) are awash, and the men lie up to windward flat on their sides, like rows of dried herring. A yacht in this trim is said to be "close hauled."

The next most important pace of the yacht is called "reaching," in which she is said to be sailing with "started sheets." That is, her boom is allowed to swing a little outboard, at an acute angle with the length of the yacht, so that the mainsail catches a good deal of the breeze. In reaching, the wind is on one side, or beam, of the yacht, or just abaft the beam, that is, toward the stern.

The third pace of the racer is called "running," in which the wind is blowing directly behind the yacht. In this case the sheets are "eased away," or let out until the mainsail stands at a broad angle with the length of the boat. It is in running before the wind that the yachtsman "breaks out" or spreads his spinnaker, the spinnaker being an exceedingly important racing sail, which is set by means of a removable boom, just opposite and balancing the mainsail. It is an enormous sail of light balloon cloth. A good yacht's crew can put up the spinnaker boom

and break out the great sail within five minutes. It is always the occasion of great activity and apparent excitement aboard ship, and he is a wise skipper who knows just the proper moment to put up his spinnaker and to take it in again.

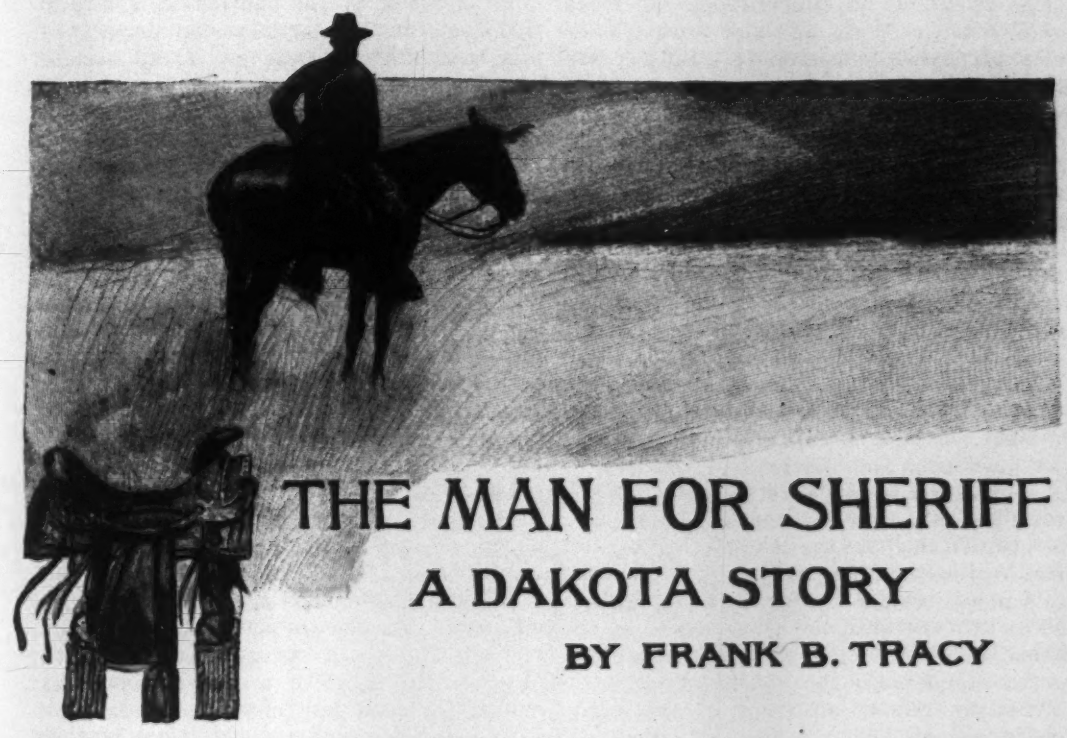
A landlubber is quite likely to think that a yacht makes its best speed when running before the wind—that is, when the wind is exactly on its stern—but that is not the case. The Columbia, for instance, can make more speed by several miles an hour when reaching than when running before the wind. The reason for this is very simple. With the wind astern, only her mainsail and spinnaker, with possibly a topsail and one forward sail, are filled and drawing, whereas while she is reaching she spreads her full canvas—mainsail, topsail, forestaysail, jib, and jib-topsail, and often an enormous balloon jib-topsail, provided the wind is not too heavy. A racer will sometimes make as high as fourteen knots an hour while reaching. It would take a 300-horse-power engine, burning 750 pounds of coal an hour, to drive a steam vessel of the size of the Columbia at such a speed.

There are several important sails used on a racing yacht which do not appear on an ordinary cruiser. The typical sloop rig consists of a big mainsail, a forestaysail, a jib, a topsail, and two or three sizes, perhaps, of jib-topsails. In addition to this full complement of canvas, the racer has a spinnaker, a balloon jib-topsail, and a club-topsail. I have already explained the use of the spinnaker for running before the wind. The balloon jib-topsail, which is an enormous sail made of soft light cloth, is spread at the extreme bow of the boat when the wind is light. It will often drive a great racer at considerable speed when there is apparently not a breath of air. The club-topsail is a great, light, triangular sail which occupies the place of the ordinary topsail, but spreads far above and beyond it. In the Columbia, the "sprit," or the longer of the two club-topsail poles on which the club-topsail is spread, is fifty-eight feet in length. This enormous sail is only used to catch light winds, and the skipper must keep a sharp lookout for squalls, else he may have his racing top blown entirely away.

In all yacht races the courses are so arranged as to give the yachts the greatest possible variety of sailing weather. For instance, in the coming races between the Columbia and the Shamrock off Sandy Hook, one course will be a straight-away run of fifteen miles and return. If the wind follows on the run out, it will probably be a head wind during the run home; so that the yachts will be matched under two exactly opposite sets of conditions. The other races will be sailed over a triangular course, ten miles on a side, or "leg," so that the yachts can be tried in all of their paces.

As in a horse race, perhaps the most important feature of a yacht race is what is called "jockeying for a start." Just as that rider who is successful in getting the pole is regarded as the most accomplished jockey, so the skipper who succeeds in driving his boat closest into the wind, and crossing the line exactly on time to the windward of his rivals, is likely to get a long advantage, at least on the first leg of the course; for, being to the windward, he cuts off, or blankets, the other yachts from the wind with his own huge sails, and it is not until he has passed entirely beyond them that they can really enter the race at all. This effort to get to windward and not to cross the starting-line until the exact moment of the firing of the gun, causes a degree of excitement hardly less acute than that of the finish itself.

When the races are over, the day of the racers themselves is done. The Columbia, for instance, has been built for the express purpose of developing a speed sufficient to beat the Shamrock on a particular occasion. When that occasion is past, her value to a large extent has passed with it. Her owners will do well if they can sell her for $25,000. The Vigilant, which is said to have cost upward of $100,000, was sold, after she defeated Valkyrie II., to George J. Gould for $27,000; but she was better fitted for general service, perhaps, than the Columbia. The America, although rebuilt, still possesses the racing blood which made her famous. She has had a most remarkable history. After her famous race around the Isle of Wight, she attracted such wide interest among British yachtsmen that she was purchased by Lord de Blaquière, and raced in English waters with much success. During the Civil War she was employed as a despatch-boat and blockade-runner by the Confederate Government, a service for which her swiftness eminently fitted her. She was sunk for some time in St. John's River, being afterward raised and refitted by the Federal Government, man-o'-war fashion, as a practice vessel for the cadets of the Naval Academy. Only last year she beat the Puritan in a lively sailing race in the schooner class, and she stands out to-day, as she did in 1851, as a splendid example of American shipbuilding.



THE MAN FOR SHERIFF

A DAKOTA STORY

BY FRANK B. TRACY

IT was autumn in North Dakota. The sun shone bright and warm, and the sky was its own bluest blue, a tint which many a traveler in foreign lands has said is the deepest and most vivid on which man gazes. There were sudden and chill whiffs of wind, now from the north and now from the south, to warn all that winter was not far away. Hudson, the county seat, was that day alive with all the bustle and stir of the one busy season of the year. Yonder, where the dust clouds rose, you could be sure was a train of teams and wagons, hauling great loads of wheat to market. Long lines of cars stood on the railway side-tracks, and the *hoosh* of the giant scoops, as they threw the grain from wagon into car, was heard all day and far into the night. In fields within sight of the town you could see thresher crews, and the buzz of the separator and the shrill toot of the engines told of the magical transformation of masses of broken weeds into the greatest commodity in the world.

But Hudson was unusually agitated that day. There was something plainly out of the ordinary in progress. That something was the Republican county convention, which had just assembled in Plain's Hall. Plain's Hall was not at this time exactly fitted up for convention purposes. It formed the second story of the Senator's machinery warehouse, and would not be finished for about one month. It was to be the first real "opera-house" in the county, and promised to be more than fine enough for Hudson; but at present the entire south end was open; no window-sashes were in place; no platform had been built; shavings were strewn along the north side of the room, and a carpenter's bench served for seats for some of the spectators, while the delegates to the convention sat in chairs borrowed from the hotel and the Methodist church. Jim McDowall, "from Bruce County," was in the chair, and his stentorian tones and the resounding whacks of his cane on the table quite drowned the ring of the hammer which was nailing on the siding just behind him.

A Republican county convention in that county was a serious, if not a solemn, affair. There was no applause or levity, and matters went on in a halting, painful fashion, as if the convention were ashamed of itself. It was indeed ludicrous that the Republicans of that county always took so much time to deliberate on their choice of standard-bearers, for ever since the county had been organized they had not been able to elect even one of their nominees. This year, however, the convention seemed to have somewhat of excite-

ment attending its deliberations—as much excitement, at least, as those prosaic folks ever permitted themselves to indulge. One after another of the nominations was made with the utmost serenity and decorous acquiescence; but when Chairman McDowall, with his best Scotch tones, the burr of which had not been eliminated after thirty years in Ontario and fifteen in Dakota, announced, in his own impressive way, "Yur nomonations for thu office of shuriff are now in order," a still deeper silence fell upon the gathering, a sure sign in that clime of intense public interest. Then Walter McDougall, red-faced, gray-haired, and huge of frame, arose, and after clearing his throat, said, in an apologetic tone, "Weel, Meester Chairman, U'll nominate Mr. Cushman, Ned Cushman, fur shuriff."

At once Mike McGauvran leaped to his feet, and said, "I'll second the nominate, Mr. Chairman," and the delegates sat aghast. Had Walter and Mike made it up? Was the millennium in sight? For the past ten years these two worthies, the one Scotch and the other Irish, had fought one another, and had carried their battle into almost every public and many private activities of the whole county.

"Do I hear ony more nomonations? Eef note, U'll duclare thu nomonations closed. All in favor of Ned Cooshman fer shuriff wull say, Aye; them opposed, Nay. 'S uh vote, and Mr. Cooshman is yor nomonee fer shuriff."

Was that a cheer? It really sounded like it. At any rate, there was hand-clapping and feet-stamping and scattered cries of "Speech," which surprised no one so much as the delegates themselves. This great crisis brought the chairman to his feet, and, gazing steadily toward the back of the hall, with the utmost gravity and solemnity, and with dictatorial emphasis, he declared, "Uh speech is called fer, Mr. Cooshman."

In the direction of his gaze sat a young man whom few would pass in Fifth Avenue or Copley Square without a second glance. His tall, athletic form showed strength in its every line, and the keen, bright eye was full of life and fire. The face was now of a swarthy hue, thanks to the work of the North Dakota sun on a skin whose delicate texture, previous to the past five years, had not known a greater exposure than that found in the White Mountains or at Nahant. He was just now biting his lips with vexation; but after a moment's pause, he rose quickly, and stepping to the side of the chairman, spoke in quiet, clear tones:

"Gentlemen of the convention, I have to thank you for the heartiness and sincerity of this nomination. There are many reasons why I should not accept it; but as I have urged others in the past years to accept when there were few chances for victory, I feel that I cannot with decency refuse.

"I am very glad to see such harmony prevailing to-day, and I hope it will continue throughout the entire campaign. I feel that any one who engenders strife in this party is its worst enemy. The conditions within our party in this county have been most disgusting and disgraceful. I am a member of no faction, and despise this factional strife. If I should be elected, I pledge myself to recognize no portion or clique of my party, nor will there be any partisanship in the distribution of the favors which I may be able to give out. In fact, it is my opinion that county officers should be elected on a non-partisan basis.

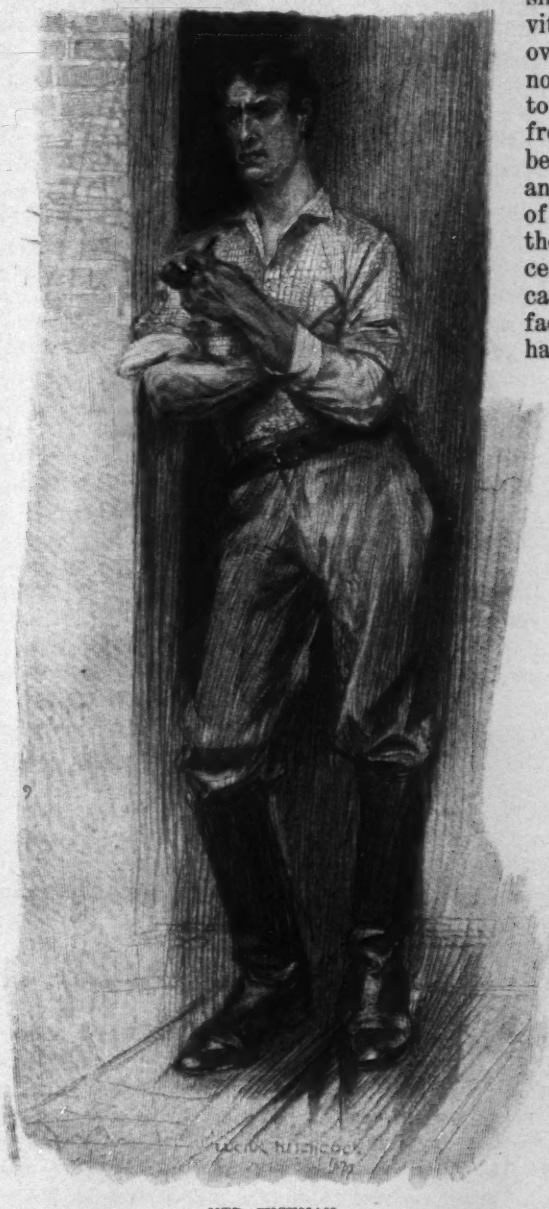
"There is no doubt that there ought to be a change in the office of sheriff of this county, and conditions and circumstances are such that nothing short of a complete weeding out of the men and influences which have made this office such a stench in the nostrils of the people of this county will suffice. We ought to have a clean sweep of the offices, and to that end we seek the aid and support of all fair-minded and honest voters. So far as my acts in this campaign, and afterward, are concerned, I hope to merit the approbation of this party and this convention, which represents, I am sure, the best sentiment of the county."

This speech was applauded by the delegates; but there was a frightened expression on their faces on account of the blunt reference to the factional differences. "And yet," they all mused as they rode home that night, "he told the truth. These two factional leaders have kept the party and the whole county rent with quarrels, and neighbors are at deadly enmity simply because of an old fight, the origin of which no one remembers. It is a shame, no doubt of that."

It had long been a puzzle to the good people of the county and town why Ned Cushman came there. It was a favorite saying that no one came there who was not poor or who had not made a failure in all other places; and when one, more bold than the rest, hinted this to Cushman, he laughed and replied, "Well, put me down in both classes."

Sensitiveness had driven Cushman from Boston to Dakota. The death of his parents

when he was just entering the high school had left the care of the family estate to an old friend of his father's. This man became involved in the witchery of speculation. The result was the usual one, and the crash revealed to Ned, then in the midst of his senior year at Harvard, that he must work for a living. After commencement he began to search for employment, and soon found out the limitations of his acquaintance and the impotency of his education. But the family name at last became an open sesame to one firm, and a fairly remunerative position was offered to him. There was nothing false, unhealthy, or morbid about his views on the changed conditions, and he accepted his lot with thanksgiving and without grumbling. He was willing to grub it, he told himself, and his intelligence and industry were obtaining adequate recognition when an incident occurred which changed his life's plans.



NED CUSHMAN.

There was a beautiful home, just one block from his own, which was more like a salon than any other in Boston. The receptions held there were Ned's delight. His mother and father had liked to see Ned go there, for the Winslows were "of the old families," and were entirely cordial and friendly. But one Sunday morning his eyes chanced to stray to the "Herald's" society columns, and he read an account of the first evening of the season at Mrs. Winslow's. This fact struck him as odd, and he mused, "That is queer; I must have forgotten about it." Then his brows contracted, and the thought came to him, "Can it be possible that I was not invited?" But a search over his letters revealed no such card. He tried to banish the matter from his mind, and to believe that it had been an oversight or a fault of the mails. But when the second and third reception of the season came, he was forced to face the fact that he had been ignored deliberately. He began to notice other things, trivial in themselves, but significant. The boys at the club were not as cordial as they had once been; the girls with whom he had boated, danced, and played tennis for years seemed distant when he met them on the street or in the foyer; and some fellows, distinctly beneath him in the old social scale, and who had been very respectful to him while he was wealthy, now greeted him with disgusting familiarity in the lunch-rooms which he was compelled to frequent. The combination of these trifling slights was too much for Cushman. Guiltless and wholly pure as he knew himself to be, the position in which he was placed made him feel as if he had committed some crime and had been ostracized for it. "Try as hard as I am able, I can never regain the place which I have lost by suddenly becoming poor," he mourned.

"And I certainly do not want to regain any position of prominence in such a cursedly venal atmosphere as this. I am going to get out of it. I shall go West, and begin all over again," he cried to himself in a burst of rage and with a new determination. For while he was willing to admit that his action looked cowardly, he felt that in the West he might become a self-reliant and independent man, something he now knew was impossible for him in Boston.

Much speculation was made at the club when his departure became known; but in a few weeks his old acquaintances ceased to wonder, and he was never mentioned except annually, when it was seen that he had kept his name on the rolls of the club. "Just for father's sake," he told himself; "he would not like to see the old name left off that list, and I'll keep it there."

"WEBSTER, THE 'BROKER,' AS HE CALLED HIMSELF."

The struggle which Ned Cushman underwent in conquering the soil and the ways of Dakota was a long, piteous, and cruel one; but the victory was very sweet. The work was hard and terribly monotonous, and the heart-sickness at times seemed intolerable. But, little by little, the prairie land lost all the sense of flatness which appalled his soul at the beginning, and it at last became even beautiful and inspiring. As it stretched away for miles on all sides, without the rise or fall of a foot, it seemed to him as placid, as restful, and as soul-calming as the sea. It had no jagged points, no sublime contrasts; but it gave to him the sense of equality upon which his bitter experience in the East had made him fiercely insistent. And as he stood in the door of his shack at night, and saw in all directions the gleam of far-separated lights, each exposing a homesteader's cabin, his heart was touched with the vastness, the freedom, the glorious room and opportunity which the scene revealed. He saw far and deep into the hearts and lives of the people who had come from over the whole world to secure a bit of the free land of Dakota. He had long since ceased to be amused at the uncouth garments, the stolid gaze, and the odd language. The apparently monotonous aim and barren souls were vivid in their heart-purpose and ideals to his keen and sympathetic view. The political bickerings, the clannish prejudices, the ceaseless squabbling over mortgages, interest, taxes, and land contests—all were to him only thin veils which could not hide from his vision the earnest love for family and pride in its support, the passion for the free home, the aspiration for independent living and thinking, the quick sympathy for distress, and the dogged, perhaps unreasonable, but ever-constant, hope and faith in a life beyond. He saw all these, and the people knew that he saw them, and their hearts went out to him silently in a great love and utter trust.

And now he was "running for office." He was going to make commercial and political use of the love felt for him, in order to ride into a public position? No one dared to charge it against him. His aim was as pure as if he had been consecrated to his work. He had learned that the office of sheriff in the Northwest is one of almost limitless power, and can be used for great oppression and extortion. The present sheriff had fairly roused the county by his exasperating fees and terrible greed. He had seized grain as it came out of the hopper, and whisked it away from the despairing farmer's eyes because of some insignificant, perhaps baseless, claim, at the order of some heartless creditor or swindler, and his reëlection was impossible. Cushman

knew that his party might blindly take up as bad and unfit a man as the present sheriff, and he was glad to answer "Yes" when the call came to him.

But there was another reason for his decision, and it was powerful, although he would not acknowledge that it had existence. This young scion of Beacon Hill, whose youth had been passed in the society of beautiful, charming, and intellectual girls, but who had never felt in their presence more than a momentary thrill, was now plainly touched by a young woman, recently transplanted to North Dakota from Iowa. Among the stories which flitted across the prairie to account for Cushman's presence in that new country was one that he had been crossed in love and had fled thither to hide the wound; and he had laughed cynically and loudly when this story came to his ears. But since Mary Somers had come into the county to keep house for her brother, and "preserve him from a state of savagery," as she laughingly said, Ned had certainly experienced a new sensation.

There was nothing remarkable about Mary Somers in the eyes of the residents of her native village. She was a lady, they knew that. She was studious and modest and happy, but she had entered very little into the life of the village, because she loved her home and books too much. But when all the trammels of old surroundings and the restraints and familiarities of her village life fell away by her removal to Dakota, and she came face to face with an earnest, eager, and strong soul, she expanded like a rose to the sun. There was thus revealed a sweetness of being, a freshness and breadth of view upon the great questions of life, just beginning to unfold themselves to her, that quite puzzled and delighted Ned Cushman.

It would be difficult to recognize a sharper contrast than that between brother and sister. The father had been a merry Englishman, who had left the army to bury himself in the little Iowa town, where he soon died, leaving a helpless and hopeless widow and the two children to the mercy of the world. As often happens in families, all the sunshine of the twain had shone into the life of the girl, while all the shadow had fallen upon the path of the boy. She was her father's daughter, he was his mother's son. His view was narrow and suspicious, he was full of misgivings and doubts, and he was dubbed by many older than he, "Old Calamity."

It was very pleasant for Ned to meet and chat with Mary Somers. She had expected to be graduated the next year from Springville Academy, and was now bent on completing her course with her class. He had offered, at first patronizingly, to help her in her Latin translation, and soon became very much interested and eager in the work. The

"'BUT HE DIDN'T DENY IT, HE DIDN'T DENY IT.'"

really keen insight into meanings, and the unvarying search for all information possible to thoroughly illumine the text, first attracted Cushman. Later, her bright comments and the happy awakening which comes to the budding brain were to him most fascinating, and he would often find himself smiling at some recollection of a bright phrase or sally, while he was following the threshers or drilling in the wheat. One picture, especially, became a part of his memory. It was the day her eyes were opened to the avarice of men thirsty for money by whatever means, a sight of social misery so common and yet so revolting. He could never forget the look of anguish which she wore that evening when he met her. She scarcely asked him to be seated, in her intense interest in this new phenomenon, but exclaimed, "Did you hear about John O'Neill and his family—turned out to starve?"

"Yes," he replied quietly, "I knew it was coming. Two years ago I warned Jack to beware of Webster. But he was land-insane; he had been seized with the earth-hunger which takes hold of so many newcomers in this country, and he kept on buying, here a quarter and there an eighty, until he was carrying a fearful load. The dry spring cut down the yield, and the hail cleaned him out."

"But," she cried, almost as if she were in pain, "do you justify Webster, and can't we do anything to help O'Neill?"

"No," he answered, as quietly as before, "I do not justify Webster; but he has a right to his pound of flesh, and our laws have no interpreter like Portia to wrest it from him. His acts are strictly legal, according to the terms of the miserable mortgage which O'Neill was a fool to sign. So far as doing anything for him is concerned, I have told Grey & Co. to let him have what he wants for the present, and he and his family will stay in my old shack, which I don't need just now, until he can get a better place. Some day, I hope, such men as Webster will not be tolerated in this community. By the way, I don't mind telling you that I haven't spoken to that man since the St. Clair foreclosure, which took place about a year ago, very similar to the O'Neill case, except that Mrs. St. Clair is a widow with three children."

"Oh, thank you!" she cried, while her eyes shone with an almost fond light. "I am so glad to know that you treat Webster as he deserves. And it was so kind of you to let the O'Neills use your old house. Few would have been so considerate and generous."

These words kept ringing in Cushman's ears as he walked through the fields, and there were other light and delicate utterances, nothing in phraseology, perhaps, but made vivid and intense with the impulse of the heart and soul of the true woman whose lips framed them. His experiences with women had been limited, although, like many another city-bred young man, he would have laughed at the suggestion. He had known many girls and women, but they were grouped into two classes, those whom he met at the symphony, drawing-room, and sea-shore, either vain, frivolous, and vacuous, or severely intellectual and conventional. Since he had come to Dakota the hard-featured and practical matron of the prairie had constituted the third class. Mary Somers, indeed, was a new type to him, and, consequently, dangerous. He learned of his peril by degrees, but would not believe that it was really imminent. To surely ward it off he was now entering upon this political experience, with its excitement and new trend of thought, which, as he bravely told himself, would certainly cure him of the "foolishness."

When next he visited the Somers home, he told Mary gaily that he had gone into politics, hiding, quite characteristically, all humane and righteous motives for his action.

"Yes, so William said," she observed in a quiet way. "You know he is a Democrat."

As thoroughly accustomed as Cushman was to her blunt and unconventional remarks, he could not help thinking this a very odd method of congratulation, to say the least. But he made no sign, simply observing: "Oh, yes, so he is; but we shall have no quarrel on that account. You know, I must conciliate a good many Democrats to be elected."

"So William says," was again her reply, in the same tone. This was quite annoying, and Cushman soon felt that his call was a failure. Mary was evidently abstracted, and he left the cottage in a very wondering and uncomfortable spirit.

Consternation came upon the Democrats as the result of Cushman's nomination. Their convention was called for a week after the Republican convention, and when the leaders came together for conference, it was plain that they were worried and almost desperate. Several of the members of the gang had aspirations for the nomination for sheriff, but they were brutally waved aside by the chairman of the county committee with a sneer. "None of you fellers can make it again' Ned Cushman, specially after the raw

"THE HORSE SNORTED AND SQUEALED AS THE FIRE RAN UP THE CREATURE'S LEGS."

deal Barnes has give the people." The special danger was that the voters would disregard party and vote for the honest man, when it came to sheriff, an office which, with its high fees and rich "plums," the party could not afford to lose. So the managers determined on the step always undertaken by rogues in such cases. They decided to put up the most nearly faultless man they could find for the position of sheriff, in order that behind his cloak of purity the hideous sins of the bosses and their party might be hidden.

When the chairman announced nominations for the office of sheriff in order, excitement began in all parts of the hall, and it was increased when Webster, the "broker," as he called himself, arose. There was a sneer on his face and a malignant gleam in his eye when he began:

"Gentlemen of the convention, the minority party in this county has placed in nomination for the important office of sheriff of this county a dainty young fellow from the far East—Bosting, I think they call it there; and some of his party say they're going to elect this high-toned chap to that office. They're going to come around to some of us here, wantin' our support for him, for they know he can't be elected except by Democratic votes. And we all know well enough that, if he should happen to get elected, every last one of them fellows would be howlin' around how the Republicans carried this county!"

At this point there was a stir of applause which vastly encouraged the orator, and he proceeded with increased energy and enthusiasm, concluding in this way:

"The minority party in this county always talks as if it had hogged all the virtue in the whole county; that's their style. They are braggin' around here that this young dandy is so far ahead and above anybody that we can nominate that he will surely be elected. Gentlemen, I am going to place in nomination for the position of sheriff a man whose name and face are known to you all and who needs no praises from me. He is an honest man, a man of the best character and reputation, and a hard worker, like all the rest of us, although he don't claim to have a college education and don't part his hair in the middle. He will do the levies right, and will give us all square treatment. The man whom I nominate to thrash the ground with this young dude from the East is our honored and es-

"A SOFT HAND EXTENDED FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COUCH, AND LAID ITSELF UPON HIS BROW."

teemed pioneer of White Oak township, William H. Somers."

The speaker had so played upon the sensibilities and the prejudices of his audience, as well as excited their curiosity, that it was a burst of real applause, led, of course, by the claqueurs, which arose as he finished. The nomination was at once seconded, and carried unanimously. It was a great surprise. Somers had not been at all prominent in politics, and had never attended any of the county conventions. In spite of this fact, however, he was a bitter partisan, and was not free from ambition. He had been approached by some of the leaders just previous to Cushman's last visit to his sister, and although he had given them no definite answer at the time, his narrow, suspicious soul and his party bias, being cultivated to a high point, had induced him to make the race.

Campaigning for county office in North Dakota is *sui generis*. Of speech-making there is none, of hand-shaking there is much. National and State issues are of little avail. The matter is largely individual. Ned Cushman made a most careful and painstaking canvass over a region larger than the State of Rhode Island and very much more difficult to traverse. His German and French helped him greatly (although his French was very unlike the *patois* of the "Breeds"), and he humorously wrote to his aunt that for the first time in his life his college education was of benefit to him. He found in a few days that campaigning had its light and pleasing phases. He made no false basis of acquaintance with the people. Many of them had heard of his kind and generous actions, as in the case of the O'Neill family, and their hearts warmed to this young man, who really seemed to have a pure aim and who wished to help those who needed help. The factional strife melted away under the pressure of Cushman's candidacy. He found himself saying airy nothings with as much grace and with much less strain on his conscience than in a ball-room, and his driver declared on the third day out that Ned was a born campaigner. He did not fail to meet angry and hostile people, of course, but he remained cool, and left them with much less resentment.

On the other hand, Somers elicited little sympathy, and lost votes. In some places he assumed a familiarity which was plainly forced and which disgusted the most obtuse. In other places he was his true self, cold and haughty, and this damaged his cause. Toward the latter part of the campaign, the county chairman became frightened, and went with him on all his trips, endeavoring to help him and turn back the tide which had plainly set in toward Cushman. Even Somers's virtues were telling against him. "By thunder!" growled the chairman to the secretary, after a long ride with Somers, "I believe Jack Delano, with all his drunkenness, would have run better."

One evening Somers was returning home in a very ugly frame of mind. He had just paid a second visit to a strong Democratic township, and found the Cushman sentiment stronger than on his previous visit. He had also heard some stories which some of Cushman's "fool friends" were circulating in regard to Somers, and they angered him greatly. No man becomes so indignant when criticised or gossiped about as the suspicious man. These stories were rushing through Somers's mind, and he was also experiencing chagrin at the knowledge of Cushman's growing popularity, when, as he neared his house, he saw Cushman's horse tied to the block in front.

Cushman had seen no reason for discontinuing his visits to Mary Somers simply because her brother was his opponent for a county office. He came seldom, but occasionally a portion of Sunday was spent in the little house. She greeted him with a little embarrassment at first, and at times acted with singular constraint; but Cushman affected to see nothing, and appeared to assume that there could be no change in their relations. To-day the conversation was progressing in the old free and delightful way when William burst through the door. Ned at once arose, and started to shake hands with him; but Somers refused to see the motion, and cried roughly: "You here again? I didn't think you'd have the face to come here after the way you've done me dirt. I'd much prefer your room, and I guess Mary would, too."

"I beg your pardon, sir," instantly replied Ned, with perfect calm, but with a slight flush on his cheek. "I shall leave this house if my presence offends either of you; but I have 'done you no dirt.' If any one has been slandering you, it has not had my consent."

"Then it wasn't you, hey, that started that story in Montrose Township that I swindled George Jones in the division of grain last month, when we shipped together, by pretending that the load was No. 2 when it was No. 1—and now he's gone off to Canada, and I can't reach him to get him to deny it?" sneered Somers.

"I know nothing of such a story, and if I

hear it, I shall take pains to deny it. I take little interest in the stories which I hear about myself. Some of them are, I admit, annoying; but they are nearly all so plainly false that I think they do me no harm; and, I presume, that has been your experience. You will notice, however, that the conduct of the 'Republican' toward you has changed, and I am glad to say that I brought about the change."

"Oh, yes, I know that. You knew its course was doing you more harm than good, and that was the reason you choked Jones off, I'm told. I guess I can see through your game," and he leered into Ned's face. Then he burst out: "What are you doin' here, keeping company with my sister, when everybody knows you've got a girl in Boston and get regular letters from her?"

"Oh, William!" cried Mary, and she rushed upon him, and too late placed her fingers upon his lips, receiving in reward a push that almost threw her off her feet.

Ned could have struck Somers down for this act, but refrained. So the clerk of the post-office, he reflected, had been gossiping about the weekly letters that his aunt in Milton insisted on sending to him; and he smiled a little, but the smile quickly passed from his face, and he replied: "Really, Mr. Somers, this has gone too far. I see that, as you stated at the beginning, my presence here is unwelcome, and I shall not bother you any longer," and he glanced at Mary, who stood with face averted and bosom heaving with emotion.

"Then you don't deny that you have a girl back East?" demanded Somers.

Was it only imagination, or did he not see Mary's face take on an eager look and turn just a trifle toward him, while her breath seemed to suddenly stop, as if she waited for his answer? But he scorned to look again, and replied proudly: "I deny nothing, and must decline to pay any attention to such insolence. Good-evening, Miss Somers; good-evening, sir," and left the house.

Mary turned away with a great sob, and passed quickly to her room, flinging herself upon the bed.

"How dared William say what he did, and how beautifully Mr. Cushman acted!" she moaned. "But he didn't deny it, he didn't deny it; and I'm sure it is true. And I've gone on thinking that perhaps he cared for me. He's just been playing with me—no, he hasn't—he never said a word to me that was anything more than kind and helpful, and I— Oh, what a fool I have been! How miserable I am! Why did I ever come here? I wish I could die!"

William sat in the other room, and stared into the fire with gloomy face. He had made himself and two other persons miserable, and he could not see that he had gained anything. He tried several times to go in and console his sister as she lay sobbing in the little bedroom, but at length went out, and rode back to town to consult with the committee.

As for Ned, he was livid with rage, tempered with a sort of excited happiness. "Does she care? Was that manifestation a kind of jealousy? Did that change of features mean anything? Does she care? And if she does care, what is that to me?" And so on he ran. He could not rid himself of the picture of Mary standing in the house with that odd expression on her face. It bothered him that night, and the next day he was so abstracted in his canvass that his driver was perplexed, and he made little headway.

Election day dawned with a clear sky, and both sides were rushing to "get out the vote." Two of Ned's colleagues on the ticket had plucked up courage, and hoped to win, and this feature made the fight all the more interesting. On the day before, the Democrats had suddenly begun to boast of the ease with which Cushman would be defeated, and had accepted some of the bets which Republicans had been vainly offering since the opening of the campaign. This fact caused a feeling of apprehension among Cushman's friends, and they soon found that the Democratic chairman had secured a good sum of money from the State committee by pretending that the legislative ticket was in danger, and had placed it to be used against Cushman. When he learned this fact, Ned smiled, and said with energy: "All right, we'll be ready for them, if that's their game. Have all our men notified to be on the lookout for that money, and if any of it is offered, we'll have some of those fellows in the Bismarck 'pen' before the snow is off the ground."

This declaration alarmed the Democratic leaders, and they were very cautious. Ned was not sanguine of winning; he knew too much of the uncertainties of politics, and he was not satisfied with reports coming from certain venal "leaders" whom he had declined to pay for their support. He stoutly refused to work at the polls on election day, saying tersely: "It's plainly against the law, and I don't believe in it anyway." He would

have liked to spend the day with Mary Somers, but he had not been at the house since the scene with her brother; and he felt that, with all her unconventionality, she should know that his further visits there must depend on her invitation. So he remained at home nearly all day, riding to town in the evening to get the mail and learn the returns from the town. These were, as expected, largely in his favor, although the town was Democratic. From the country precincts it would take at least twelve hours to hear, and so he knew that nothing definite could be known as to the result that night. It was early when he retired, and as he slept he dreamed of canvassing, of the election, of Aunt Elizabeth and old Boston, while through all his dreams floated the face of Mary Somers, half-averted, and with eyes seeming to turn toward him with absorbing and agonizing question.

It was the close of autumn, the beginning of winter. The wind had begun in the afternoon to blow chilly from the northwest, and by nightfall it had increased to what would be called at sea a gale. That blast from the north meant winter sure. Ned's house was situated a mile south of the town, and he was rarely disturbed at night; but that election night, as he lay dreaming, a rapid and vehement pounding on the door, and a loud and excited calling of his name, awakened him. He at once recognized the voice, and answered good-naturedly: "Yes, yes, Billy, I hear you, but please don't pound down the house. You can't tell me anything about the election to-night, for I won't believe it. We can't know anything until morning; so go back to bed, or I'll thrash you for waking me up at this time of night."

"It ain't election," cried the voice. "It's fire! The north prairie's afire, and comin' this way like mad, and they want you to help."

"Oh, all right," answered Ned, coolly. "Go along and wake up others, and I'll be there in a jiffy."

Ned did not believe that there was any real danger, for he was well used to Billy McAnery's "crazy turns," as the neighbors called them. But when he had dressed and looked out of the house to the north, it was very plain to him that there was a real and awful peril. He had never before seen a prairie fire, but the sight which met his eyes left no doubt of its meaning. There is little that is lurid, fantastic, and thrilling about a prairie fire. It has none of the spectacular and gaudy elements of the forest or city fire. What Ned saw was, not the sky reddened by flame, but dark masses of smoke which, even where he stood, were being blown by the swift, cold blast into his face. The odor of that smoke and the awful blackness in the north told him that a scene of horror might be before him. He stopped to gaze no longer, but leaped on his horse, and rode swiftly to town.

There everything was either panic or paralysis. Coming so suddenly, and in the night, the fire had robbed the people of their senses. Some stood gazing at the approaching demon as if fascinated by a mermaid. Others rushed hither and thither, weeping, swearing, and praying by turns. Some had loaded parts of their household goods on their wagons to start—whither? For if the town was destroyed, nothing could stop the flames for twenty miles; and before any wagon could go one-half that distance, the fire would be upon it. The cause of the fire was quickly learned. Threshers at a place about fifteen miles north of the town had set fire to their straw piles, as usual, at the conclusion of their day's work, and the wind rising so suddenly in the evening had started the mischief. It had whisked the burning straw far and wide, and the sparks had caught in other straw piles, scattered shocks of wheat and oats and loose hay, and before any one could realize the danger, the fire was out on the prairie on its devastating way, swiftly, eagerly, voraciously bounding toward the south. There was no natural or artificial barrier to stop its spread. On the other hand, all circumstances favored it. The long, dry season had left no moisture in the grass; there were no rivers nor creeks in its path; no fall plowing is done in that frozen clime; and strewn over all the ground were large quantities of wheat and oat straw, completely covering the earth, and forming just the sort of mat that the flames would relish. There had been a ditch plowed around the town five years before, but it was now useless, and filled with straw and dead grass. It seemed that nothing but a change of the wind could save the town, and that meant the loss of hundreds of lives. As Cushman stood gazing alternately at the approaching tempest and at the hopeless faces of the frightened people, he felt, as he had never felt before, the absence of the defenses of civilization. A thousand thoughts ran through his mind; then suddenly, through the mist of years, came the memory of a lecture given by a traveler who had crossed the plains of Kansas thirty years before; and he wheeled his horse sharply,

and rode to the mayor, who stood, looking as stupidly as the others, while the black grew blacker and the smoke became more pungent and overpowering.

"Come, Jack," shouted Cushman, with a voice of command and triumph which caused the stupid light to leave the poor wretch's eyes, and he turned to Cushman with a flash of hope and glad faith on his countenance, which even in that excited scene Cushman felt in his inmost heart. "We must build a counter-fire to stop this one. You know how. Get ten men, and set fire to that patch on the left, and ten of us will fire this patch on the right, and be sure to leave enough room here to keep the fire from catching on any of the buildings."

The man was off in an instant, giving orders and seizing torches. He knew at once what was wanted. All he needed was the leader, the man to give the hint. Twenty men with blazing torches ran twenty yards directly toward the on-coming demon. Then they stopped and dipped their torches into the dry grass and straw, until the whole space, somewhat longer than the north side of the village and twenty yards wide, was a mass of flames. Women and men stood ready to beat it back if it should threaten to catch on the buildings, while others poured water on the earth thus burned over. And so it was that, in ten minutes from the time that Ned Cushman came upon that scene of hopelessness and utter misery, the town was saved.

Couriers were sent to farmers living to the west, south, and east, warning them of the danger and suggesting the same remedy. Perhaps some other man might in time have thought of the one thing which can stop the spread of a prairie fire, but you cannot make the people of Hudson think so, and to this day they declare that "Nobody but Ned Cushman saved this town from bein' wiped off the map."

After the work had been well done, Cushman began to notice the constant stream of refugees that poured out of the smoke, families escaping from the fire and leaving everything behind. Their faces told the terror in their hearts, and many dropped down in their wagons as their frightened horses were caught and held by the people of the town. As Ned looked at them a face uplifted from a wagon-bed sent the blood straight to his heart.

"*Where is Mary Somers?*" His brain seemed to catch on fire, and above all the noise and confusion there seemed to cry a voice from within his soul, "Where is Mary Somers?" Then a chill of agony and fear shook his frame. But as cool and calm as ever was the voice that asked: "By the way, have you seen Will Somers?"

"Yes," said some one; "he went down to Hope Township this morning, early, to work at the polls, and hain't got back yet."

"Ah," remarked Cushman, dryly, "I believe we did have an election to-day." Then, after a pause, he ventured: "I suppose his sister is in town?"

Oh, the awful eternity that gaped between question and answer!

"Well, I hain't seen her, but I reckon she's around here somewhere. 'Tain't likely that she'd stay out there alone all night."

Ned Cushman knew better. Mary Somers did not fear to stay alone. She rejected, time after time, the invitations of friends to pass evenings in town, and Ned knew that it was almost certain that she had not come to town unless she had been driven in by the fire. A quick turn with his horse through the town revealed the fact that she was not there and that no one had seen her. She might have driven on to the south, as many of the first arrivals did when they saw the helpless condition of the town. "But where is she?" his heart cried. "I dare not trust to fortune that she is safe. The house is right in the path of the fire. Suppose that she is even now being burned to death!"

This thought was too much for him, and his brain reeled—for just a moment. Then, recovering himself, he whispered a few words to the mayor, and turned his horse with a leap right into the face of the giant tempest of wind and fire.

A glance at the horrible blackness told him that the flames had by this time reached the Somers home, and would soon be upon the village. It was only a question of a very few moments, and he knew that if his horse stumbled or he lost his balance, his chance for life would not be worth a penny. But he tossed aside that thought with contempt as compared with his divine errand. And even that was almost forgotten and swept from the mind's view by the sight of that fire as it drew nearer him and as he rushed into its embrace. No crackling of boughs, no lurid lights, no grand illumination of the sky—no, none of these. Almost silently the tongue of flame ran along, hugging the earth like a snake on his belly. There was a peculiar, hissing sound, and, when the wind was very strong, a gentle roar. A forest fire is merciful, for it warns by its tumult and light. It often stops to exult over its victims and to

leap aloft in their summits with joy. But the prairie fire glides upon its foe like a tiger, and crushing it with one blow, sweeps on to the next one. It is in this way that those awful tragedies on the plains occur, when whole families are surprised and destroyed without a chance for a fight for life.

Never had Cushman's horse made such speed. Despite cough and snort, she leaped bravely forward wherever her rider might command. Cushman held to the rein with a grip of iron, and though the horse swayed to and fro, and though the smoke rolled blacker and blacker before him, he kept on, peering toward his goal, guided, certainly not by light, for there was none, but by intuition, which is another name for God. So long seemed the ride that he began to fear that he had lost his way; but at last the dim outlines of the little house began to appear through the darkness and storm. The fire was already there, and as Cushman leaped from his horse the flames were licking up the pine siding and mounting to the roof. The horse stood perfectly still, though trembling and snorting, while Cushman burst through the rude door. On the floor of the farther room he saw a white heap. It was plain that the smoke had aroused her only to stifle, conquer, and choke out her life when she arose and attempted to flee. There was no time to learn if breath yet remained in that precious body. Cushman, in a passion of love, seized it in his arms, rushed again out into the blast, leaped on his faithful horse, and turned back toward the town.

The fire was now on all sides of him. It had billowed on ahead, and seemed mad in its swift leaps toward the town. The awful smoke poured into his nostrils, and almost overcame him. As he was nearly strangled by its power, he thought of his fair burden, and threw the gown over the face to cheat the demon of its prey, if, happily, its victory was not yet complete. The horse snorted and squealed as the fire ran up the poor creature's legs and burned little patches of rough hair. Ned dared not open his mouth to direct or encourage her; but the noble animal never faltered, and her flight to the town was straight and true, although terror was driving her on. Several times Ned's clothes were on fire, but he kicked and shook the sparks off, never relaxing his hold on the body which lay as if lifeless in his arms. But as the seconds passed the strain began to tell on him; his eyes grew heavy, his body began to sway from side to side. The horse plunged more and more, and at last stumbled in a ditch, flinging Ned with his burden to the ground, stunned and helpless.

What a cheer rang out to the sky from the lonely Dakota prairie when the anxious watchers at Hudson saw the gallant horse dash clear at last of the smoke and the peril of fire! But it gave way to a shout from the men and a shriek from the women as they saw the horse stumble and fall. A dozen men ran out to the rescue, and carried the man and woman tenderly into the house of Webster, the "broker," whose callous heart had been touched, and whose pleading was so strong that his house received in honor the man he had maligned.

The fire, just a few moments before so threatening and full of death, ran out upon the blackened tract of land, and slowly panted and gasped and died. Here and there it caught a stray straw, but its awful work was over. The people stood gazing at the smoke until daybreak, partly because of the fascination of the rolling clouds, and partly because they were fearful that some power might arise to revive the flames, as no one knows when a prairie fire is really out.

It was almost evening before Ned Cushman opened his eyes, to find Will Somers bending over him with an expression of love on his face, from which the story of the night had chased away all the hard lines of suspicion, avarice, and ambition. They could not keep him away from Ned's bedside after he had ridden into the town that night, almost wild with fear and suspense, and had heard the truth. He had not even thought of his destroyed house, barn, and granary in his joy that his sister was saved. She had recovered rapidly, and seemed to be little injured by the experience of the night. Somers hovered over Cushman, seemingly bent on being the first to greet him when he should regain consciousness, and as Ned opened his eyes and saw him, the brother cried with joy: "Hurrah, you've come to at last, old man! You're elected, and I'm mighty glad, and I——"

"Yes? Eh? What? Elected?" interrupted the half-conscious man; and then there burst upon him the vista of the awful ride, and he tried to leap up, fiercely seizing Somers's arm, and shouting as if mad: "But where is Mary? Was she dead? Is she alive? Tell me! Tell me!"

Then a soft hand extended from the other side of the couch, and laid itself upon his brow, and a low voice, full of love and joy, breathed, "Here I am, Ned."

THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA.

A NOVEL.

By Booth Tarkington.

(*Conclusion.*)

CHAPTER XII.—*Concluded.*

THE TREACHERY OF H. FISBEE.

VERY early in the morning a messenger-boy stumbled up the front steps of Meredith's house, and handed the colored servant four yellow envelopes, night messages. The man carried them upstairs, left three with his master's guest, then knocked on Meredith's door till a response assured him that the occupant was awake, and slid the fourth envelope under the door. Meredith lay quite without motion for several minutes, sleepily watching the yellow rhomboid in the crevice. It was a hateful-looking thing to mix itself in with a pleasant dream and insist on being read; but after a while he climbed groaningly out of bed, and perused the message with heavy eyes, still half asleep. He read it twice before it penetrated.

Suppress all newspapers to-day. Convention meets at eleven. If we succeed, a delegation will come to Rouen this afternoon. They will come.

HELEN.

Tom rubbed his sticky eyelids and shook his head violently in a Spartan effort to rouse himself; but what more effectively performed the task for him were certain sounds that issued from Harkless's room across the hall. For some minutes Meredith had been dully conscious of a rustle and stir in the invalid's chamber, and he began to realize that no mere tossing upon a bed would account for a noise that reached him across a wide hall and through two closed doors of thick walnut. Suddenly he heard a quick, heavy tread, *shod*, in Harkless's room, and a resounding bang as some heavy object struck the floor. The doctor was not to come till evening; the servant had gone down-stairs; who in the sick man's room wore shoes? He rushed across the hall in his pajamas, and threw open the unlocked door.

The bed was disarranged and vacant. Harkless, fully dressed, was standing in the middle of the floor hurling garments at a small trunk. The horrified Meredith stood for a second bleached and speechless. Then he rushed upon his friend and seized him with both hands.

"Mad, by heaven! Mad!"

"Let go of me, Tom!"

"Lunatic! Lunatic!"

"Don't stop me one instant!"

Meredith tried to force him toward the bed. "No; get back to bed. You're delirious, boy!"

"Delirious nothing. I'm a well man."

"Go to bed—go to bed!"

Harkless set him out of the way with one arm. "To bed!" he cried. "I'm going to Plattville!"

Meredith wrung his hands. "The doctor——"

"Doctor be hanged!"

"What, in the name of all that's terrible, is the matter, John?"

His companion slung a light overcoat, unfolded, on the overflowing, misshapen bundle of clothes that lay in the trunk; then he jumped on the lid with both feet, and kicked the hasp into the lock, while a very elegantly laundered cuff and shirt-sleeve dangled out from under the fastened lid. "I haven't one second to talk, Tom; I have eighteen minutes to catch the express; it's more than a mile to the station, and the train leaves here at nine two. I get there at ten forty-seven. Telephone a cab for me, please; or tell me the number—I don't want to stop to hunt it up."

Meredith looked him in the eyes. In the pupils of Harkless flared a fierce light. His cheeks were reddened with an angry, healthy glow, and his teeth were clenched till the line

of his jaw stood out like that of an embattled athlete; his brow was dark; his chest was thrown out, and he took deep, quick breaths; his shoulders were squared, and in spite of his thinness, they looked massy. Lethargy or malaria, or both—whatever his ailment, it was gone. He was six feet of hot wrath and cold resolution.

Tom said: "You are going?"

"Yes," he answered quietly, "I am going."

"Then I will go with you."

"Thank you, Tom," said Harkless simply.

Meredith ran into his own room, pressed an electric button, and began to dive into his clothes with a panting rapidity astonishingly foreign to his desire. The colored man appeared in the doorway.

"The cart, Jim," shouted his master. "We want it like lightning. Tell the cook to give Mr. Harkless his breakfast in a hurry. Set a cup of coffee on the table by the front door for me. Run; we've got to catch a train. That will be quicker than any cab," he explained to Harkless. "We'll break the ordinance against fast driving getting down there."

Ten minutes later the cart swept away from the house at a gait that pained the respectable neighborhood. The big horse plunged through the air, his ears laid flat toward his tail; the cart careened sickeningly; and the face of the servant clutching at the rail in the rear was smeared with pallor as they pirouetted around curves on one wheel—to him it seemed they skirted the corners and death simultaneously—and the speed of their going made a strong wind in their faces.

Harkless leaned forward. "Can you make it a little faster, Tom?" he said.

They dashed up to the station amid the cries of people flying to the walls for safety. The two gentlemen leaped from the cart, bore down upon the ticket-office, stormed at the agent, and ran madly at the gates, flourishing their passports. The official on duty eyed them wearily. "Been gone two minutes," he remarked with a peaceable yawn.

Harkless stamped his foot on the cement flags; then he stood stock still, gazing at the empty tracks; but Meredith turned to him, smiling. "Won't it keep?" he asked.

"Yes, it will keep," John answered. "Part of it may have to keep till election day, but some of it I will settle before night. And that," he cried between his teeth, "and that is the part of it in regard to young Fisbee!"

"Oh, it's about H. Fisbee, is it?"

"Yes, it's H. Fisbee."

"Well, we might as well go up and see what the doctor thinks of you; there's no train."

"I don't want to see a doctor again ever—as long as I live. I'm as well as anybody."

Tom burst out laughing, and clapped his companion lightly on the shoulder, his eyes dancing with pleasure. "Upon my soul," he cried, "I believe you are. A miracle wrought by the witch-wand of indignation. That's rather against tradition, isn't it? Well, let's take a drive."

"Meredith," said the other, turning to him gravely, "you may think me a fool if you will, and it's likely I am; but I don't leave this station except by train. I've only two days to work in, and every minute lessens our chances to beat McCune, and I have to begin by wasting time on a tussle with a traitor. There's another train at eleven fifty-five; I don't take any chances on missing that one."

"Well, well," laughed his friend, pushing him good-humoredly toward a door by a red-and-white-striped pillar, "we'll wait here if you like. But at least go in there and get a shave; it's a clean shop. You want to look your best if you are going down to fight H. Fisbee."

"Take these, then, and you will understand," said Harkless; and he thrust his three telegrams of the morning into Tom's hand, and disappeared into the barber-shop. When he was gone, Meredith went to the telegraph office in the station, and sent a line over the wires to Helen: "Keep your delegation at home. He's coming on the 11.55."

Then he read the three telegrams Harkless had given him. They were all from Plattville.

Sorry cannot oblige. Present incumbent tenacious. Delicate matter. No hope for K. H. But don't worry. Everything all right. WARREN SMITH.

Harkless, if you have the strength to walk, come down before the convention. Get here by 10.47. Looks bad. Come if it kills you. K. H.

You intrusted me with sole responsibility for all matters pertaining to "Herald." Declared yourself mere spectator. Does this permit your interfering with my policy for the paper? Decline to consider any proposition to relieve me of my duties without proper warning and allowance of time. Forced to disregard all suggestions as to policy, which, by your own instructions, is entirely my affair and must be carried out as I direct. H. FISBEE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GREAT HARKLESS COMES HOME.

THE accommodation train wandered down through the afternoon sunshine, stopping at every village and every country post-office on the line. There was a passenger in the smoker who found the stops at these wayside hamlets interminable. He got up and paced the aisle now and then, and his companion reminded him that this was not certain to hasten the hour of their arrival at their destination. "I know that," answered he; "but I've got to beat McCune."

"By the way," observed Meredith, "you left your stick behind."

"You don't think I need a club to face——"

Tom choked. "Oh, no; I wasn't thinking of your giving H. Fisbee a beating. I meant to lean on."

"I don't want it. I've got to walk lame all my life, but I'm not going to hobble on a stick."

Tom looked at him sadly for a moment. It was true, and the Cross-Roaders might hug themselves in their cells over the thought. For the rest of his life John Harkless was to walk with just the limp they themselves would have had, if, as in former days, their sentence had been to the ball and chain.

"Sit down, boy, sit down," said Meredith, and his friend obeyed.

The window was open beside the two young men, and the breeze that blew in soothed like a balm, yet held a tang and spice in it, a hint of walnuts and of coming frost. There was a newness in the atmosphere that day, a bright invigoration, that set the blood tingling. The hot months were done with; languor was routed. Autumn spoke to industry; told of the sowing of another harvest, of the tawny shock, of the purple grape, of the red apple; and called upon muscle and laughter, breathing gaiety into men's hearts. The little stations hummed with bustle and noise; big farm wagons rattled off up the village streets, and raced with "cut-under" or omnibus; people walked with quick steps; the baggage-masters called cheerily to the trainmen, and the brakemen laughed goodbys to rollicking girls. At times the train ran between shadowy groves; and delicate landscape vistas, framed in branches, opened, closed, and succeeded each other; and then the travelers were carried beyond, into the level open again, and looked out to where the intensely blue September skies ran down to the low horizon, meeting the boundless aisles of corn. It takes a long time for the full beauty of the flat lands to reach a man's soul; once there, nor hills, nor sea, nor growing fan-leaves of palm shall suffice him. It is like the beauty in the word Indiana. It may be that there are people who do not consider Indiana a beautiful word; but let it ring true in your ears, and it has a richer sound than Vallombrosa.

All at once the anger ran out of John Harkless. He was a hard man for anger to tarry with. And in place of it a strong sense of home-coming began to take possession of him. He was going home. "Back to Plattville, where I belong," he said to himself, without bitterness, and it was the truth. "Every man cometh to his own place in the end."

Yes, as one leaves a gay acquaintance of the play-house lobby for some hard-handed, tried old friend, so he would wave the outer world godspeed and come back to the old ways of Carlow. What though the years were dusty, he had his friends and his memories and his old black brier pipe. He had a girl's picture that he should carry in his heart till his last day; and if his life was sadder, it was infinitely richer for it. His winter fireside would be not so lonely for her sake; and, losing her, he lost not everything, for he had had the rare blessing of having known her. And what man could wish to be healed of such a hurt? Far better to have had it than to trot a smug pace unscathed. He had been a dullard, a sluggard, weary of himself, unfit to fight, a failure in life, and a failure in love. That was ended; he was tired of failing; and it was time to succeed for a while. To accept the worst that fate can deal and to wring courage from it instead of despair—that is success, and it was the success that he would have. He would take fate by the neck. But had it done him unkindness? He looked out over the beautiful, "monotonous" landscape, and he answered heartily, "No!" There was ignorance in man, but no unkindness; were man utterly wise, he were utterly kind. The Cross-Roaders had not known better, that was all.

The unfolding aisles of corn swam pleasantly before his eyes. The earth hearkened to man's wants, and answered; the clement sun and summer rains hastened the fruition; yonder stood the brown hay-stack, garnered to feed the industrious horse that had earned his meed; there was the straw-thatched shel-

ter for the cattle. How the orchard boughs bent with their burdens! The big red barns stood stored with the harvest; for this was Carlow County, and he was coming home.

They crossed a by-road. An old man with a streaky gray chin-beard was sitting on a sack of oats in a seatless wagon, waiting for the train to pass. Harkless seized his companion excitedly by the elbow. "Tommy!" he cried. "It's Kim Fentriss—look! Did you see that old fellow?"

"I saw a particularly uninterested and uninteresting gentleman sitting on a bag," replied his friend.

"Why, that's old Kimball Fentriss. He's going to town; he lives on the edge of the county."

"Can this be true?" said Meredith gravely.

"I wonder," said Harkless, thoughtfully, a few moments later, "I wonder why he had them changed around."

"Who changed around?"

"The team. He always used to drive the bay on the near side and the sorrel on the off."

"And at present," rejoined Meredith, "I am to understand that he is driving the sorrel on the near side and the bay on the off?"

"That's it," returned the other. "He must have worked them like that for some time, because they didn't look uneasy. They're all right about the train, those two. I've seen them stand with their heads almost against a fast freight. See there." He pointed to a white frame farmhouse with green blinds. "That's Win Hibbard's. We're just outside of Beaver."

"Beaver? Elucidate Beaver, boy."

"Beaver? Meredith, your information ends at home. What do you know of your own State, if you are ignorant of Beaver? Beaver is that city of Carlow County next in importance and population to Plattville."

Tom put his head out of the window. "I fancy you are right," he said. "I already see five people there."

Meredith had observed the change in his companion's mood. He had watched him closely all day, looking for a return of his malady; but he came to the conclusion that in truth a miracle had been wrought, for the lethargy was gone, and vigor seemed to increase in Harkless with every turn of the wheels that brought them nearer Plattville; and the nearer they drew to Plattville the higher the spirits of both the young men rose. Meredith knew what was happening there, and he began to be a little excited. As he had said, there were five people visible at Beaver; and he wondered where they lived, as the only building in sight was the station, and to satisfy his curiosity he walked out to the vestibule. The little station stood in the woods, and brown leaves whirled along the platform. One of the five people was an old lady, and she entered a rear car. The other four were men. One of them handed the conductor a telegram. Meredith heard the official say: "All right. Decorate ahead. I'll hold it five minutes."

The man sprang up the steps of the smoker, and looked in. He turned to Meredith: "Do you know if that gentleman in the gray coat is Mr. Harkless? He's got his back this way, and I don't want to go inside. The air in a smoker always gives me a spell."

"Yes; that's Mr. Harkless."

The man jumped to the platform. "All right, boys," he said. "Rip her out!"

The doors of the freight-room were thrown open, and a big bundle of colored stuffs was dragged out and hastily unfolded. One of the men ran to the farther end of the car with a strip of red, white, and blue bunting, and tacked it securely, while another fastened the other extremity to the railing of the steps by Meredith. The two companions of this pair performed the same operation with another strip on the other side of the car. They ran similar lines of bunting near the roof from end to end, so that except for the windows the sides of the car were completely covered by the national colors. Then they draped the vestibules with flags. It was all done in a trice.

Meredith's heart was beating fast. "What's it all about?" he asked.

"Picnic down the line," answered the man in charge, removing a tack from his mouth. He motioned to the conductor: "Go ahead!"

The wheels began to move; the decorators remained on the station platform, letting the train pass them; but Meredith, craning his neck from the steps, saw that they jumped on the last car.

"What's the celebration?" asked Harkless, when Meredith returned.

"Picnic down the line," said Meredith.

"Nipping weather for a picnic; a bit cool, don't you think? One of those fellows looked like a friend of mine, Homer Tibbs, or as Homer might look if he were in disgrace. He had his hat hung on his eyes, and he slouched like a thief in melodrama as he tacked up the bunting on this side of the car." He continued to point out various

familiar places, finally breaking out enthusiastically as they drew nearer the town: "Hello! Look there—beyond the grove yonder! See that house?"

"Yes, John."

"That's the Bowlders'. You've got to know the Bowlders."

"I'd like to."

"The kindest people in the world. The Briscoe house we can't see, because it's so shut in by trees; and besides it's a mile or so ahead of us. We'll go out there for supper to-night. Don't you like Briscoe? He's the best they make. We'll go up-town with Judd Bennett in the omnibus; and you'll know how a rapid-fire machine-gun sounds. I want to go straight to the 'Herald' office," he finished, with a suddenly darkening brow.

"After all, there may be some explanation," Meredith suggested, with a little hesitancy. "H. Fisbee might turn out more honest than you think."

Harkless threw his head back and laughed. "Honest! A man in the pay of Rodney McCune! Well, we can let it wait till we get there. Listen! There's the whistle that means we're getting near home. Why, there's an oil-well!"

"So it is."

"And another—three—five—seven, seven in sight at once! They tried it three miles south and failed, but you can't fool Eph Watts, bless him! I want you to know Watts."

They ran by the outlying houses of the town amid a thousand descriptive exclamations from Harkless, who wished Meredith to meet every one in Carlow. But he came to a pause in the middle of a word. "Do you hear music?" he asked abruptly. "Or is it only the rhythm of the ties?"

"It seems to me there's music in the air," answered his companion. "I've been fancying I heard it for a minute or so. There! No—yes. It's a band, isn't it?"

"No; what would a band—*yes*, it is!"

The train slowed up, and stopped at a water-tank two hundred yards east of the station, and their uncertainty was at an end. From somewhere down the track came the detonating boom of a cannon. There was a clash of brass, and the travelers became sure of a band playing "Marching through Georgia." Meredith laid his hand on his companion's shoulder. "John," he said, "John."

The cannon fired again, and there came a cheer from three thousand throats, the shouters all unseen. The engine coughed and panted; the train rolled on, and in another moment it had stopped alongside the station, in the midst of a riotous jam of happy people who were waving flags and banners and handkerchiefs, and tossing their hats high in the air, and shouting themselves hoarse. The band played in dumb show; it could not hear itself play. The people came at the smoker like a long wave, and Warren Smith, Briscoe, Keating, and Mr. Bence of Gaines were swept ahead of it. Before the train stopped they had rushed eagerly up the steps and entered the car. Harkless was on his feet, and started to meet them. He stopped.

"What does it mean?" he said, and began to grow pale. "Is Halloway—did McCune—have you——"

Warren Smith seized one of his hands and Briscoe the other. "What does it mean?" cried Warren. "It means that you were nominated for Congress at five minutes after one o'clock this afternoon!"

"On the second ballot!" shouted the Judge; "just as young Fisbee planned it weeks ago."

It was one of the great crowds of Carlow's history. Since noon an almost unintermittent procession of pedestrians and vehicles had been making its way to the station; and every wagon, buckboard, buggy, and "cut-under" had its flags, or bunting, or streamer of ribbons tied to the whip. The excitement increased as the time grew shorter. Everybody was struggling for a better position. The people in wagons and carriages stood upon the seats, and the pedestrians besieged them, climbing on the wheels or balancing recklessly with feet on the hubs of opposite wagons. Everybody was bound to see *him*. When the whistle announced the coming of the train, the band began to play, the cannon fired, horns blew, and the cheering echoed and reëchoed till heaven's vault resounded with the noise the people of Carlow were making.

There was one heart that almost stopped beating. Helen was standing on the front seat of the Briscoe buckboard, with Minnie beside her; and at the commotion the horses pranced and backed so that Lige Willetts ran to hold them. But Helen did not notice the frightened roans, nor did she know that Minnie clutched her round the waist to keep her from falling. Her eyes were fixed intently on the smoke of the far-away engine, and her hand, lifted to her face in an uncertain, tremulous fashion, as it was one day in a circus tent, was laid against the deepest blush

that ever mantled a girl's cheek. When the train reached the platform, she saw Briscoe and the others rush into the bunting-covered car; and there ensued what was to her an almost intolerable pause of expectation, while the crowd assaulted the windows of the smoker, leaping up and climbing on each other's shoulders to catch the first glimpse of *him*. Briscoe and a red-faced young man (a stranger to Plattville) came down the steps, laughing like boys, and then Keating and Bence, and then Warren Smith. As the lawyer reached the platform, he turned toward the door of the car and waved his hand as in welcome. "Here he is, boys!" he shouted.

At that it was as if all the noise that had gone before had been mere leakage of pent-up enthusiasm. A thousand horns blared deafeningly; the whistle of the locomotive and that of Hibbard's mill were added to the din; the court-house bell was pealing out a welcome, and the church bells were ringing; the cannon thundered; and then cheer on cheer shook the air, as John Harkless came out under the flags and passed down the steps of the car.

When Helen saw him over the heads of the people and through a heaving tumult of flags and hats and handkerchiefs, she suddenly gave a frightened glance about her, and jumped down from her high perch, and sank into the back seat of the buckboard, with her burning face turned from the station and her eyes fixed on the ground. She wanted to run away, as she had run from him the first time she ever saw him; and then, as now, he came in triumph, hailed by the plaudits of his fellows; and now, as on that long-departed day of her young girlhood, he was borne high over the heads of the people, for Minnie cried to her to look—they were carrying him on their shoulders to his carriage. She had had only that brief glimpse of him before he was lost in the crowd that was so glad to get him back again and so proud of him; but she had seen that he looked very white and solemn.

Briscoe brought Tom Meredith through the crowd, and put him in the buckboard beside Helen. "All right, Lige," called the Judge to Willetts, who was at the horses' heads; "you go get into line with the boys; they want you. We'll go down on Main Street to see the parade," he explained, gathering the reins in his hand.

"Did you tell him about Mr. Halloway?" asked Helen, leaning forward anxiously.

"Warren told him before we left the car," answered Briscoe. "He'd have declined on the spot, I expect, if we hadn't made him sure it was all right with Kedge."

"If I understood what Mr. Smith was saying, Halloway must have behaved very well," said Meredith.

The Judge laughed. "He saw it was the only way to beat McCune, and he'd have given his life and Harkless's too rather than let McCune have it."

"Why did you leave Mr. Harkless?" Helen asked her cousin, her eyes not meeting his.

"My dear girl," he replied, "because, for some inexplicable reason, my lady cousin has not nominated me for Congress, and, oddly enough, the undiscriminating multitude were not cheering for me; the artillery was not in action to celebrate me; the band was not playing to do me honor. Why should I ride in the midst of a procession that knows me not? Why should I enthrone me in an open barouche, with four white horses to draw it and draped with silken flags? Since these things were not for me, I flew to your side to dissemble my spleen under the licensed prattle of a cousin."

"Then who *is* with him?"

"The population of this portion of Indiana, I take it."

"Oh, it's all right," said the Judge, leaning back to speak to Helen. "Keating and Smith and your father are to ride in the carriage with him. You needn't be afraid of any of them letting him know that H. Fisbee is a lady. Everybody understands about that; of course they know it's to be left to you to break it to him how a girl has run his paper."

The old gentleman chuckled, and looked out of the corner of his eye at his daughter, whose expression was inscrutable.

"*I!*" cried Helen. "*I* tell him! No one must tell him. He need never know it."

Briscoe reached back, and patted her cheek. "How long do you suppose he will be here in Plattville without its leaking out?"

"But when they kept watch over him for months nobody told him."

"Ah," said Briscoe, "but this is different."

"No, no, no!" she exclaimed. "It must be kept from him somehow."

"He'll know it by to-morrow, so you better tell him this evening."

"This evening?"

"Yes. You'll have a good chance."

"I will?"

"He's coming to supper with us—he and your father, of course, and Keating and Bence and Boswell and Smith and Tom Martin and Lige. We're going to have a big time, with you and Minnie to do the honors; and we're all coming into town afterward for the fireworks, and I'll let him drive you in the phaeton. You'll have plenty of chances to talk it over with him and tell him all about it."

Helen gave a little gasp. "Never!" she cried. "Never!"

The buckboard stopped on the "Herald" corner, and here, and along Main Street, the line of vehicles which had followed it from the station took positions to await the parade. The Square was almost a solid mass of bunting, and the north entrance of the court-house had been decorated with streamers and flags so as to make a sort of stand. Hither the crowd was already streaming, and hither the procession made its way. At intervals the gun boomed from the station, and Schofield's Henry was winnowing the air with his bell: nobody had a better time that day than Schofield's Henry, except old Wilkerson, who was with the procession.

In advance came the boys, whooping and somersaulting, and behind them rode a band of mounted men, sitting their horses like cavalrymen, led by the sheriff and his deputy and Jim Bardlock. Then followed the "Harkless Club of Amo" led by Boswell, with the magnanimous Halloway himself marching in the ranks, and at sight of this the people shouted like madmen. But when Helen's eye fell upon Halloway's fat, rather unhappy face, she felt a pang of pity and unreasoning remorse, which warned her that he who looks upon politics when it is red must steel his eyes to see many a man with the heartburn. After the men of Amo came the "Harkless Club of Gainesville," Mr. Bence in the van, with the step of a grenadier. There followed next Mr. Ephraim Watts, bearing a light wand in his hand and leading a detachment of workers from the oil-field, in their stained blue overalls and blouses; and after them came Mr. Martin and Mr. Landis, at the head of an organization recognized in the "Order of Procession" printed in the "Herald" as "The Business Men of Plattville." The band played in such magnificent time that every high-stepping foot in all the line came down with the same jubilant plunk, and lifted again with a unanimity as complete as that of the last vote the convention had taken that day. The leaders of the procession set a brisk pace, and who could have set any other kind of a pace when on parade to the strains of such a band playing such a tune as "A New Coon in Town" with all its might and main?

But as the line swung into the Square, there came a moment when the tune was ended and the musicians paused for breath, and there fell comparative quiet. Among the ranks of the "Business Men" ambled Mr. Wilkerson, singing at the top of his voice, and now he could be heard distinctly enough for those near him to distinguish the melody with which it was his intention to favor the public.

"Glory! glory! hallelujah!
As we go marching on."

The words, the air, that husky voice recalled to the men of Carlow another day and another procession, not like this one. And the song Wilkerson was singing is the one song every Northern-born American knows and can sing. The leader of the band caught the sound, signaled to his men, twenty instruments rose as one to twenty mouths, the snare drum rattled, the big drum crashed, the leader threw his baton high over his head, and music burst from twenty brazen throats.

"Glory! glory! hallelujah!"

Instantaneously the whole procession began to sing the refrain, and the people in the street and those in the wagons and carriages and those leaning from the windows joined with one accord. The ringing bells caught the time of the song, and the upper air reverberated in the rhythm.

The "Harkless Club of Carlow" wheeled into Main Street, two hundred strong, with their banners and transparencies. Lige Willetts rode at their head, and behind him strode young William Todd and Parker and Ross Schofield and Newt Tibbs and Hartley Bowlder; and even Bud Tipworthy held a place in the ranks, through his connection with the "Herald." They were all singing. And, behind them, Helen saw the flag-covered barouche and her father; and beside him sat John Harkless, with his head bared. She glanced at Briscoe. He was standing on the seat in front of her with Minnie, and both were singing. Meredith had climbed upon the back seat, and was nervously fumbling at a cigarette. "Sing, Tom!" the girl cried to him excitedly.

"I should be ashamed not to," he answered, and dropped the cigarette, and began to sing "John Brown's Body" with all his strength. With that she seized his hand, sprang up beside him, and over the swelling

chorus her full soprano rose, lifted with all the power in her.

The barouche rolled into the Square, and as it passed, Harkless turned and bent a sudden gaze upon the group in the buckboard; but the western sun was in his eyes, and he only caught a glimpse of a vague, bright shape and a dazzle of gold, and he was borne along and out of view down the singing street.

"Glory! glory! hallelujah!
Glory! glory! hallelujah!
Glory! glory! hallelujah!
As we go marching on."

The barouche stopped in front of the courthouse, and Harkless passed up a lane they made for him to the steps. When he turned to them to speak, they began to cheer again, and he had to wait for them to quiet down.

"We can't hear him from over here," said Briscoe. "We're too far off. Mr. Meredith, suppose you take the ladies closer in; I'll stay with the horses."

"He's a great man, isn't he?" Meredith said to Helen, as he handed her out of the buckboard. "I've been trying to realize that he's the same old fellow I've been treating so familiarly all day long."

"Yes; he is a great man," she answered. "This is only the beginning."

"That's true," said Briscoe. "Only wait a while, and we'll all go on to Washington and get a thrill down our backs when we hear the Speaker say, 'The gentleman from Indiana,' and see John Harkless rise to speak. But hurry along, young people."

Crossing the street, they met Miss Tibbs. She was wiping her streaming eyes with the back of her left hand, and still mechanically waving her handkerchief with her right. "Isn't it beautiful?" she said, not ceasing to unconsciously flutter the little square of cambric. "There was such a throng that I grew faint and had to come away. I don't mind your seeing me cry. Pretty near everybody cried when he walked up the steps and we saw that he was lame."

John Harkless looked down upon the attentive, earnest faces and into the kindly eyes of the Hoosier country people, and as he spoke the thought kept recurring to him that this was the place he had dreaded to come back to; that these were the people he had wished to leave—these who gave him everything they had to give; and this made it difficult to keep his tones steady and his throat clear. Helen stood so far from the steps (nor could she be induced to penetrate further, though they would have made way for her) that only fragments reached her, but these she remembered.

"I have come home. . . . Ordinarily a man needs to fall sick by the wayside, or to be set upon by thieves, in order to realize that nine-tenths of the world is Samaritan—and the other tenth only too busy or too ignorant to be. Down here he realizes it with no necessity of illness or wounds to make him know it, and if he does get hurt—you send him to Congress. . . . There will be no other in Washington so proud of what he stands for as I shall be. To represent you is to stand for fearlessness, honor, kindness. . . . You have sent all of the Cross-Roaders to the penitentiary. But probably each of us is acquainted with politicians who ought not to be sent there. . . . When the term is over, I shall want to take the first train home. . . . This is the place for a man who likes to live where people are kind to each other and where they have the old-fashioned way of saying 'home;' other places they don't seem to get so much into it as we do. And to come home as I have to-day—to see the home faces . . . I have come home. . . ."

CHAPTER XIV.

IN A GARDEN.

It was five o'clock when Harkless climbed the stairs to the "Herald" office, and his right arm and hand were aching and limp. Ross Schofield was the only person in the editorial room, and there was nothing in his appearance that should have caused a man to start and fall back from the doorway; but that is what John did. "What's the matter, Mr. Harkless?" cried Ross, hurrying forward with a fear that the other had been suddenly re-seized by illness.

"What are those?" asked Harkless, with a gesture of his hand that seemed to include the entire room.

"Those?" repeated Ross, staring blankly.

"Those rosettes—these streamers—that stove-pipe—all this blue ribbon?"

Ross turned pale. "Ribbon?" he said, inquiringly, "ribbon?" He seemed unable to perceive the decorations referred to.

"Yes," answered John; "these rosettes on the chairs, that band, and——"

"Oh!" Ross answered. "That?" He fingered the band on the stove-pipe as if he saw it for the first time. "Yes; I see."

"But what's it for?"

"Why—it's—it's likely meant fer decorations."

"It seems to have been here some time."

"It has. I reckon it's 'most due to be called in. It's be'n up ever sence—sence——"

"Who put it up, Ross?"

"We did."

"What for?"

Ross was visibly embarrassed. "Why—fer—fer the other editor."

"For Mr. Fisbee?"

"Land, no! You don't suppose we'd go to all that work and bother to brisken things up for that old gentleman, do you?"

"I meant young Mr. Fisbee. He is the other editor, isn't he?"

"Oh!" said Ross. "Young Mr. Fisbee? Yes; we put 'em up fer him."

"You did? Did he appreciate them?"

"Well — he — seemed to — kind of like 'em."

"Where is he now? I came here to find him."

"He's gone."

"Gone? Hasn't he been here this afternoon?"

"Yes; some the time. Come in and stayed durin' the leevy you was holdin', and saw the Extry off all right."

"When will he be back?"

"Sence it's be'n a daily he gits here by eight after supper, but don't stay very late; old Mr. Fisbee and Parker look after whatever comes in then, unless it's something special. He'll likely be here by half-past eight at the farthest off."

"I can't wait till then. I've been wanting to see him every minute since I got in, and he hasn't been near me. Nobody could even point him out to me. Where has he gone? I want to see him *now*."

"Want to discharge him again?" said a voice from the door, and turning, they saw that Mr. Martin stood there observing them.

"No," said Harkless, "I want to give him the 'Herald.' Do you know where he is?"

Mr. Martin stroked his beard deliberately. "The person you speak of hadn't ought to be very hard to find—in Carlow—and, well, maybe, when found, you'll want to put a kind of a codicil to that deed to the 'Herald.' The committee was reckless enough to hire that carriage of yours by the day, and Keating and Warren Smith are setting in it up at the corner with their feet on the cushions to show how used they are to ridin' around with four white horses every day in the week. It's waitin' till you're ready to go out to Briscoes'. There's an hour before supper-time, and you can talk to young Fisbee all you want. He's out there."

The first words Warren Smith spoke had lifted the veil of young Fisbee's duplicity; had shown John with what fine intelligence and supreme delicacy and sympathy young Fisbee had worked for him, had understood him, and had *made* him. If the open attack on McCune had been made and the damnatory evidence published in Harkless's own paper while Harkless himself was a candidate and rival, he would have felt dishonored. The McCune papers could have been used for Halloway's benefit, but not for his own; and young Fisbee had understood, and had saved him. It was a point of honor that many would have held finical and inconsistent, but one that young Fisbee had comprehended was vital to Harkless. And this was the man he had discharged like a dishonest servant; the man who had thrown what (in Carlow eyes) was riches into his lap; the man who had made his paper, and who had made him and saved him. Harkless wanted to see young Fisbee as he longed to see only one other person in the world.

As the barouche drove up to the brick house he made out, through the trees, a retreative flutter of skirts on the porch, and the thought crossed his mind that Minnie had flown indoors to give some final directions toward the preparation of the banquet. But when the barouche halted at the gate, he was surprised to see her waving to him from the steps, while Tom Meredith and Mr. Bence and Mr. Boswell formed a little court around her. Lige Willetts rode up on horseback at the same moment, and the Judge was waiting in front of the gate. Harkless stepped out of the barouche, and took his hand. "I was told young Fisbee was here."

"Young Fisbee is here," said the Judge.

Mr. Fisbee came around the corner of the house, and went toward Harkless. "Fisbee," cried the latter, "where is your nephew?"

The old man took his hand in both his own, and looked him between the eyes, and thus stood while there was a long pause, the others watching them. "You must not say that I told you," he said at last. "Go into the garden."

But when Harkless's step crunched the garden path, there was no one there. Asters were blooming in beds between the green rose-bushes, and their many-fingered hands were flung open in wide surprise that he should expect to find young Fisbee there.

It was just before sunset; birds were gossiping in the sycamores on the bank. At the foot of the garden, near the creek, there were some tall hydrangea bushes, flower-laden; and beyond them, one broad shaft of the sun smote the creek bends for a mile in that flat land, and crossed the garden like a bright, taut-drawn veil. Harkless passed the bushes, and stepped out into this gold brilliance. Then he uttered a cry and stopped. Helen was standing beside the hydrangeas with both hands pressed to her face and her eyes cast on the ground. She had run away as far as she could run; there were high fences extending down to the creek on each side, and the water was beyond.

"You!" he said. "You! *You!*"

She did not lift her eyes, but began to move away from him with little backward steps. When she reached the bench on the bank, she spoke with a quick intake of breath and in a voice he almost failed to hear, the merest whisper; and her words came so slowly that sometimes minutes separated them. "Can you—will you keep me—on the 'Herald'?"

"Keep you——"

"Will you—let me—help?" she said.

He came near her. "I don't understand. Is it you—you—who are here again?"

"Have you forgiven me? You know—now—why I wouldn't—resign? You forgive my—that telegram?"

"What telegram?"

"The one that came to you—this morning?"

"*Your* telegram?"

"Yes."

"Did you send me one?"

"Yes."

"It did not come to me."

"Yes—it did."

"But—what was it about?"

"It was signed," she said, "it was signed—" She paused, and turned half away, not lifting the downcast lashes. Her hand, resting upon the back of the bench, was shaking; she put it behind her. Then her eyes were lifted a little, and though they did not meet his, he saw them, and a glory sprang into being in his heart. Her voice fell still lower, and two heavy tears rolled down her cheeks. "It was signed," she whispered, "it was signed—'H. Fisbee.'"

He began to tremble from head to foot. There was a long silence. She had turned full away from him. When he spoke, his voice was as low as hers, and he spoke as slowly as she had. "You mean—then—then it was—you?"

"Yes."

"You!"

"Yes."

"And you—you have—you have been here all the time?"

"All—all except the week—you were—hurt."

The bright veil that wrapped them was drawn away, and they stood in the quiet, gathering dusk. He tried to loosen his neckband; it seemed to be choking him. "I—I can't—I don't comprehend it. I am trying to realize what it all means."

"It means nothing," she answered.

"There was an editorial yesterday," he said, "an editorial that I thought was about Rodney McCune. Did you write it?"

"Yes."

"It was about—me—wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"It said—it said that—that I had won the—the—love of every person in Carlow County."

Suddenly she found her voice. "Do not misunderstand me," she said rapidly. "I have done the little that I have done out of gratitude." She faced him now, but without meeting his eyes. "I owed you more gratitude than a woman ever owed a man before, I think, and I would have died to pay a part of it."

"What gratitude did you owe me?"

"What gratitude? For what you did for my father!"

"I have never seen your father in my life."

"Listen. My father is a gentle old man with white hair and kind eyes. My name is my uncle's; he and my aunt have been good to me as a father and mother since I was seven years old, and they gave me their name by law, and I lived with them. My father came to see me once a year; I never came to see him. He always told me everything was well with him; that his life was happy; and I thought it was easier for him not having me to take care of, he has been so poor ever since I was a child. Once he lost the little he had left to him in the world, his only way of making his living. He had no friends; he was hungry and desperate—and he wandered. I was dancing and going about wearing jewels—only—I did not know. All the time the brave heart wrote me happy letters. I should have known; for there was one who did, and who saved him. When at last I came to see my father he told me—he had written of his idol before; but it was not till I came that he told it all to me. Do

you know what I felt? While his daughter was dancing cotillions a stranger had taken his hand and—and—" A sob rose in her throat, and checked her utterance for a moment, but she threw up her head proudly. "Gratitude, Mr. Harkless!" she cried. "I am James Fisbee's daughter!"

He fell back from the bench with a sharp exclamation, and stared at her through the gray twilight. She went on hurriedly, still not looking at him. "I wanted to do something to show you that I could be ashamed of my vile neglect of him—something to show you his daughter could be grateful; and it has been such dear, happy work, the little I have done, that it seems, after all, that I have done it for love of myself. It is what I had always wanted to do; to earn a living for myself—to live with my father. When I came here, my aunt and uncle were terribly afraid I would stay with him. It was to prevent this that they determined to go abroad, and my father said I must go back to them. Then you were—were hurt—and he needed me so much he let me stay. When you—when you told me"—she broke off with a strange, fluttering, half-inarticulate little laugh that was half tears, and then resumed in another tone—"when you told me you cared, that night—that night of the storm—how could I be sure? It had been only two days, you see, and even if I could have been sure of myself, why—I couldn't have told you. Oh! I had so brazenly thrown myself at your head, time and again, those two days, in my—my worship of your goodness to my father, and my excitement in recognizing in his friend the hero of my girlhood, that you had every right to think I cared; but if—but if I had—if I had—loved you with my whole soul I could not have—why, no woman could have—I mean the sort of girl I am—couldn't have admitted it—must have denied it. Do you think that then I could have answered—'Yes'—even if I had wanted to—even if I had been sure of myself? And now—" Her voice sank again to a whisper. "And now——"

"And now—" he said tremulously. She gave a hurried glance from right to left and from left to right, like one in terror seeking a way of escape; she gathered her skirts in her hand, as if to run into the garden; but suddenly she turned and ran to him. She threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him on the forehead.

When they heard the Judge calling from the orchard, they went back through the garden toward the house. It was dark; the whitest asters were but gray splotches. There was no one in the orchard; Briscoe had gone indoors.

"Did you know you are to drive me into town in the phaeton for the fireworks?" she asked.

"Fireworks?"

"Yes; the Great Harkless has come home." Even in the darkness he could see the look the vision had given him when the barouche turned into the Square. She smiled upon him, and said: "All afternoon I was wishing I could have been your mother."

He clasped her hand more tightly. "This wonderful world!" he cried. "Yesterday I had a doctor—a doctor to cure me of love-sickness!"

After a time they had proceeded a little nearer the house. "We must hurry," she said. "I am sure they have been waiting for us." This was true; they had.

From the dining-room came laughter and hearty voices, and the windows were bright with the light of many lamps. By and by they stood just outside the patch of light that fell from one of the windows.

"Look," said Helen. "Aren't they good, dear people!"

"The beautiful people!" he answered.

THE END.